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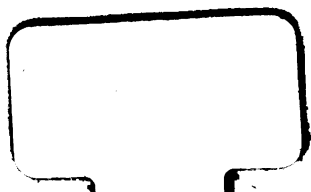
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LETTERS

FROM

THE ÆGEAN.

BY

JAMES EMERSON, Esq.

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PREFACE.

IN the publication of the following pages, I am to be looked upon in the light of an Editor rather than an Author ; since, though their composition is my own, I, am indebted to some of my friends for a portion of the matter which they contain. In a former work,* to which I was a contributor, I had endeavoured to convey an idea of the situation of Greece and the Islands, at an interesting period of their present struggle for liberty. Lately, however, on coming to look over my notes, I found that I had still remaining many characteristic sketches of manners and scenery, which, though perhaps amusing in themselves, were properly omitted in a work, whose object was less picturesque than political, and whose details were confined almost exclusively to the Môrea and Roumeli. These I employed some leisure hours in collecting into their present form, and a portion of them has already appeared in the pages of the New Monthly Magazine, under the title of "Letters from the Levant." Here the share of attention which they have attracted has been highly gratifying ; and among other flattering tributes which they have received, I cannot avoid particularizing a very beautiful translation of a portion of them into Spanish, by Don Pablos de Mendibil. At the suggestion of Mr. Colburn, I have now completed the series ; and although the information

* A picture of Greece in 1825, as exhibited in the narratives of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq., 2 vols.

contained in the letters was collected at various periods, and during several excursions on the shores of the *Ægean* and the isles of the Archipelago, I have preferred uniting them in one connected narrative; taking advantage occasionally of the remarks of those who have visited the Levant before me, and inserting the suggestions of my travelling companions; as well as availing myself of their journals to supply me with descriptions of those points which had not come under my own observation. For this permission, I have to acknowledge my obligations to J. J. Scoles, Esq., whose name I have already mentioned in the body of the work; to R. J. Tennent, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, and Belfast, Ireland, and to my late esteemed and unfortunate friend Edward H. Thomson, Esq., of London, who, in the too eager pursuit of knowledge, fell an early victim to the climate of the Levant.

As to those portions of the narratives introduced in the letters to which I was not myself an eyewitness, I have had them from authority on which I could depend, and my own observation has fully served to corroborate the reports of others.

J. EMERSON.

Lincoln's Inn.
Dec. 1, 1828.

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LETTERS FROM THE ÆGEAN.

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Linguitur Eois longe spectabile proris
Sunion, unde vagi casurum in nomina ponti
Cressia decepit falso ratis Ægea velo.

Statii Thebata, lib. xii. v. 625.

SUNIUM—THE CYCLADES—SCIO, &c. &c.

TEMPLE OF MINERVA SUNIAS AT CAPE COLONNA.—Singular effects of the Sirocco Wind.—Temple of Sunium, splendidly situated.—Sunset in Greece.—Comparative impressions of Dawn and Sunset at Sea.—ZEA.—CYTHNOS.—A Sabbath at Sea.—The Island of SYRA.—Greek Merchant and Family.—Destruction of a Turkish Corvette.—Political condition of the Syrians.—A Greek Dessert.—Straits of Scio.—Sciot Refugee.—TOWN OF SCIO.—Massacre on the Island, in 1823.—STORY OF PHROSINE KALERDJI.

THE sun was slowly sinking behind the range of Hy-mettus and the hills of Attica, as we weighed anchor from Cape Colonna, and steered for the narrow strait between Zea and Cythnos. The morning we had passed in wandering through the groves of lentiscs and mastic, which cover the promontory of Sunium, and in lingering among the fast-fading remains of the temple of Minerva. Around the base of this majestic ruin, the *débris* of its fallen fragments have almost obliterated the outline of the platform on which it was erected on the verge of the cliff, and the overthrow of a number of its columns a short time previous to our visit, has not only added to the heap of decay, but must soon weaken the tottering foundation of the remainder.

The destructive effects of the Sirocco wind were here most singularly displayed: the sides of the columns fronting the southeast were eaten away and corroded from base to capital for the depth of two or three inches; while on the other portions of the shaft the fluting was as sharp and perfect as at the first hour of its erection.

The town and temple of Sunium were built during the brightest days of Greece—the age of Pericles ; of the one not a vestige is left, and all that remains of the other are a few shattered columns supporting a frieze which fronts the “Island-gemmed Ægean.”*

I had seen nearly all the temples now remaining in Greece ; but none, not even Athens itself, is calculated to produce such vivid emotions as that of Sunium. The greater number of them are seated in frequented spots, and surrounded by the bustle of the crowd ; Sunium stands alone, its crumbling columns look out on the blue hills of Attica, or the azure billows of the Ægean : all is solitude around it, save the whirl of the sea-bird towards its summit, or the waving of the olive-groves at its base, and the only sound that awakes its silence is the sigh of the summer wind, or the murmur of the waves that roll into the time-worn caves beneath it.

Far removed from every human habitation, it is seldom visited, except by the mystic of the Mainote corsair, the caique of the passing traveller, or the fowler in search of

* This beautiful relic at present affords an instance of the barbarous taste of the Austrian commodore Accoutti. As if at once to commemorate to future travellers, and keep fresh in the memory of the miserable Greeks, his frequent arbitrary infractions of the law of nations, as regards their present glorious, but unfortunate struggle for liberty ; he has been at some pains to disfigure the entire front of the temple, by inscribing on it, in many black letters, the name of his detested vessel, the *BELLONA AUSTRIACA*. The affectionate memorial is now legible at a considerable distance from sea, but it has not passed without a comment, as a midshipman of one of the English ships of war has inscribed near it, in almost equally conspicuous characters, “*Buy Warren's Blacking*.”

The practice of building sacred edifices on lofty situations, which has obtained in all ages, was most scrupulously observed by the Greeks and Romans ; nor do I remember any one temple in Greece or the islands, which is not situated on a hill. The custom seems of most remote antiquity, and the frequenting of “high places,” even before the erection of temples, undoubtedly originated in the same feelings with which the devout inhabitants of every country, from Italy to India, still select the most lofty and delicious situations for their sacred buildings.

Strabo instances the fact in the Persians, and Knaempfer mentions it among the inhabitants of Japan. (Vol. ii. b. 5.) Hector sacrificed on the top of Ida. (Homer's *Il.* χ v. 170.)

Ἐκτορος, ὅς μοι πολλὰ βοῶν ἐπὶ μῆλ' ἔκην, &c.

Balak, the King of Moab, took Balaam to the summit of a hill in order that he might curse Israel and sacrifice to the gods (Num. xxii. 1). Abraham was commanded to offer up Isaac on the hills of Moriah (Gen. xxii. 20), and Christ, seeing the multitude, went up into a mountain to preach. (Mgt. γ. 1.)

the wild doves which frequent it. Its prospects are the most extensive and interesting in Greece : from its brow the eye wanders over the mountains of Argolis, and the hills that circle Athens ; to the east are the purple plains of Helena and Eubœa ; and, to the south, the endless mazes of the Cyclades, separated by narrow channels, whose glittering and intricate passages form the labyrinths of the Archipelago, the navigation of which is known almost exclusively to the pilots of Milo and Argentiera.

It is seldom that the view of the Ægean presents any thing but a picture of calm repose ; its blue unruffled waters sleeping undisturbed beneath the equally unvaried sky, or gently curling their rippling surface to catch the dancing sunbeams, and flash them back in mimic splendour. Sometimes a group of the white sails* of the Levant are seen gliding from isle to isle, "like wild swans in their flight," or lagging lazily on the breathless tide to await the breeze of evening ; earth, air, and sky, are all in unison, and their calm still repose belongs alone to the clime of the East.

We descended the cliff, and regained our vessel as the line of the ruined temple was thrown into fine relief against a sky now crimsoned with the dyes of sunset. There was no filmy cloud to break the softness of the west, where the sun sank like a globe of molten gold, his rays spreading gently over the heaven, not flashed and caught from cloud to cloud, but blending in one massy sheet over the vast and glowing concave.

The dawn of morning at sea is perhaps the most sublime sight in nature : sunset on land is more reposing and lovely, but sunrise on the ocean is grandeur itself. At evening, he sinks languishing behind the distant hills, blushing in rosy tints at his declining weakness ; at morn, he rises all fresh and glowing from the deep, not in softened beauty, but in dazzling splendour. With the weary pace of age, he glides, at even, from peak to peak, and sinks from hill to hill ; at morn, he bursts at once across the threshold of the ocean with the firm and conscious step of a warrior. His decline conveys the idea of fading brightness, his rise, the swelling effulgence of mounting and resistless light.

* From being made, almost universally, of cotton, the sails of the Levantine vessels are invariably of a brilliant white ; contrasted with those of the northern nations, which are woven from hemp.

The succeeding day was calm, and we lay almost motionless in the narrow strait which separates the islands of Zea and Cythnos. The former contains now no objects of attraction amidst its sunburnt hills and barren valleys, except the snowy walls of its villages, and the vestiges of a temple once dedicated to Minerva, and built, as our pilot said, by Nestor, on his return from Troy. Cythnos is a hilly, fertile mound, rising gently from the sea, and remarkable for nothing but its warm springs, from which it takes the modern name of Thermia. We slowly passed the strait, borne along solely by the current, and about mid-day lay totally becalmed in a little bay formed by the islands we had left, and those of Gyarus* and Syra.

It was Sunday, and if that day be possessed of peculiar stillness and repose on land, it must be doubly more so at sea, and among the Cyclades. The day was an Oriental one: not a wandering vapour to stain the deep blue heaven, and not a breath to warp the mirror of the sea; no passing bark gave life or motion to the scene, the sails hung in lazy folds upon the mast, and not a sound disturbed the ocean's silence. The crew were assembled on the quarter-deck, and I never listened to the Liturgy with such interest and attention,—every sound was solemn, and every line awoke some recollection of home and of England.

It was a new feeling, in such a situation, to hearken to the same accents we had so long heard only in the village church, repeated amid scenes rich in all the sublimities of nature, and hallowed by the brightest associations of history and time: to listen to the precepts of Christianity almost amidst the very scenes where they were first delivered, and to trace the wanderings of its apostles on the same waves their barks had traversed.

There is no spot, not even the very seas of Greece, which wants its peculiar attractions; every valley has its ruin, every hill its history, and every wave is associated with the naval enterprises and martial spirit of the mighty

* *Rate*, according to Pliny, were once so numerous as to drive off the inhabitants of Gyarus, an island which is referred to by Juvenal and Ovid as a place of banishment for exiled Romans.

"Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum."

Juvenal Sat. 1.

It is now a desert.

dead. Even those scenes unmarked by earlier memorials of her fame, are rendered interesting by after recollections of her fall. Age has succeeded age, but to leave the impress of their events on the shore where true greatness first burst to life. The same soil once trod by the bard and the warrior was again pressed by the feet of those who bore over the earth the pure precepts of the Gospel and of Christianity, and where even these have left no traces of their path, the immortalizing hand of Liberty is now raising on every hill a trophy, and inscribing on every rock a triumph.

In the evening, as there was still no appearance of wind, a few of the officers landed at Syra, within a very short distance of which we were floating on an almost breathless sea. The town is by no means so well built as those of some of the other islands less equivocally Greek. Its streets, owing to their situation on the sides of a steep and conical hill, are irregular, narrow, and infamously filthy, —while its little harbour is crowded with vessels of various flags from Hydra, Malta, and Marseilles, as Syra is now the only neutral port of the empire equally respected by Turk and Greek, and permitted to carry on the trifling remnant of commerce which remains to the Cyclades.

On the beach we were met by a Greek merchant with whom I had formerly made the voyage from Hydra to Napoli di Romania. His house, to which he conducted us, after visiting the town, was situated at a short distance from the suburbs, in the midst of a garden cultivated in the Eastern style.

Its furniture was of that kind generally found in the houses of the Greek Islanders, half Oriental and half European, combining the luxurious comforts of the one, with the taste and durability of the other. Our pipes and coffee in china cups placed in little vases of filigreed silver were presented by his daughters, two rather handsome girls, dressed in a costume between Grecian and Frank, and possessed of an ease of manner much superior to those of the same class whom we had left in the Morea.

The old gentleman seemed deeply to regret the ruin of his trade in the islands, occasioned by the convulsion of the war. A few weeks before our arrival, Syra had been thrown into the utmost commotion by the arrival of a

Turkish corvette, escaping from the general route the Ottoman fleet had suffered at Andros, and Capo d'Oro. She was pursued by a few Greek cruisers, with whom she capitulated on the terms of giving up the vessel: as soon, however, as the Turks were landed, the treaty was broken by the captain blowing up the corvette: an attempt was immediately made to secure the crew, and after some rioting, and the death of a few of the unfortunate wretches, they were secured, and to the number of one hundred and fifty, sent to Hydra as prisoners of war, where, a few days after, they were massacred by the Islanders. The wreck of their vessel, and the unburied corpses of the Turks, were still lying on the beach as we passed.

Of the present war, and its prospects of success, our host spoke with that disinterested enthusiasm which characterizes every class of the Islanders, whose lot, before the revolution, was sufficiently happy to render them contented with their submission to the Sublime Porte,* had not a feeling of patriotism impelled them to ruin their own tranquillity, in order to assist the noble efforts of their less fortunate countrymen.

Governed by their own laws, and in the full exercise of their own religion, a trifling yearly Karatsch to the Porte purchased them permission to elect their governors and senate from among themselves, and freed them from the

* I do not remember to have any where seen an allusion to the coincidence between this title of the Grand Seignior, or rather the Turkish Government, and the constant application of the term *Gate*, throughout the sacred writings. The Baba Hoomajun, the Sublime Porte, is one of the *gates* of the Seraglio, and from it, the Ottoman Emperor derives his singular appellation.

In the same manner, the word "gate," in its various applications throughout the Scriptures, signifies *power*, as in the instance when God promises Abraham that his posterity should possess the *gates* of their enemies," Gen. xxii. v. 17. And, the *gates* of Hell (shall not prevail against the Church), Matt. xvi. 18; the gates of Death (Psalm ix. v. 13); the gates of the grave (Isaiah xxxviii. v. 10) the gates of righteousness (Psalm cxviii. 19); and various other passages convey the same import.

Again, *gate* signifies, in another sense, justice and judicature, or the place of assembly where judgment is pronounced: for example,—the gate of Bethlehem, where judgment was given between Boaz and Naomi's relation, in the matter of Ruth's marriage. (Ruth iv. 1.) And in Lamentation, v. 14, it is mentioned thus: "the elders have ceased from the *gate*," that is, from frequenting the council-chamber.

Another, among many significations, is a *multitude* or a *family*; thus

presence or residence of a Turk in the Islands. Syra was once the happiest spot of the Archipelago, its plains* the richest of the Cyclades, and its merchants the most enterprising in the Levant; its only political grievance the necessity of sending an annual number of sailors to the Ottoman fleet, and its only tax about 8,000 piastres a year paid to the reigning favourite of the imperial Harem, on whom the revenue of the island was usually conferred by the Sultan.

After a protracted and gratifying visit we rose to depart, but were pressed by our hospitable host to partake of a dessert preparing in another apartment. It was the sole produce of his own immediate household, consisting of sweetmeats, oranges, fresh figs, peaches, melons, apricots, and grapes, such as I have never seen equalled, not even in Smyrna; some of the bunches weighing from five to eight pounds, of the purest amber sprinkled with red spots, and a skin so delicate as to ruffle off with the slightest touch of the finger. His wine was delicious, and, after pledging our host, and speedy freedom to Greece, we reached our boat and again regained the frigate.

As usual, the breeze freshened at sunset, and at night we were again swiftly cleaving the Ægean, its phosphorescent waves leaving a long line of light in our vessel's wake, that tracked her course along the pitchy deep. We drove rapidly through the straits of Tenos, while the landmarks of our pilot were the watchlights and fires that blazed from the cliffs of Myconi and the distant hills of Delos.

The following day a strong head-wind detained us till evening, beating through the straits of Scio, and alternately tacking from its wooded shore to the opposite coast of Chesmé and Asia Minor. This beautiful arm of the sea, once celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Antiochus, has in later days been rendered doubly interesting by the

when Boaz tells Ruth (chap. iii. 11.) that all the gates of his house know she is virtuous, it means literally, the persons of his household.

Influenced by that unchanging tone of habit and feeling which characterizes the Orientals, it is easy to account for the assumption of this poetical and patriarchal epithet by the Sultan: and the passages I have quoted, assigning it to *power*, *justice*, and *multitude*, render it expressive, as well as tasteful and magnificent.

* It is thus characterized by Homer; *Odyssey*, B. 15, l. 45.

Εὐβοῖος, εὐμελὴς, αἰνοπληθὴς, πολύπυρος

struggles of Greece ; it was at Cheshmé that in 1770 the Russian Admiral Orlov destroyed the Ottoman fleet ; and it was in this same strait that in 1822 the modern Themistocles* consigned to destruction the author of the Scio Massacre.

The view on either shore is splendidly beautiful ; but on both, the associations of memory cast a feeling of disgust over every object : we could not look on the verdant hills of Scio without a shuddering recollection of the slaughter that had so lately stained them, while the opposite and equally beautiful coast was alike detestable as the home of its perpetrators.

But while to us the scene was any thing but a pleasing one, there was one individual on board our vessel to whom the sight of this devoted island served to summon up the most heart-rending reflections. This was a young Greek lady of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, a native of the island, a witness to its massacre, and a destitute exile in consequence of the murder of her family. She was now on her way with us to Smyrna, in order to place herself under the protection of a distant relative ; whom she hoped, though faintly, to find still surviving. She sat all day upon the deck, watching with wistful eyes the shores of her native island ; at every approach which our vessel made towards it, she seemed straining to recognise some scene that had once been familiar, or perhaps some now-deserted home that had once been the shelter of her friends : and when, on the opposite tack, we again neared the Turkish coast, she turned her back upon its hated hills to watch the retreating shores of her desolated home.

I had not been aware of her being on board, as her national retiring habits had prevented her appearing upon deck during the early part of the voyage ; but as she drew near Scio, feeling seemed to overcome education and prejudice, and she sat all day beneath the awning to satiate herself with gazing and with recollection. Towards evening we drew near the ruined town, built on the sea-shore at the foot of a wooded hill, which had been the site of the ancient city of Scio. Its houses seemed all roofless and deserted, while the numerous groups of tall

* Canaris.

and graceful cypresses which rose amidst them, contrasted sadly with the surrounding desolation ; all was solitude and silence ; we could not descry a single living creature on the beach, while from the shattered fortress on the shore, the blood-red flag of Mahomed waved in crimson pride above the scene of its late barbarous triumph.

At sunset the wind changed ; we passed the Spalmadores and Ipsara, and, rounding the promontory of Erythræ, entered the bay of Smyrna. As we caught the last glimpse of the ruins of Scio, the unfortunate lady pointed out the remains of a house to the north of the town, which had been her father's : it was now in ruins, and as clearly as we could discern, appeared to be of large dimensions, and situated on one of the most picturesque points of the island.

Her name, she said, was Kalerdji, and her father had been one of the commissioners for collecting the revenue of the Sultana from the gum-mastic of the island. On the breaking out of the revolution in the Morea, strong apprehensions of a similar revolt in Scio were entertained in the Divan, and a number of the most distinguished Greeks of the island were selected to be sent to Constantinople as hostages for the loyalty of the remainder : among these were her father and her only brother ; herself, her mother, and two elder sisters being left alone in Scio. Tranquillity continued undisturbed in the island for more than a year, though the accounts of the reiterated successes of the Moreots were daily stirring up the energies of the inhabitants, whose turbulence was only suppressed by the immediate dread of the Turkish garrison in the Genoese fortress on the beach, the only strong hold in Scio.

One evening, however, a squadron of three vessels, manned with Samians, entered the harbour, attacked the unsuspecting garrison, and, aided by the lowest rabble of the town, succeeded in despatching the guard, and taking possession of the fortress. But the deed was done without calculation, and could be productive of no beneficial result ; the fort was untenable, and on the almost immediate arrival of the Ottoman fleet, a capitulation, without a blow, ensued.

The news brought by the hostile armament was of the instant execution of the ill-fated hostages, the moment the

accounts of the revolt had reached the Porte. Overwhelmed with grief for the loss of their only and dearly-loved protectors, the family of Kalerdji spent the few intervening days in poignant but vain regret, and in the seclusion of their bereft mansion knew nothing of what was passing at the town ; where, while the Greeks were occupied in supplications and submissions to the Capitan Pacha, and the Turks in false protestations of forgiveness and amity, the troops of the Sultan disembarked at the fortress. At length the preparations for slaughter were completed, and the work of death commenced.

It was on the evening of the third day from the arrival of the Turkish admiral that the family of the wretched being who lived to tell the tale, descried the flames that rose from the burning mansions of their friends, and heard, in the calm silence of twilight, the distant death-scream of their butchered townsmen, while a few flying wretches, closely pursued by their infuriate murderers, told them but too truly of their impending fate. As one of the most important in the valley, their family was among the first marked out for murder, and, ere they had a moment to think of precaution, a party of Turkish soldiers beset the house, which afforded but few resources for refuge or concealment.

From a place of imperfect security the distracted Phrosine was an involuntary witness to the murder of her miserable sisters, aggravated by every insult and indignity suggested by brutality and crime, while her frantic mother was stabbed upon the lifeless corpses of her violated offspring. Satiated with plunder, the monsters left the house in search of farther victims, while she crept from her hiding-place to take a last farewell of her butchered parent, and fly for refuge to the mountains. She had scarcely dropped a tear over the immolated remains of all that was dear to her, and made a step towards the door, when she perceived a fresh party of demons already at the threshold. Too late to regain her place of refuge, death, with all its aggravated horrors, seemed now inevitable, till on the moment she adopted an expedient. She flew towards the heap of slaughter, smeared herself with the still oozing blood of her mother, and falling on her face beside her, she lay motionless as death.

The Turks entered the apartment, but, finding their errand anticipated, were again departing, when one of them perceiving a brilliant sparkling on the finger of Phrosine, returned to secure it. He lifted the apparently lifeless hand, and attempted to draw it off; it had, however, been too dearly worn; it was the gift of her affianced husband, and had tarried till it was now only to be withdrawn from the finger by an effort. The Turk, however, made but quick work: after in vain twisting her delicate hand in every direction to accomplish his purpose, he drew a knife from his girdle, and commenced slicing off the flesh from the finger. This was the last scene she could remember. It was midnight when she awoke from the swoon into which her agony and her effort to conceal it had thrown her; when she lay, cold and benumbed, surrounded by the clotted streams of her last-loved friends.

Necessity now armed her with energy; no time was left for consideration, and day would soon be breaking. She rose, and, still faint with terror and the loss of blood, flew to a spot where the valuables of the house had been secured; disposing of the most portable about her person, she took her way to the mountains. She pointed out to us the cliff where she had long lain concealed, and the distant track by which she had gained it, through a path at every step impeded by the dead or dying remains of her countrymen.

By the time she imagined the tide of terror had flowed past, when she no longer observed from her lofty refuge the daily pursuits and murder of the immolated Sciots, and when she saw the Ottoman fleet sail from the harbour beneath its crimson pennon, now doubly tinged with blood, she descended with her fugitive companions, to the opposite shore of the island. Here, after waiting for many a tedious day, she succeeded in getting on board an Austrian vessel, the master of which engaged to land her at Hydra, in return for the quantity of jewels and gold she had been able to reserve.

She reached the island in safety, where she had now remained for nearly two years, but, finding or fancying her various benefactors to be weary of their charge, she was now going to seek, even in the land of her enemies, a relative who had been living at Smyrna, but whom she

knew not if she should still find surviving, or fallen by the sabre of their common enemy.

Her tale was told with the calm composure of oft-repeated and long-contemplated grief; she shed no tear in its relation; she scarcely heaved a sigh over her sorrows; she seemed, young as she was, to have already made her alliance with misery. She had now, she said, but one hope left; and if that should fail, she had only death to look to. It is a melancholy reflection, that this is but one instance from thousands, of woes perhaps doubly aggravated, arising from the fall of Scio. The inhabitants were the most delicate, refined, and luxurious of the East, and it is calculated that from thirty to fifty thousand fell during the three days' massacre. The remnant of its population are now fugitives over the provinces of liberated Greece; and though but four years have elapsed since they could boast of the inviolation of what is asserted by Plutarch,* "that in seven centuries no instance of female infidelity had occurred in Scio," its wandering and destitute daughters are now the only class that have disgraced the name of their country.

* Plut. de virt. Mulier.

LETTER II.

—— Smyrni—repetitâ vetustate, seu Tantalus Jove ortus illos, sive Theseus et ipse divina stirpe, sive Amazonum una, condidisset ——
Taciti Annal. lib. iv. c. 56.

SMYRNA.

THE BAY OF SMYRNA.—Shipping.—Fruit.—View of the City.—Crowd on the Beach.—The British Consul.—Bond-street, &c.—Fruit Market.—BAZAARS.—Populace.—Turkish Honesty.—Paras.—Armenians.—Arrival of W—— and his Friend.—SINGULAR STORY OF THE FORMER.—Evening Party.—Greek Ballad, "THE MOTHER OF THE KLEFT."—DEATH OF W——.—Imposition of the Officers of the Harbour.—A Fire.—FUNERAL OF W——.

IN the night of the 6th of August we came to anchor in the Bay of Smyrna, and on waking in the morning were calmly riding within a short distance of the landing-place. The dashing of the waters along our side had ceased, the foam was no longer twining its snowy wreath around our prow, the mighty moving mass was again at rest, and we should have almost forgotten we were still at sea, were it not for the presence of the ponderous gun which half filled the little state-room on the middle deck where our cots were slung, and the tremulous reflection of the sunbeams from the water, which flashed in quivering and undulating eddies, through the port-hole on the roof of our temporary cabin.

On coming upon deck we were involuntarily struck with the beauty of the splendid panorama in the midst of which we were placed: behind us was the Gulf of Smyrna, by which we had entered, its then turbulent waters now placid as the brow of infancy, and glittering in the beams of the morning sun like plates of silver on a warrior's mail, while the snowy sails of the Levantine barks, which glided along them, were scarcely to be distinguished from their own dazzling whiteness. On every side around us the boats with gilded sterns, peculiar to the bay, were passing and repassing amidst ships, on the masts of which floated the flags of every trading nation, a crowd of hardy Greeks tugging at the oar, and a stately Turk, with grace-

ful turban, and flowing robes, smoking in haughty ease at the stern.

The gangways of the frigate were surrounded by shoals of little trafficking barks, laden with all the produce of the country; baskets of blushing peaches; pears, the amber hue of which was streaked with tints like the rose, and heaps of purple grapes flung down in such luxuriant profusion, that their luscious bunches were hanging in the rippling water.

Around us were the sunburnt hills of Asia Minor, their sloping and rugged sides studded with white cottages, and variegated with plantations of olives and fig-trees, which stretched to the rich gardens at their base, washed by the waters of the bay. Before us rested in calm repose "The birthplace of Homer," "The ornament of Asia," "Izmir the lovely," "The crown of Ionia;" and well do its splendid situation and commanding prospects merit those impassioned epithets of its ancient chroniclers.

At the foot of a steep hill, the summit of which is crowned by the ruins of a castle of the Lower Empire, the city stretches along the sloping beach, its flat-roofed houses mingled with the domes of marble mosques and lofty groups of minarets and muezzin towers; while its outskirts are bordered by the waving groves of funereal cypress which mark the last resting-place of the followers of the Prophet.

The long line of the Marino is bordered by a train of consular residences, over each of which floats the flag of its respective nation. The quay presented a novel spectacle, crowded with the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe; the swarthy Nubian and the homeless Arab mingling with the fair-browed sons of Europe and the West, while the "phes"* of the Greek and the crimson bonnet of the Armenian were grouped with the varied turbans and glittering costumes of the children of Mahomet. The Turk was lounging with his long chibouque on the beach; the Drogueman, in his enormous white head-dress and brown jubec, was leaning against the gate of his consulate; and the cry of the itinerant vender of sherbet and

* The phes (φῆς) is the little red cap worn by the inhabitants of the Levant: the Albanians, and the majority of the Moreots, wear no other head-dress, while the Turks conceal it by the ample folds of their turbans.

iced orgeats on the shore blended with the capstern song of the British sailor in the offing, or the ballad of the merry Greek, as he gayly trilled in his caique the deeds of Boukavallos and his Kleftis. The scene was altogether Oriental; and our only regret was that we had not dropped into the midst of it at once from Europe, instead of becoming partially familiarized to its objects through the gradual medium of Greece and the islands of the Ægean.

About noon we went on shore, and took up our quarters in the Italian locanda, on the beach, close by the residence of the Consul for the Low Countries, where our windows commanded a prospect of the bay and the shipping, and extended as far as the entrance of the Gulf of Smyrna and the brown hills of Clazomene. The residence of Mr. Wherry, the British consul, to whom we paid our landing visit, is one of the most extensive in the city, and was built but a few years since by the Levant Company, on the destruction of the late building by fire or an earthquake, I do not remember which. The accommodations are admirable, and to one who had been sojourning in Greece, seemed a paradise of comfort, while the emoluments of his office afford ample scope to the hospitality of the proprietor.

A passage through his court-yard brought us into the principal street of the Frank quarter, which, either from its miserable appearance, though the best in Smyrna, or the number of loungers who frequent it, is usually denominated "Bond-street" by the British officers, and a wretched opening at a little distance, planted with a few stunted trees, is dignified with the title of Hanover-square.—"Bond-street" usually presents the same motley picture as the quay, thronged with the straggling wanderers of every nation under heaven; but at this moment it was deserted, the sun was at its meridian, the shops were closed, and the inhabitants were enjoying their mid-day sleep in the shade: all was quiet, except a few strolling foreigners, or the echoing whips and clamorous voices of the Tartars and Janissaries, who dashed at full canter through the narrow passage, escorting a party of English travellers on their way to Constantinople.

Passing along the rows of tumble-down mud houses, which form this lounge of fashion, we arrive at the most attractive part of the city,—the fruit-market and the bazaars, in which no traveller will be disappointed. The

avenues of the former are the true temple of Pomona, the luscious melons of Cassaba are piled in heaps with the peaches and apricots of Sangiac and Vourla, while pears, pomegranates, almonds, golden apples, tomatas, and a thousand others, are built in fragrant pyramids, imbedded in clusters of purple and amber grapes; and interspersed with these, at every turning, are the tinkling* fountains of the venders of cooling sherbets, and draughts of every flavour and of icy chillness.

But the bazaars form the grand attraction: their long lines of arched arcades contain on every side ranges of little square apartments, entirely open in front, and raised about two feet from the ground. Their shelves on every side are well stored with the goods of the merchant, who reclines on a cushion in the centre to smoke his amber pipe, or count over and over the polished beads of his *comboljo*. Here again all is variegation and contrast: in one box squats the Jew in his dark vest and turban of spotted cotton, employed in the intervals of rest in plaiting with nimble fingers braiding for the jackets of the Greeks, or embroidering the fronts of papoushes for the Turkish ladies: in another, the Mussulman, to whom traffic seems an effort, gladly seizes a moment of quiet to lounge on his crimson carpet, or sip his transparent decoction of the berry of his *Mocca*: in a third a group of merry Greeks are chattering and screaming over a pack of cards, whose dingy hue is scarcely contrasted with the colour of the boards on which they are flung, and who laugh as loud, and smile as thoughtlessly, as if in the very bosom of security, while every day is witness to the immolation of their companions, and the glittering sabre hangs by a single thread over their own devoted necks. Arabs and Egyptians, French, English, and Italians, crowd the passage, among whom the Turk, in his flowing garments and shuffling slippers,†

* A small reservoir is allowed to fall drop by drop on a little tin wheel beneath it, which being thus propelled at a quick rate, makes the noise alluded to, for the purpose of attracting purchasers.

† The slipper of a Mussulman consists of two pieces, in one of which the sole and the upper slipper are both made of soft leather, generally yellow morocco; these are worn in the house, and when the owner is sitting with his legs doubled under him: the other piece consists merely of a sole, and a front of the same leather as the inner one, pointed at the toe, and these he puts over the first when moving out of doors, but as they want a heel it requires some management to keep them on the foot, and at the same time preserve the stateliness of a Mussulman's carriage.

imperiously demands an ample space for his orthodox person.

In our transactions here we could not avoid being struck with the straight-forward and honourable manner in which the Turk disposed of his wares, for which it was no easy matter to drive a bargain when we knew not a word of Turkish, nor he understood one English sentence, and the article was to be paid for in money of every coinage, British sovereigns, Spanish dollars, and Turkish Mahmouds and paras ; but the grand difficulty lay in the latter, of which we sometimes received four or five hundred in change.

A para being about the eighth part of a penny, it requires long practice to be able to use these little pieces correctly. They are impure silver, and as thin as a cobweb ; the Turk counts them down, in little heaps of five at a time, on a board with a raised border, and sloping at the one end to a point, through which he pours them into his own bag, or the hand of his customer, whilst the rapidity, and at the same time the exactness, with which he spreads down a handful in fives, almost creates a smile at first sight : but never could we detect an error of a single one in his favour, nor was a different price at any time asked from our servants and ourselves. It is needless, however, to say that this equity of principle seemed confined to the Mussulman dealers alone.

Numbers of Armenians are constantly to be found in the bazaar, where they make off a living by acting as interpreters, or brokers, between the Turks and the foreigners, and are to be known by the scarlet bonnet, which they wear to distinguish them from the Greeks, and preserve themselves from murder in mistake, as has not unfrequently occurred in some of the popular insurrections ; and they are of too much value to the Turks as interpreters to be thus uselessly butchered like fugitive Greeks.

On our return to the hotel, we found the landlord in a fiery dispute with two English gentlemen, who had just landed from a French brig in the bay. One was a fine-looking young man of about four or five and twenty, but apparently in the last stage of emaciation and disease ; and his companion, rather more robust, was endeavouring to persuade the Italian to give him quarters in the loçanda.

This, however, he obstinately refused, on the plea of the young gentleman's illness, who was reclining, as we entered, on a sofa, in a state of enfeebled exhaustion, with sunken cheek and lustreless eye, whilst the debate was proceeding; and the landlord with expressive shrugs unfeelingly pointed to his miserable appearance, and urged that as a few days must terminate his existence, he should not only have the annoyance of his death and interment, but his establishment would lose its character, in the suspicious climate of Smyrna, by an inmate having expired in it.

It was with difficulty that the elder gentleman procured permission for him to remain on the sofa while he went to seek more hospitable quarters for him; he succeeded, however, and in the evening the invalid was removed to a house near St. Catherine's Gardens, where he stretched himself on the bed from which he was never destined to arise, as he expired on the following day. The particulars of his story, as they were related to us by his companion, combined with the circumstances of his death, contained something peculiarly melancholy and romantic.

His name was W——, and his father, a gentleman in opulent circumstances, is still resident in Dublin, where he was originally destined for the profession of medicine, in the preparatory studies for which he had made considerable advancement. It happened that the hospital in which he was in the habit of attending clinical lectures, and where a considerable portion of his time was spent, adjoined a private establishment for the cure of insane patients, and the garden of the one was separated from the grounds of the other by a wall of inconsiderable height. One day, whilst lingering in the walks in the rear of the hospital, his ear was struck with the plaintive notes of a voice in the adjacent garden, which sang with peculiar sweetness, a melancholy Irish air; curiosity prompted him to see who the minstrel was, and clambering to an aperture in the dividing wall, he saw immediately below him a beautiful girl, who sat in a mournful abstraction beneath a tree, plucking the leaves from a rose-bud as she sang her plaintive ditty. As she raised her head and observed the stranger before her, she smiled and beckoned him to come to her; after a moment's hesitation and reflection on the

consequence, he threw himself over the wall, and seated himself beside her. Her mind seemed in a state of perfect simplicity; her disorder appeared to have given her all the playful gentleness of childhood, and, as she fixed her dark expressive eyes on his, she would smile and caress him, and sing over and over the song she was trilling when he had first heard her. Struck with the novelty of such a situation, and the beauty of the innocent and helpless being before him, W—— stayed long enough to avoid detection, and then returned by the same means he had entered the garden, but not till she had induced him to promise to come again and see her.

The following day he returned and found her at the same spot, where she said she had been singing for a long time before, in hopes to attract his attention again. He now calmly endeavoured to find out her story, or the cause of her derangement, but his efforts were unavailing, or her words so incoherent as to convey no connected meaning. She was, however, more staid and melancholy while he remained with her, and smiled and sighed, and wept and sang, by turns, till it was time for him to again bid her adieu. With the exception of those childlike wanderings, she betrayed no other marks of insanity; her aberrations were merely playful and innocent: she was often sad and melancholy, but oftener lively and light-spirited.

W—— felt an excitement in her presence which he had never known before; she appeared to him a pure child of Nature, in the extreme of Nature's loveliness. She seemed not as one whom reason had deserted, but as a being who had never mingled with the world, and dwelt in the midst of its vice and deformity in primeval beauty and uncontaminated innocence and affection.

His visits were now anxiously repeated and as eagerly anticipated by his interesting companion, to whom he found himself, almost involuntarily, deeply attached, the more so, perhaps, from the romantic circumstances of the case, and the secrecy which it was absolutely necessary to maintain of the whole affair, so that no ear was privy to his visits, and no eye had marked their meetings. At length, however, the matter began to effect a singular change in the mind of the lady, which became every day more and more composed, though still subject to wanderings and abstrac-

tion ; but the new passion, which was daily taking possession of her mind, seemed to be eradicating the cause, or, at least, counteracting the effects of her malady.

This alteration was soon visible to the inmates of the house, and the progress of her recovery was so rapid as to induce them to seek for some latent cause, and to watch her frequent and prolonged visits to the garden ; the consequence was, that at their next meeting an eye was on them which reported the circumstance of W——'s visit to the superior of the establishment ; an immediate stop was then put to his return, and the lady's walks confined to another portion of the grounds. The consequences were soon obvious ; her regret and anxiety served to recall her disorder with redoubled vigour, and in the paroxysms of her delirium she eagerly demanded to be again admitted to see him.

A communication was now made to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances,—her quick recovery, her relapse, and the apparent cause of both ; and, after some conferences, it was resolved that W—— should be invited to renew his visits, and the affair be permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent caresses. He now saw her as frequently as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing, till at length she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home, and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

There were here some circumstances which W——'s companion, Mr. R——, related indistinctly, or of which I retain but an imperfect recollection ; and he who could alone have informed me of them was gone to his long home before I heard his singular story. It appeared, however, that, after some farther intercourse, he was obliged to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that interval, the progress of her mind to perfect collectedness continued uninterrupted ; but her former *memory* seemed to decay with her disease, and she gradually forgot her lover.

Long protracted illness ensued, and her spirits and con-

stitution seemed to droop with exhaustion after their former unhealthy excitement, till at length, after a tedious recovery from a series of relapses, her faculties were perfectly restored ; but every trace of her former situation, or the events which had occurred during her illness and residence in Dublin, had vanished like a dream from her memory, nor did her family ever venture to touch her feelings by a recurrence to them.

In the mean time W—— returned, and eagerly flew to embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from his thoughts and his remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been made the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense. She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptom of recollecting him ; he seemed to have passed from her remembrance with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether any circumstance could make the stream of melancholy roll back to this distracted period of her intellect.

From the shock of that interview W—— never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated ; she saw him as a mere uninteresting stranger ; she met him with calm, and cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not repress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and haughty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavour to make a second impression on her renovated heart ; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell upon him, it was rather with aversion than esteem ; and her family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy and a hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu for ever.

But the die of his fortune was cast ; he could no longer walk heedlessly by those scenes where he had once spent hours of happiness, and he felt that, wander where he might, that happiness could never return. At length, to crown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress. W—— now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust around his heart, went to the Continent ; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within "that aching void the world can never fill." He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another ; society had no spell to sooth his memory, and change no charm to lull it.

" Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray."

At length he joined the cause of the struggling Greeks, and his name has been often and honourably mentioned among the companions of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. After his Lordship's death he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to permit him to be of active service as a Palikari. He had, therefore, taken a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Navarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action at Sphacteria, in the summer of 1825.

The unskilful management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, previous to its surrender to Ibrahim Pacha, and a long and dangerous fever from the malaria of Pylos, combined with scanty diet and bad attendance from his Greek domestics, united with his broken spirit to bring on a rapid consumption.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. R——, who now accompanied him, had found him at a village in the district of Maina, and had since paid him every attention in his power. By cautious management and gentle voyages he had brought him to Hydra, where he was enabled to procure him a passage in a French vessel, from whence he hoped to find a British ship to land him in England, where his last moments might be watched by friendly eyes, and his bones rest with his fathers. The particulars of his inhospitable reception here, I have already recounted ; but we at last saw him fixed under the care of

an old French officer at Smyrna, who engaged to pay him every requisite attention, till he should depart for Europe, or for another world.

We dined at the locanda with a number of Greeks and Austrians, and officers of the French and English navy; and in the evening engaged a boat to row us across the bay to the Turkish gardens on the northern shore. It was a delicious night; the twinkling stars were scarcely visible in the blue silvery sky, and the ocean lay calm as the heavens. There was no noise along the dusky shore, and the voice of a Greek musician, who accompanied us with his guitar, alone disturbed the solitude of the scene. He sang with great taste and feeling the songs of his native mountains, and his tones were more musical than the generality of the Greeks I have heard in the Morea, whose nasal notes are any thing but harmony. He had a vast number of the amatory songs of Christopoulb, the Cretan, and the martial lyrics of the Patriot Riga; and it was a curious sensation to hear the wild airs of Greece sung almost beneath the windows of her insatiate murderers.

Of one of the most dramatic of his ballads, the following is a literal translation:—

THE MOTHER OF THE KLEFT.

She stood where the flood through the valley was toiling,
And she mark'd where its current was foaming and boiling;
And stones in its waters indignantly throwing,
She chided the stream that so swiftly was flowing.

“Flow back to thy mountains, oh, ill-fated river!
Dry up all thy waters and vanish for ever;
A mother implores, of her child who bereft is,
Oh leave her a path to the home of the Kleftis!
She is hasting to tell them her desolate story.
Where on Ceta they rest in their strong Kleftochori.”*

Her son, the brave Kitzos, the Turks have surrounded,
And they bear him in triumph, bound, wearied, and wounded,
†Two thousand behind, and a thousand before him,
And last, last of all, the sad mother who bore him.
With the tears of a parent her eyes are o’erflowing,
And she calls, as sad looks on her child she is throwing—

* An encampment of Klefts.

† In the original—

*Χίλιοι τον πάγον εμπροστά, καὶ δύο χιλιάδες ἴπια
Κ' ὀλοζόνεισιν πῆγαιεν, ἡ μάτρα του μανούλα.*

"Of thy arms, my loved Kitsoz, the foe has bereft thee ;
No sword and no clasps of bright silver are left thee."

" Ah ! mother, weak mother, why weepest thou still for
My embossed yataghan and my cuisses of silver ;
The deeds of my valour and fame thou forgettest,
Nor the end of my youthful career thou regrettest ;
But in tears for my *armour* my mother is mourning,
Is it thus, wretched parent, my love thou 'rt returning ?"

" No, no !" she exclaim'd, while with arms twined around him,
She sever'd the cords where the infidel bound him ;
And darting like hawks to the brink of the river,
They cross'd, and escaped from the Moslem for ever.*"

It was late when we returned ; and after answering the salute of the Turkish night-guard at the landing-place, we reached our hotel, and for the first time for many months, I stretched myself on a European bed, the yielding softness of which was an agreeable contrast to the hard carpets, and harder boards of the Morea and Attica.

The following day we called to see W——, but we found that human sympathy would soon cease to avail him ; the step of death was already on his threshold. The surgeon of one of the ships of war had been to see him, but all prospect of his surviving had fled. The fatigue of his removal from the vessel, his exposure to the sun in the boat while landing, and his annoyance at the inn, seemed to have hurried down the few remaining sands of his glass ; and he felt himself that time was drawing to a close with him.

He was perfectly collected, and, as fully as he could, was giving his last directions to his friend, who had so generously attended him ; he spoke much of his family, and gave particular messages to each, pointing out to R—— the various little trinkets which he wished to send them as dying memorials of himself ; a ring, which he still wore on his finger, and which bore the inscription " To the memory of my dear mother," he desired might be buried with him, together with a locket which was suspended from his neck, and contained a lock of raven hair : he did not mention whose.

But words could not paint the expression of his countenance, nor the sad sublimity of his voice, when, for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade

* Fauriel: Chants Pop.

him his last mortal farewell ; he shortly after sank into an apparently painless lethargy, from which he never aroused himself.

It was evening before he died ; there was not a breath of wind to wave the branches of the peach-trees around his window, through which the sunbeams were streaming on his deathbed, tinged with the golden dyes of sunset. It was in a remote corner of Smyrna, and no sound disturbed the silent progress of death ; the sun went down at length behind the hills ; the clear calm voice of the Muezzin from his tower, came from the distant city, and again all was repose. We approached the bed of W——, but his soul had bidden adieu to mortality ; he had expired but a moment before, without a sigh and without a struggle.

We returned at night to our hotel, but the quantities of mosquitoes with which it was swarming, from its vicinity to the oozy beach, and the hordes of tormenting insects with which our beds were infested, obliged us to sleep on board the frigate in which we came. It was pretty late when we were ready to go on board ; but we found, on coming to the beach, that, by a regulation of the port, no boats were allowed to put off after a certain hour, principally with a design to prevent the escape of the Greek inhabitants in European vessels.

A bribe was, however, suggested to the officer on duty, and he agreed for three piastres (at that time about eighteen pence) to allow the boat to go out ; and we were on the point of starting, when, finding us more pliable to his terms than he had calculated, he sent to say that he must have three piastres more : to this second exaction, we did not so readily submit, and the old gentleman shuffled down himself to the beach to detain us, threatening that he would fire into our boat if we attempted to leave the shore till he had the six piastres. We were handing him the money, when the barge from the frigate rowed alongside ; we stepped on board it, to the infinite mortification of the old knave, who thus lost his bribe and his temper together. This, with one exception, is the only instance of imposition or insolence which we met with in Turkey, at least in Smyrna, though I am aware that other travellers have been less fortunate.

We had scarcely reached the vessel and turned into

our cots, when we heard a distant murmur of voices from the city, and the watch on deck announced that a large body of flame was rising above the Frank quarter of Smyrna; the gong was immediately sounded, the boats lowered, and the officers, with a party of marines and sailors, hurried with an engine to the spot, where the fire was raging in a few narrow streets at the rear of the British Consulate. It had originated in the house of a Jew, who had been employed in the manufacture of false money, and it was at first conjectured that accident had caused the conflagration; but when the body of the unfortunate wretch and that of his daughter were found covered with the stabs of a yataghan, it was evident that the act was perpetrated by some incendiary, for the purpose of concealing the plunder and murder of the Jew. When we arrived at the scene, the street was so narrow, that it was utterly impossible for the engines to approach, and the passage was impeded by the ruins of the burning houses and the remnants of their property, which the unfortunate inmates had flung down with the hope of saving them from destruction.

A crowd of Turks, and other sluggish Smyrniots were standing idly by, while the British sailors formed a line to carry water in buckets to the fire; but it was evident that no resources would be available till the flames had wrought their way to some open space where the engines could be brought to master them.

The scene was truly terrific; the night so calm, that the tall pyramid of flame and smoke was rising perpendicularly above the city, scattering on every side its bright volcano of sparks and burning wood; while beneath every other sound was drowned in the crackling and roaring of the fire, the hissing of the water, and the cries of the miserable wretches, who were obliged to view in motionless agony the destruction of their homes, which no efforts could rescue. Such was the temporary construction of the buildings, that the fire made quick work in its progress; house after house we saw, its windows whitening with the rolling smoke, till with a burst the flames found vent for their fury; floor after floor sank down, and in a few moments the crash of the roof announced the completion of the ruin. The remorseless element sped onward to another,

where the slight framework of wood and mud opposed no barrier to its destructive career.

During the entire course of the conflagration, scarce a hand was seen in motion save that of the British sailor ; wherever danger was most threatening, he was in the midst, now mounted on the crackling beams, and now dragging the fire-engine of the Consulate over the smouldering ruins. A few lives were lost of those whom infirmity prevented from flight ; about sixty houses were reduced to ruins,--but the whole scene was in a few days forgotten ; a week or two suffices to re-erect the fallen edifices, and similar conflagrations are occurring from month to month, arising equally from the inflammable nature of the buildings and the carelessness of the inmates ; while in the Turkish quarter of the city, such events are scarcely less frequent or less destructive.

The following day the remains of poor W— were interred in the English burying-ground. The few travellers at the moment in Smyrna attended, and the Janissaries of the Consul preceded the coffin, which was borne by four sailors, and covered with an English ensign. In a solitary corner of the cemetery, beside a group of cypresses, his grave was dug by the attendants of the British hospital ; and his last remains rested by those of his countrymen who have fallen victims to the climate of the Levant.

Mr. Arundel, the chaplain to the factory, read the service of the church over his tomb ; and perhaps it never was pronounced under more melancholy circumstances, beneath the calm bright sky of Asia, on an eminence which looked down on the bustle of the city, but was far removed from its din and clamour, and disturbed by no sound save the sigh of his friend, the hum of the glittering insects fluttering in the sunshine, and the hollow rattle of the clay on the receptacle of the wanderer's dust.

LETTER III.

—ducimus autem
 Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ
 Nec jactare jugum vitæ didicere magistra.

Juvenal.

THE SMYRNIOTS.

SMYRNA scarcely done justice to by European travellers.—Its remains of Antiquity.—RIVER MELES.—Modern Town.—Important change going on in the Bay.—Singular effects of the Rivers of Asia Minor, on the tracts through which they pass.—Dr. Chandler's Theory of the Hermus.—A GREEK FAMILY OF SMYRNA,—their House.—STORY OF YOUNG LALLAHO.—The Greek Girls.—Castle of Smyrna.—View from the Castle Hill.—Turkish Burying-ground.—Different treatment of Females by the Greeks and Moslems.—Traits of character in the Modern Greeks.—Ancient zone referred to in the New Testament.—Personal appearance of the Turks.—Damascus Sabres.—Inscription on the Cymetar of Kontoghianni the Kleft.—Fragment of a Greek Song, "THE DREAM OF DEMOS."—Turkish Mosques at Smyrna.—Identity of the Pillar-tower of Ireland, and the Muezzin-towers of the East.—Form of Turkish worship.—Hour of Prayer in Scriptures.—Turkish cleanliness.—Climate of Smyrna.—The Inbat.—The Casino.—Evenings at Smyrna.—Oriental custom of sitting at the door alluded to in Scripture.—Turkish Toleration.—Hostility of the Latin Church to the Iconoclasts.—Excursion in the Bay.—DEATH OF YOUNG LALLAHO.

SMYRNA is a part of Turkey of which less information has been given to the public than almost any other portion of the empire, from the circumstance of its being generally visited as a mere baiting-place for travellers: those on their way to Constantinople, or the south, seldom allow it to arrest their attention, which is occupied by anticipations of more interesting attractions at the extremity of their journey; and those on their return fancy they have already seen so much of Turkey, that Smyrna can present no additional charms to delay their progress toward home. To me it was the first scene of Ottoman life and Orientalism, and though anxious to get on to the more celebrated spots of Asia Minor, it possessed sufficient allurements to induce to prolong my visit to a period considerably beyond that usually devoted to it by others.

Besides the charms of its situation and the luxuries of

its living, I had more interesting motives for delay, in the society of the city. I was fortunate enough to see a good deal of the domestic life of the Turks, as well as of the Greeks and Europeans, which alone can form a lasting charm, as the town and its antiquities require but a short investigation. The latter are, in fact, very imperfect, nor is much known with certainty concerning them.

We went to see the site of the Temple of Homer,* and the Baths of Diana, near the river Meles, which flows to the northeast of the city. Nothing remains of either save the echo of a distant tradition, while the ruins of her aqueduct, the mouldering and almost illegible inscriptions of her sepulchres, and the vestiges of her paved highway to Ephesus, afford but vague testimonies of the extent and importance of Smyrna.

In fact, of the ancient city, nothing now exists: the modern town is supposed to occupy its site, but the opinions of almost all its annalists are at variance. Frequent earthquakes and conflagrations, and the invasions of time and its enemies, have so often reduced the city to ruins, that eight or nine periods of its being rebuilt are on record; while from each successive menace of annihilation, the beauty of its situation, and its importance to commerce, have protected it.

From the effects of such vicissitudes it may naturally be concluded that the appearance of Smyrna is as incongruous as her annals. The remnants of all ages are strewn around her: a castle of the middle empire crowns a hill which looks down upon the aqueducts and ampitheatre, relics of more remote and flourishing epochs, while at its base the modern city is a mass of all architectures and all ages, built as the varying taste of every period and of every

*From the circumstance of Homer being supposed to have been born on the banks of this river, he had given to him the name of Melesigenes, (by which he is mentioned by Tibullus, I think,) and which Herodotus says he retained till, while begging at Cumæ, he received the name of Homer, signifying in their language "a blind man." His works have likewise been called "Meletæ chartæ." The claims of Smyrna to his birth are better attested, or at least more strenuously urged, than those of her rival competitors in the proverbial distich:

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbus de patria certat, Homere tua,"

though it is remarkable that Homer nowhere mentions either Smyrna—the Melos, or the nymph Critheis, assigned him as his mother.

nation prompted ; nothing is harmonious ; antiquity and modernism are blended in every quarter, while its muddy, narrow streets are traversed by a population as varied as the differences of costume, language, manners, and country can render them.

But another and a more important change is still going on in the vicinity. The great rivers of Asia Minor, the Cayster, the Meander, and the Hermus, have all been celebrated for the singular alterations which, in their course, they have effected on the appearance of the lands through which they pass. The Cayster, by the soil which it has carried along during successive ages, has formed a plain in the vicinity of Ephesus, from which the sea has gradually retreated till it is now firm land, and called by the name of the river which produced it. The operations of the Meander, still farther south, have been more widely extended, though less beneficial in their results, its channels tearing up for miles around it the sandy plains through which it flows, as it forms for itself fresh channels on every new inundation.

But the effects of the Hermus, or as it is now called, the Sarabat, which discharges itself into the bay of Smyrna, on the northern side, are likely to prove more important than either. The soil and sand, brought down from time to time by the stream of the river, have formed several banks and bars at its mouths, which are daily growing larger, and from which the sea is gradually withdrawing as they shoot forward across the Gulf. These have already extended so far that the retreat of the waters in various quarters of the bay, and the visibly progressing changes in the entire, have given grounds to some curious speculations on the result, and the following sweeping, but at the same time reasonable, calculation of Dr. Chandler, who examined the spot in 1764--5, is gaining daily though silent and almost imperceptible confirmation :—

“The river Hermus, by its influence on the gulf, has already effected great changes, and will gradually accomplish some signal alterations, of which the progress deserves to be accurately marked. The flats before Smyrna will mutually approach, and leaving only a narrow ingress, the city will be on a lake. This will be fed by the Meles,

and by torrents, and in time become fresh. The plague of gnats will then, if possible, be multiplied at Smyrna.

"The land will continue to increase, until it is in a line with the mouth of the gulf, when the site of Clazomene, and the islets within Karabornou, will be encompassed with soil, and, if no current intervene, Phocæa be deprived of its harbour; the sea within the gulf will by degrees give place to a noble plain, created and watered by the Hermus; commerce will have then removed to some more commodious mart, and Smyrna be, if not utterly deserted, desolate and forlorn."

A few days after our arrival, we were invited to dine with a Greek merchant, with whom the young Sciote lady, who accompanied us to Smyrna, had taken up her abode. His house was situated in one of the best streets of the Frank quarter, with spacious rooms, and a shady garden in the rear. The fitting up of the entire was really splendid; and the repast, combining all the luxuries of the country, was conducted with the elegance of European style.

Our entertainer had been married to a lady, a native of Florence, who died early, leaving him a son and two daughters. The former had been, at the commencement of the Greek revolution, engaged in business with his father; but his ardent patriotism having induced him to take an active, though concealed part, in forwarding the efforts of his countrymen, he was denounced to the Pacha of Smyrna, by one of his companions who had been detected, but whose fortitude could not withstand the tortures which were applied to wring from him the secret of his associates; and while at slow intervals his teeth were one by one extracted; and the nails slowly torn from his toes and fingers, he delivered up the names of his accomplices, in order to purchase a speedy death in lieu of the agonies he was enduring. Young Lallaho had, however, sufficient time to make his escape, and flying to the mountains above Karabornou, he lay concealed, till getting on board a British vessel in the straits of Scio, he was landed at the Ionian islands, and had thence reached the Morea, and openly espoused the cause of the struggling insurgents.

Nearly five years had now elapsed since his flight, and,

with the exception of vague rumours, no news of his situation or fortunes had ever reached his family, till one night, about a month previous to our arrival, he entered the house of his father by a back passage from the garden. The joy of his return was, however, quickly clouded by the consciousness that his discovery by the Turks would ensure not only his own immediate slaughter, but the destruction of his entire family for having dared to give him shelter or protection; he was accordingly concealed, even from the domestics, in one of the most secluded parts of the house, and his society only enjoyed at intervals and by stealth.

Almost from birth, and frequently previously to it, the children of the Greeks are contracted in marriage by their parents; nay, such betrothals have been known to exist even before the parents themselves have been introduced into the world. From infancy, those destined for each other are brought up and educated in the anticipation of their future union, till custom and duty have strengthened mutual affection by long habit and association. Instances of such contracts being dissolved by common consent of the parties are seldom heard; but were one individual, even under the most unpropitious circumstances, to break the long cherished affiancement, the act would stamp him with cureless infamy.

A motive of this kind had caused the return of the young patriot: he had long been betrothed to the daughter of a merchant of Smyrna, and a sentiment of fond affection had sanctioned the choice of his parents: his flight from his home had not been with so much precipitation as to prevent him taking adieu of his bride, and giving her assurances of his future return to claim her, and fly to some more peaceful home, beyond the reach of their tyrants. He had now redeemed his promise, and was about to conduct her to Leghorn, where he had made arrangements for opening a mercantile house in conjunction with a countryman and correspondent of his father, long resident in Tuscany.

He had arrived several months before in an European vessel, under the disguise of a seaman; but fearing to land during the commotions then reigning in Smyrna, he was forced to remain during some weeks in hourly danger on board, within sight of his dearly-loved home, but unable

either to give notice to his friends of his presence, or to set a foot on its treacherous shore, and at last, after tedious watching and anxious delay, he was obliged again to put to sea, and bid it a second reluctant farewell. The vessel now carried him to Beirout, Jaffa, and finally to Alexandria; from whence he was obliged to beg his way in one vessel after another, to Leghorn, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, where he once more embarked for Smyrna.

After many a narrow chance, he at last landed during a stormy night at an obscure part of the bay, and by the utmost caution and concealment at length succeeded in reaching his father's house. He had now made all his arrangements, and was to sail in a few days with his bride in an Austrian vessel for Trieste, should he be enabled to elude his enemies till the time of his departure.

The daughters of the old gentleman were two of the most beautiful girls I had seen in the Levant; their costume was rather of the Italian than Greek taste, but combined the elegancies of both; their light silk dresses were made to suit accurately to the figure, instead of flowing loosely and ungracefully as in the Morca. A slipper with a high heel, such as are generally worn in the north of Italy, richly embroidered, and covering only the front of the foot, showed to full advantage a delicately turned ankle, through a stocking of netted silk, fine as a gossamer; while their turbans of transparent gauze, ornamented with a glittering aigrette and a wreath of golden flowers, rather enhanced than shaded the glossy ringlets which flowed over a brow fair as polished marble.

Their accomplishments too had not been neglected, and I never heard the songs of Greece sound so enchantingly as when breathed by their sweetly toned voices, accompanied by a guitar, to some of the native airs of Britain, and especially to Mozart's delicious one of "Life let us cherish," which seems a universal favourite with the Greeks. Their manners appeared to be a combination of the three classes with whom they had associated, the grace of the Italian, the sprightly vivacity of the Greek, and the stately tournure of the Ottomans; while all three were enhanced and blended by an air of fixed and interesting melancholy.

The dress of the male portion of the company was European, their national costume being laid aside, either from choice, or for protection against the casual insults of the Turks. The son of our host did not make his appearance, nor was his name mentioned by any ; and in fact it was only on a third visit that we learned his tale. The conversation during the day presented a fair specimen of the varying and chameleon-like character of the people, taking a tinge from every topic, and verging in an instant "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," while every change of temperament was carried to an extreme of gayety or sadness, though the former generally prevailed.

The females seemed to monopolize all the melancholy of the party : continued terror and reiterated scenes of horror and of dread appeared to have damped their natural sprightliness : they spoke often of their awful situation ; in the midst of an infuriated enemy, where the moments of rejoicing for the successes of their countrymen were those when they had most to dread from the brutality of their masters. They knew not the hour when the caprice of their governors might consign them to the fate of Scio, which hundreds of their friends and relatives had already shared, while the orders of the Divan and the vigilance of the guards rendered escape from Smyrna almost an impossibility, which nothing but despair could urge them to attempt, and in which detection, without another crime, would itself condemn them to slavery or slaughter. The intervals in such accounts as these, and the freezing tales with which they were illustrated, were filled up with amusements as lively as *they* were depressing, and songs and music served to pass the time till a late hour, when we took our departure, and put off, to spend the night in our births on board.

A steep passage from the town leads to the castle of Smyrna, on the summit of Mount Pagus, at its rear ; its remains present little more than a ruinous wall encircling its court-yards, and the remains of dilapidated buildings, covering an immense space of ground. The original structure, massive remains of which are still to be traced, is said to have been the work of Alexander ; but the modern building owes its origin to John Angelus Comnenus, about the year 1220. Near the gate by which we entered

lies a colossal head, said by some to be that of the Amazon Smyrna, by others of Apollo ; but no evidences now remain by which to aid recognition or trace the obliterated lines of beauty.

This hill is said to have been the scene of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, who was born at Smyrna during the reign of Nero, created bishop of his native city by St. John, and supposed to be the "Angel of Smyrna," to whom the epistle in the 2d chapter of the Revelations is directed. He was burned (or torn by wild beasts), as tradition says, in the amphitheatre, during the persecution of the Christians, A. D. 169, by Marcus Aurelius, and his tomb is said to have been long frequented on the summit of the mountain ; but no traces of it are now to be found, and even the fact of this being the scene of his martyrdom is doubted.

The view from the walls of the castle is splendid in the extreme, extending over a superb country as far as the eye can reach, and taking in at one glance the hills of Erythræ, the waters of the distant bay, the course of the Hermus, and the country stretching up to Cassaba and Mount Sipylus.

Our return was through the Turkish cemetery, which is situated nearly at the top of the hill : it is marked by peculiar neatness rather than by great extent, and its groves of lonely cypresses, each at the head of its marble-turbaned tomb, produce an effect of melancholy sadness and repose, much more affecting than the gaudy monuments and frippery decorations of Père la Chaise, or the "storied urn and animated bust" of Westminster and Santa Croce. It is in these spots that one feels truly in the East, where all around reigns the stillness of death, and the only gaudy objects to allure the eye are the calm cloudless heaven and the glittering sea, where the hum of the bee amid the thyme-covered graves, and the stately waving of the funereal cypresses, alone disturb the solitary grief of the mourners who frequent them, and who are seen in melancholy groups seated in tears beside some fresh made grave, or watering with friendly hand the flowers which spring above some earlier tenant of the tomb.

These scenes, too, afford another proof of the superior gentleness of heart and fervent affection of woman. It is

seldom they are visited by men, and I never remember to have entered one of them without seeing some sorrowing female seated by the green mound or marble shrine, which sheltered some once loved and still dearly cherished being, to whom she fancied she had already bade an eternal farewell ; the precepts of her religion debarring her from any hope of a reunion in another world with those on whom the portals of the tomb had closed in this.

Nor are the Turks by any means divested of domestic affection either ; but national custom and a fostered feeling of male superiority have taught them that it is unmanly to make a womanish display of sentiment. With a Greek, who seems to copy all the gaudy exterior without the solid virtues of the Mussulman, this idea of male superiority surmounts every suggestion of love or lasting attachment. The Osmanlee teaches the inferiority of woman in another world, yet grants her what appears to him her due sphere in this ; the Greek, on the contrary, inflicts present degradation, as if inculcating submission here as the purchase of happiness hereafter : with the one it is an error of the head, with the other a tyrannical theory of the heart.

I have frequently heard even the Hydriots talk in rapture of their little sons, praise them as blooming Cupids, and boast of the promising manliness of their infant forms, while their equally lovely daughters or affectionate wives are never mentioned, or, if referred to by another, dwelled on for a moment, and the conversation reverted to their boys. On more than one occasion, Captain Hamilton, of the Cambrian, the well known friend of the Greeks, has been solicited, during periods of threatening danger, to receive the sons of the chiefs on board his vessel for protection, while the daughters and wives were left to await their fate among the lumber of the houses.*

In like manner, while imitating in less important matters the customs of their masters, the Greek almost invariably abandons the substance for the shadow. His embossed and richly gilded pistols are splendid only in the stock, the barrel and other important items being generally worthless ; the hilt of his sabre is often set with jewels, while the blade is knawed with rust ; the light flowing dresses of the Mussulman, so admirably combining grace with conve-

* For a similar story, see Carne's Letters from the East, p. 62.

nience, are rejected by the Greek, since they cannot be covered with lacing and golden braid like his tight and elegant jacket ; and the cool silken sash,* which confines the garments of the Turk without adding to the oppressive heat of the climate, is laid aside for the hard leathern pistol-belt of Albania, which admits of more ornament, but at the same time keeps the wearer in a fever of heat.

But it is needless to prolong the list of the thousand instances in which the spirit of imitation has made him grasp merely at the glaring and more imposing points of the Mussulman character, while by caprice or contempt he rejects the solid advantages it may possess.

Taken *en masse*, the Turks are the finest looking race of men in the world : their oval heads, arching brows, jetty eyes, and aquiline noses, their lofty figures and stately mien, are all set off to full advantage by their ample robes and graceful turbans ; all is ease and proportion about a Turk ; there are no angles or straight lines in his features or person ; in all we find the pure curve of manly beauty and majestic grace.

It is inconceivable what a miserable figure an Englishman or a European makes beside him ; his black unmeaning hat, harlequin pantaloons, and hard-collared, straight-cut coat, (which will one day puzzle those of posterity who shall be antiquaries in costume,) contrast so villainously with the picturesque head-dress, ample trowsers, and floating pelisse of the Ottoman, while his glossy beard flings contempt on the effeminate chin of the clipped and docked European. His arms, " for in the East all arm," usually consist of a pair of superbly chased pistols, stuck

* I bought to-day in the Bazaar a woollen girdle, whose construction amply explains the phrase so often occurring in Oriental tales of the heroes "*carrying their money in their belt*." On one end being passed once round the waist it is fastened by a buckle, and this entire portion being sewed double all round contains the *paras*, which are extracted by means of a small opening in the front, closed with a leathern cover and strap. This being secured, the remainder of the zone is folded around the body till the successful envelopements take up all the cloth, the end of which is then tucked in at the side so as to secure the folds.

The word *ῥοα*, translated *purses*, in the 9th verse of the 10th chapter of Matthew, signifies literally girdles and from their adaptation to the use pointed out by our Saviour, " Possess not gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses," they were undoubtedly of the same fashion with that which I have described.

in a silken sash : a yataghan, with a jewelled handle ; a larger and more clumsy knife, called a hanjar, a scimitar, swinging in a scabbard, covered with green or crimson velvet, (as the owner, being an Emir or otherwise, is entitled to carry it,) and ornamented with bosses of gold. The latter, is, in general, the most important and valuable portion of his arms, or even of his property. I have seen some blades which were valued at 200 or 300 dollars, many are said to be worth triple that sum, and all retain the name of Damascus, though it is by no means likely that they have been manufactured there. The twisting and intermingling of the fibres of the metal are considered as the tests of excellence, but I have never seen any possessed of the perfume said to be incorporated with the steel in the real Damascus sabres.*

On the blade of each is usually inscribed a verse from the Koran, either sunk in the steel, or embossed in letters of gold. The same custom is likewise observed by the Albanians and by the Greeks, the lines on the sword of Kontoghianni the Kleft being often copied on the sabres of his descendants.

Ὅστις τύραννος δὲν ψῆφει,
 Ἐ' ἐλεύθερος 'σ' τὸν κόσμον ἔει,
 Δόξα, τιμὴ, ζωὴ τοῦ,
 Εἰς' μόνον τὸ σπαθὶ τοῦ.*

To him who dreads no tyrant's frown,
 Who treads the earth its free-born lord,
 Whose life is glory and renown,
 To him be Kontoghianni's sword.

Among the Greeks, a sabre of superior value is kept as the heir-loom of the family ; and in almost all their songs the *Δαμασκή Σπαθί* makes a prominent allusion ; thus in the following fragment of a Kleftic ballad the grand climax of sublimity with which the vision ends, is the bloody sabre of the chief.

* The Turks have one cut with a bent sabre said to be peculiar to themselves ; it is in drawing the weapon from the scabbard, when the same motion bares the blade and draws it across the body of the enemy. These sabres were probably first used in naval engagements, their shape giving them a decided advantage amidst ropes and cordage, where a straighter weapon would be useless or entangled ; beauty is evidently not the only object or advantage aimed at.

† Fauriel.

TO ONEIPON TOY ΔΗΜΟΥ.*

Λαλοῦν οἱ κοῦκκοι στὰ βουνά, κ' ἡ πέριδες στὰ πλάγια
 Λαλεῖ κ' ἓνα μικρὸν πουλὶ 'ς τοῦ Δήμου τὸ κεφάλι·
 Δὲν ἐλαλοῦσε σὰν πουλὶ, οὐδὲ σὰν χελιδόνη,
 Μὲν ἐλαλοῦσε κ' ἔλεγεν ἀνθρώπινον λαλῖσαν·
 "Δῆμό μου, τ' εἶσαι κίτρινος, καὶ τ' εἶς ἀραχνιασμένος;"—
 "Πουλάει, κ' ἂν μ' ἐρώτησές, νὰ σοῦ τ' ὁμολογήσω·
 Ἔγωρα ν' ἀποκοιμηθῶ, ἔπνον νὰ πᾶρ' ὄλγην·
 Καὶ εἶδα εἰς τὸ ἔπνον μου, 'ς τὸν ἔπνον ποῦ κοιμοῦμουν
 Εἶδα τὸν σφαιρὸν θάλασσαν, καὶ τ' ἄστρο ματωμένα,
 Τὸ ΔΑΜΑΣΚΙ ΣΠΑΘΑΚΙ μου βαμμένον μες τὸ αἷμα."†

THE DREAM OF DEMOS.

The cuckoo sings upon the hills, the partridge in the plain,
 A little bird trills o'er his head, where Demos down hathlain;
 He chirps not as his fellow-mates, nor as the swallow sings,
 But sweetly utters gentle words, with lightly fluttering wings.

"Why, Demos, art thou deadly pale, why is sadness on thy brow?"—

"If thou dost ask, my little bird, I'll quickly tell thee how.
 I laid me down in balmy sleep, my wearied limbs to rest,
 But I have had a dream that fills with boding fears my breast.

"I saw within my hideous dream strange troubles in the sky,
 And all its ebon bosom gemm'd with stars of crimson dye;
 I saw—I shudder while I speak—before me as I stood,
 My bright *Damascus Scimitar* bedimm'd with gout of blood."

The mosques in Smyrna are very numerous, and plainer than in any other part of the empire, with the exception of the chief one, which is lately built, and extremely handsome of its kind, the materials being chequered with white and black marble, as in the Campanile and Duomo of Florence and Parma.‡ The number of small towers for the muezzins attached to each varies considerably:§ they are all of delicate architecture, and have the door facing Mecca, by which the muezzin ascends at sunrise and sunset to proclaim to the faithful the hour of prayer.

Considerable affinity seems to subsist between these sacred little edifices and the celebrated "pillar towers"

* Δῆμος, a contraction for Δημογεωργος.

† Fauriel.

‡ It is confidently asserted in Smyrna, and I believe with truth, that the headstones and monuments of the old English burying-ground were employed by the Pacha in the erection of this new mosque. This arbitrary act on the part of the Turks must have been highly tyrannical, if done against the will of the English residents; and otherwise betrays wonderful apathy in them and the Consul, if they did not attempt to prevent it, which a remonstrance might have accomplished. Some of the monuments are said by Dr. Chandler to have been "of extremely elegant workmanship, and executed by Italian artists:"—their merit at least, if not their associations, might have induced the Factory to protect them.

§ See Letter VI.

of Ireland ; the diameter and height of both are nearly alike, and each is crowned with a conical covering ; the only difference seems to be in the external gallery of the Turkish tower, and in the doorway of the Irish, which is usually placed at a considerable height from the ground ; but the object of both seems to be undoubtedly the same, devotional, and each is found in the vicinity of the respective church to which it had been attached.

The interior of the mosque is extremely plain ; the walls being incised with a few verses from the Koran, but divested of all other ornament, save a niche, called a Kiblé, which points the direction of Mecca, and towards which the Mussulmen prostrate themselves in prayer. The hours of devotion adopted by the Mahometans are undoubtedly borrowed from the Jews, and the three daily prayers of Daniel (chap. vi. 10), and the morning, noon, and evening worship of David (Psalm iv. 17) are still observed, though with some additions, by the Turks. The call of the muezzin too, in the evening, accords with the later ceremonies of the Christian Church, as when Peter and John went up together into the temple at the *hour of prayer*, being the ninth hour (Acts, chap. iii. 1). The ceremonies of worship are very simple : each devotee, leaving his pappouches at the door as he enters,* performs a number of prostrations and genuflections, touching the matted floor with his forehead, and placing his hands behind his ears ; the frequent observance of these duties is supposed to leave a mark on the brow, which is to be rigorously scrutinized by the visiting angels, Monkir and Nakir, as soon as the body is laid in the grave, by whom his intermediate probation, till the resurrection, is to be decided, either to be gently fanned by the airs of Paradise, or, after chastisement with their iron maces, to be gnawed till the hour of judgment by his sins, which, for that purpose, are to be transformed into scorpions and venomous reptiles, according to their degree of enormity.

The ablutions so wisely ordained by the Prophet, and so indispensable to cleanliness in the East, are either per-

* The custom of uncovering the feet still holds good throughout every quarter of the East, and in this portion of the religious ceremonies of the Mahometans and Hindoos, we may trace the continuance of the practice from the days of Moses. " Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." (Exodus iii. 5.)

formed adjoining to the mosque, or in the respective dwellings of the faithful; and form one of the most material points of his worship for the comfort of both soul and body. This practice, so important in oriental countries, is carried to a still greater length by the Arabs than the Turks, and I do not know if the ablutions of the Hindoos may not be traced to the influence of their Mahommedan neighbours. No being can possibly have a finer sense of personal neatness than a Turk, and no instance more strongly depicts the hatred of the Greeks to their oppressors, than the fact that in the Morea they abstain almost entirely from washing or purifying their persons, on the plea that it is a *Turkish effeminacy*.

If, as Wesley says, "cleanliness be akin to godliness," the Mussulman has a large proportion to claim; for, connected with his devotions, or perhaps arising from them, is his frequent use of the bath, which to those of every rank is esteemed a necessary of life; and there is probably no sensation in existence more luxurious than that which one feels when reclining in the saloon of the public bath, after having passed its ordeal of steaming, perspiring, purifying, and shampooing, wrapped in a light silk gown, seated on a delicious sofa, and taking alternate draughts of his chibouque and transparent coffee; the mind seems equally purified with the body, he feels as if he had driven off all the cares of humanity, he is conscious solely of ease and delicious luxury, and he rises to depart with every joint so free, and every limb so lithe, that his step has all the firmness and grace of an Apollo.

The weather, during our stay at Smyrna, was tremendously warm, the thermometer ranging from 80° to 95°; and in those spots which were shaded from the sea-breeze, the sultry, breathless air was suffocating. Notwithstanding this the nights were bitterly cold, and every evening after sunset there came a weighty chillness through the air, which was sometimes absolutely benumbing. It is this fact of the extreme variations of heat and cold, during the course of twenty-four hours, which induces the Turks to employ so much fur in the linings and decorations of their dresses; as the sultry heat of the day forces them to keep those chambers light and airy during the morning, which are consequently chilly and comfortless at night.

Without a visit to the Levant, one would be at a loss to fully understand the force of the expression in Genesis, xxi. 40. "In the day the *drought* consumed me, and the *frost* by night;" but he who has passed a spring in the Ionian Islands, or a summer at Smyrna, can readily comprehend their full import. The light wind, called by the natives the "Inbat," blows generally from the bay during the day, setting in from the northwest; its faint refreshing airs are the most delicious conceivable, and these alone render Smyrna inhabitable, the insects and the heat being otherwise completely intolerable. Our short excursions in the vicinity we generally made in the morning, ere the sun had gained his height; the noon we spent in the cool shade of the consulate, or in reading at the Frank assembly-rooms, called the Cascino.

These apartments contain a suite of ball-rooms, cabinets of journals, and European newspapers. They are fitted up in very excellent style, and when the season permits dancing, are well attended by the French and British residents; at present all except the news-room are vacant.

Some introductions from Athens and Hydra to a few Greek residents enabled us to spend our evenings more agreeably than we had anticipated. About sunset we generally went to an open street in the west of Smyrna, where they chiefly resided, and where, in the clear twilight, the families usually seated themselves by the doors to enjoy the cool breath of evening. Such meetings used to remind us of the days of the patriarch, when Abraham received the angels as he sat by the door of his tent, and when Eli, in his ninety and eighth year, as he reclined at sunset on his seat by the way-side, was told by the fugitive soldier that Israel had been vanquished in battle, that his sons, Hophni and Phineas were no more, and that the Ark of God was taken. The stone benches, too, at every door, explain the exclamation of Job: "Oh, that I was as in months past, in the days of my youth, when my children were about me, when I went up to the gate in the city, when I *prepared my seat in the street.*" (Job xxix. 19.) Here, mingling with their social groups, we have passed many a delicious evening, and listened to many a tale which made our blood creep, from lips which were shortly doomed to share the fate they were recounting. The situation of this unfortunate people in the large towns of Turkey, where

they are forced to reside, is singularly precarious. It is probably as a kind of hostage for their countrymen in Greece that they are forbidden by the Sublime Porte to leave the empire, and the restrictions to prevent them embarking in foreign vessels are rigorously enforced.

Their present existence is one continued struggle with terror ; liable at every turning to the insults of the lowest rabble, and unconscious of the moment when the caprice or irritation of their masters may vent itself in their massacre. The volatility and buoyancy of their spirits, in which they seem to excel every other nation in Europe, alone preserves them from despair or self-destruction. But the same feeling never reigns long at a time in the breast of a Greek ; sadness will vanish in a moment, and the most melancholy events leave but a transitory impression on the mercurial surface of their temperament, which is no sooner ruffled by some external movement, than it smooths itself by its own elasticity. Tears with them are but the dewdrops which form the rainbow of hope, when struck by the after sunshine of smiling gayety ; and days spent in terror and concealment are concluded by nights of revelry and mirth, when the veil of terror is for a moment withdrawn.

Their trades, their merchandise, and the exercise of their religion, however, suffer little or no suspension ; for the Turk, though the prince of bigots, is the most tolerant of professors. Provided he suffers no injury from his neighbour's creed, in property or person, he neither punishes him for his opinions, nor attempts to dragoon him out of them ; and, consequently, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Armenians, Jews, and Greeks, have all their respective temples and religions, equally protected by the Sultan with the mosques of Mahomet.

Proselytism is neither sought after nor encouraged ; and though the Prophet of Mecca may have used a sword to *establish* his religion, he seems to have handed it over to his Christian brethren when once a footing was obtained, from whence Islamism could in future be upheld by gentleness and not by slaughter. Proselytes in the West are often made by blood ; in the East a more salutary method is pursued ; the Turk lays hold of the neophyte's purse, who, finding himself thus deprived of consequence in the eyes of others, and of wealth in his own, is glad to fall

into the fold of the faithful, to restore his honour and protect his property.

At the same time, a renegade, however fortunate, is by no means an enviable character among the Osmanlees : the tenacity with which a Mussulman clings to his own religion induces him to despise those who can from any motive abandon theirs ; and a recusant Christian, though received with readiness, is ever watched with suspicion ; and a profession of the Prophet's creed, without a demonstration of conviction of its truth, is not in every case a passport to the gardens of Paradise. A large body of infidels having on one occasion professed to Mahomet the Second their readiness to embrace Islamism, he asked their motive, and, obliging them to confess that it was to be rid of taxation, dismissed them unreceived with the wise reply, "that he preferred sterling metal in his coffers to false professors in his church."

It is not the Turk alone, however, who is honoured with the hatred of the Greek ; to him his aversion bears only political inveteracy ; but it is the members of the Church of Rome who feel the full bitterness of his soul's aversion. With them, as with every other sect, it is the most trifling discrepancy of faith which makes the widest breach of friendship ; and as the Latin dissents only in a few points of Church government, he is treated with a double portion of religious hatred. The Turk differs too widely in his faith to produce any collision ; but the texture of Catholicism and the Greek Church come so closely in contact as to produce incessant eruptions, attended with all the fulmination and flames of polemic combustion. In the islands, at one time, no intercourse was held with the apostates, and at the present moment Christian burial is denied them, unless performed by their own sect ; and absolution in his dying moments has been refused to an orthodox Greek, because in the service of a heretic Romanist.

The hatred, however, is not confined to one side the house ; it is returned with ardent fervour by their Vatican brethren. Father Jerome Dandini, the Pope's envoy to the Maronites of Mount Libanus towards the end of the seventeenth century, thus characterizes the Greek Christians of Crete, among many others to whom he pays like compliments.

"I should have work to do to reckon up all the impurities of the prelates, priests, and *other ecclesiastics* of this nation, their separation from the Latin church, the anathemas and excommunications they fulminate upon the most sanctified days against it, when we pray for their welfare. I shall also say nothing of their pride, obstinacy, defection of faith, of the difficulty to treat with them, of their enchantments, superstitions, *horrible and continual blasphemies*, which cannot be heard without horror. Finally, St. Paul had reason to say, according to one of their own poets, 'those of Crete are always liars, they are wicked *beasts*, gluttons, and lazy.'"^{*} So much for Christian charity!

A few evenings before our departure from Smyrna, we had gone out in a boat, after sunset, to observe a curious method of fishing at night, practised by the Smyrniots in the shallows of the bay. A small vessel of charcoal and burning sticks is suspended over the prow of the boat, and, by striking the water with a hollow stick from the stern, the fish, attracted by the light, are driven into the net attached to the boat. Induced by the calmness of the night, and the numerous fires which were floating on every side around us, we had passed to about two or three miles distance from the beach, and were rowing about to enjoy the cool breeze which set in at sunset, and by the help of which a little vessel was lying off and on in the roads, apparently waiting the arrival of something from shore to put to sea.

It was nearly midnight when we returned to our vessel in the bay, and were quietly pulling towards her, when we heard through the gloom the noise of oars and the foaming of a boat through the waters: in a moment it shot past us like a dolphin, but the next the oars were backed, with a hissing swirl she drew alongside us, and a few Turkish soldiers bounced on board as we were starting up to our defence, when, finding we were not the persons they sought, they uttered a few words of Turkish in apology, and withdrew; their boat again shot across the

^{*} Titus i. 12. One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, "The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies."

— non hoc centum quæ sustinet urbes
Quamvis sit mendax, Creta negare potest.

Ovid de Art. Amand. l. 1, v. 297.

water with the rapidity of an arrow, while we reached our vessel, busied with vague conjectures as to the cause of this abrupt and singular interruption.

Morning, however, brought its explanation. On going on shore, we learned that information had been received by the Pacha of the intended flight of a party of Greeks from the city, and the officers in the Turkish boat had been sent to intercept them. It appeared that the commander of an Austrian vessel, in which they were to sail, had given notice of their intention to the Government, for the sake of a trifling reward, after having already been paid a considerable sum for their passage, and received on board the little portion of their property which they had been enabled to secure. The fugitives had been concealed in an obscure part of the bay when his boat had been sent to take them off; but instead of bearing them on board his own brigantine, he carried them in the course of the Turkish barge, as had been previously arranged.

As the Moslems, however, drew near, the young man who was the chief of the party, perceiving that they were betrayed, and that escape was impossible, started from his seat, and, plunging his yataghan in the breast of the treacherous Austrian, sprang with a girl who sat beside him into the waves. He sank instantly; but, unfortunately, the dress of the lady kept her above the water till drawn out by the Turks, and reserved to a deadlier fate. From all the circumstances of the affair, it immediately struck us that the individual who had perished was the unfortunate son of our amiable Greek friend, who had been thus attempting his flight with his bride; and our anticipations received a melancholy confirmation, when, on hastening towards their dwelling, we found it surrounded by Turkish soldiers; but, apparently, the inmates had fled: whither they had directed their wandering steps, we never learned.

But such is the life of the Smyrniot Greek. A few evenings before we had been with them in their garden, amidst songs and smiles of joy and merriment; they had now gone from that happy home for ever, with the consciousness that their return, even at the most distant period, must be to indignity and death.

LETTER IV.

Ἄλλ' ἔγω κατὰ σοῦ ὅτι τὴν θάλασσαν σου τὴν πρώτην ἀφῆκας· Μνημόνευε οὖν πόδες πέπτακας, καὶ μετανόησον, καὶ τὰ πρώτα ἔργα τοῖόν σου· εἰ δὲ μὴ, ἔρχομαι σοὶ ταχὺ, καὶ κηρύσσω τὴν λυχνίαν σου ἐκ τοῦ τόπου αὐτοῦ, ἵνα μὴ μετανοήσῃς.

ΑΠΟΚΑΛ. ΙΩΑΝΝΟΤ. cap. 1. vv. 4, 5.

EPHESUS.

DEPARTURE FROM SMYRNA.—Our Equipage.—Tumulus of Andremon.—SEDICUI.—Sacred Fountain of St. John.—Scenery.—TERENDA.—Turkish Coffee-House.—Introduction of Coffee into Europe.—Manner of preparing it in the Levant.—A Karavan Serai.—Mahometanism.—TOURBALI.—Turkish Fanatics.—Signs of the Destruction of the World.—Road to Ayasalook.—AYASALOOK.—Cave of the Seven Sleepers.—Castle.—Mosque.—Sarcophagus.—EPHESUS.—Stadium.—Theatre.—A Shepherd.—TEMPLE OF DIANA.—Solitude of the Scene.—Verses from Quevedo.

AFTER remaining a few days at Smyrna, we set out to pay a visit to the ruins of Ephesus, which are situated on the shore of the Gulf of Skalanova, about thirty-five miles south of Smyrna. Our equipage consisted of a Greek servant, Spiridion, or, as he was usually called, Spiro; Achmet, a janissary; and an old Smyrniot, proprietor of the horses which we rode.

We left the city by the Karavan bridge, and took the road to Sedicui, a village about eight miles distant. The weather was, as usual, so parchingly warm as to be only tolerable during the prevalence of the Inbat breeze, which blows from the bay; and even this we were shortly deprived of by the intervention of a chain of low hills between us and the beach. About two miles from the village, near the road, is a tumulus of considerable dimensions, which is commonly, though, I believe, erroneously, pointed out as the burying-place of Andremon, the leader of the Ionian expedition which colonized this portion of Asia Minor. Sedicui is a prettily situated village, containing about two thousand inhabitants, seated at the foot of Mount Chorax, and governed by an Aga under the Pachalic of Smyrna. It possesses a mosque of very

ordinary construction, and, as usual, a fountain beneath an arched wall raised above it, and ornamented with a marble slab containing a verse from the Koran.

The inhabitants seem miserably poor, though the grounds in the vicinity are richly cultivated, and produce a large proportion of the delicious fruit so abundant, and forming such a prominent characteristic in the streets of Smyrna. On this account, and the excellence of the situation, several of the English and Frank merchants have fixed their country residences in the vicinity. Near the village we passed a sacred fountain dedicated to St. John. Its waters are probably impregnated with minerals, and it has hence acquired the character of performing miraculous cures, in gratitude for which each devotee hangs a riband, or a strip of cloth, on the trees around it, which were covered with as many pennons and streamers as a Maltese galley on the festival of the aforesaid saint.

A great number of camels, laden with a variety of produce, were winding along the path as we left Sedicui; their monotonous bells, lazy measured pace, and lethargic countenances, being accurately in unison with the listless heat of the climate. The scenery was reposing and magnificent; the calm cultivated valley, and hills of graceful shape, the sun-scorched summits of which contrasted with the green verdure at their base. Occasionally a brawling stream, crossed by an arch of the most primitive construction, ran through long plains of aromatic shrubs, where armies of locusts and beautiful grasshoppers were chirping and leaping in the sultry heat. In some of the most romantic spots a Turkish hamlet gave life to the scene, surrounded by gardens where the humble but superb roses were blushing beneath the flowery branches of the peach and almond, and imbedded in groves of myrtle and of olive trees.* One who has formed his ideas of the ori-

* The almond-tree with white flowers blossoms on the bare branches.
—*Hasselquist*. See Moore's beautiful song.

"The hope in dreams of a happier hour,
That alights on Misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough:
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,

To-morrow both dreams and flowers will fade."

Lalla Rookh, p. 315.

ental myrtles from the weak and unhealthy plants which spring in the gardens and hot-houses of the North, must have but a faint idea of their real beauty. Even in Italy they are much superior to ours ; and I remember to have seen one in the court-yard of the Academia del Belle Arti, at Florence, whose stem was at least nine inches in diameter.

But in Greece and in the Levant they are really magnificent. In the Morea, I have travelled for hours through an uncultivated track, while the groves of myrtle formed an almost continuous arbour above our heads, covered here and there with its delicate white flowers, and exhaling at every motion the most delicious perfume, while its dark polished leaves combined coolness with beauty.

It is such a scene as this that explains the phrase of Zachariah, "I saw by night, and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle-trees at the bottom of the valley:" (c. 1. v. 8.) And they are trees of dimensions such as I refer to, that preserve the consistency of the phrase of Isaiah : "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the myrtle, and the oil-tree. I will set in the desert the fir-tree, the pine, and the box." c. xli. v. 19.

Shortly after sunset we reached a little village called Terenda, where we halted for the night in a miserable coffee-house, which could barely afford us accommodation for our horses, and carpets and cushions for ourselves. We had, in the course of our ride, passed many of these coffee-houses, which seem as numerous, in proportion, in the country, as in the crowded alleys of the town, and in which we always found numbers of visitors. The haughty and lethargic Turks were crowding round some amusing story-teller in one corner, and puffing long curling clouds from their amber chibouques ; while, in the other, a group of noisy Greeks, over a pack of cards, were screaming and chattering like a cage of monkeys.

The prohibition of wine is, no doubt, the main cause of the prevailing passion for this exhilarating beverage among the Mussulmen ; but its own merits must recommend it to the Greeks, who are equally attached to it, and who labour under no such penal restrictions. Three centuries have scarcely elapsed since its introduction into Turkey from Arabia Felix ; and our earliest accounts show it to have

become almost at once what we find it to-day, an absolute necessary of life to those of every rank ; the morning, meridian, and nightly beverage of the luxuriously abstemious Islamite.

The manner of preparing it in the Levant differs materially from ours. The coffee is never roasted nor ground till about to be used, and is then considerably more burned and reduced to a finer powder than with us. In preparing it, a small tin vessel, holding exactly the quantity to be used, (generally about a wine-glassful,) is placed upon the fire, containing at the same time the coffee and sugar, all which are boiled together, poured into a little china cup, and, when the sediment has fallen to the bottom, drunk without any admixture of cream or milk.*

Early the ensuing morning we started for Ayaslook, by the way of Hortena and Tourbali. The road was, as the day before, picturesque in the extreme : traversing plains covered with thyme and aromatic shrubs, where myriads of golden insects were sporting and sparkling in

* One of the earliest, if not the *first*, account of coffee published in England was given by Henry Blount, who travelled in the Levant in 1634, who thus describes it, in his own quaint style, in speaking of the beverages of the Turks. "They (the Turks) have another drink, not good at meat, called coffee, made of a berry as big as a small bean, dried in a furnace, and beat to a powder of a soot colour, in taste a little bitterish ; that they seethe and drink as hot as may be endured. It is good all hours of the day, but especially morning and evening, when to that purpose they entertain themselves in '*coffee-houses*,' which in all Turkey abound more than inns and ale-houses with us. It is thought to be the old *black-broth* used by the Lacedemonians, (!!!) and drieth ill humours in the stomach, comforteth the brain, never causeth drunkenness nor any other surfeit, but is a harmless entertainment of good fellowship."—*Vide Pinkerton*, vol. x. p. 263.

About ten years after this, a Greek servant introduced its use in England, and the first coffee-house was established in George-yard, Lombard-street, in 1652. The taste for this "black-broth" seems to have gained ground among us as quickly as in Asia, since it was soon so universally consumed as to become an object of extensive importation, and a duty of 4d. per gallon on all that was manufactured, was laid on by Parliament in 1662.

At length the mania for it increased to such a degree, and the houses in which it was sold were so numerous, that the meetings at them became an object of suspicion to the unsettled government of that period, and in 1672 we find an order of the Parliament, that all "coffee-houses shall be closed up, as affording a rendezvous for discontented factions, and becoming dangerous encouragers of sedition." How firmly it has held its ground we all know ; though in the manner of using it we do its flavour by no means that justice of which it is capable.

the sunbeams ; occasionally winding through groves of myrtle and mastics, or passing by cottages situated in gardens of olives and cypresses. Throughout the entire route, vestiges of former edifices were visible at every step ; and the walls of every modern building contained portions of wrought marble and mutilated inscriptions, evidently brought from some neighbouring ruin. Every incident seemed to speak the former extensive population of the district, and to contrast it with its present scattered habitations and impoverished resources.

Near Terenda (and in some other quarters of our route) we passed the ruins of a Khan, or Karavan Serai. The erection of such edifices of gratuitous accommodation are strictly enjoined by the edicts of Mahomet, and encouraged by the belief that alms-giving is the *only* means of deprecating the vengeance of the Mussulman purgatory, that is, the torments inflicted by the angels Monkir and Nakir, who take penal possession of the body as soon as it is committed to the earth.

It is in such items as this that the advantages of the religion of the Prophet are contained ; and, though its practice has been corrupted by a long series of ages, its theory, abounding with such traits as these, renders it second to Christianity alone in the inculcation of precepts for the advantage and happiness of society ; and Mahomet, however after-acts may have debased his progress, has certainly the merit of restoring the true worship of one undivided Godhead, and purifying the Kaaba from the defilements of idolatry.

His two grand institutes, polygamy and temperance, were admirably calculated, according to the information of the day, to advance the interests of Turkey : the first, by accomplishing the now exploded theory of political economy, that the wealth of a nation consisted in a numerous population ; and the second, by preserving vigorous and uncontaminated that national opulence, when once produced. It is vain, however, to deny that Mahometanism contained within itself the seeds of its own destruction ; and, amidst a horde of others, the doctrine of predestination may alone be singled out as the main cause of the present decay of the Ottoman empire : its districts periodically ravaged by the plague, against which religion forbids them

to take any preventive measures ; its internal affairs neglected, from an over-confidence in the unassisted operations of Providence ; and its commerce abandoned to strangers by the all-relying servants of an all-sufficient God.

The Karavan Serai consists of a square court-yard of ample dimensions, generally enclosing a fountain, or built convenient to it : it is surrounded on all sides by an arcade, divided into distinct apartments, where the traveller is permitted to stable his horses, or the camel-driver his team, spread his carpet, and eat whatever provisions he may have brought, as neither wine, food, nor bedding is furnished him ; and, on departing in the morning, a trifling gratuity to the gate-keeper of the Serai is all that is required of him, nor is even this compulsory.

The hamlet of Tourbali presented no objects of interest, save a few of the same imperfect fragments we had been encountering during the previous route. The road, for a few miles, continued wild, but highly picturesque, containing solely a few miserable huts. Here and there browsed over by flocks of goats and sheep, the level bushy plains stretched onwards to the foot of Mount Galessus, or Aleman, the woody summits of which were long visible towering above them. Traversing these, we passed a bridge thrown across a branch of the Cayster, and entered upon a low narrow valley at the foot of the mountains ; on one of the craggy summits of which was perched the gray dilapidated castle of Kezelhizzar.

The tedium of this day's journey was, in a great degree, lightened by the sprightly sallies of our volatile domestic Spiro, who had by some means discovered that Achmet, our janissary, was one of a party now gaining ground in Turkey, who, calculating from the decay of their empire, and the daily fulfilment of the predictions of Mahomet with regard to the final resurrection, have come to a conclusion that the end of the world is nigh at hand.

Achmet had not long joined this sect, and had still about him all the freshness of a Neophyte ; a long-drawn sigh would often put a period to intervals of total abstraction and reveries of active thought, which, however, were oftener broken in upon by the sarcasms of the mischievous Greek, all which the poor fellow took in good part, and

seemed much more inclined to make a proselyte than to lose his temper. As we appeared to disapprove of the conduct of Spiro, and to sympathize with this new convert, he took considerable pains to explain to us, as far as a little knowledge of *Lingua Franca* went, the principles of his doctrine; and the quiet style in which he did so, and the deep concern with which he mentioned past and approaching events, bore ample testimony to his sincerity; and, in good truth, to an orthodox Islamite, his arguments would be likely to afford considerable evidence of the proximity of the world's overthrow, though to us they were not quite so satisfactory.

The Mahometans, it appears, admit that the exact period of the resurrection is a secret to which Allah alone is privy; and even Gabriel, when interrogated by Mahomet, acknowledged his total ignorance on the point. The Prophet, however, contrived, through some less official channel, to obtain a slight acquaintance with the matter, and has furnished a table of signs by which its advent may be prognosticated. These are pretty numerous, and divided into two classes, the higher and the lower; the exact proportion of each I do not remember, but I think they amount altogether to about thirty.

Of course it is impossible to recollect each severally, but many of those which our instructor mentioned have been accurately fulfilled, and, according to his account, very few now remain to complete the fulness of time. I can only recollect three of the lower signs, one of which was "the appearance of tumults and popular convulsion throughout the world;" this, Achmet said, was now in full operation, and had lately been instanced in the revolutions of Naples, Piedmont, Spain, and South America.

The two others were fulfilled by various individuals, but chiefly in the person of Mechmet Ali, the present Pacha of Egypt. The signs are "the elevation of mean individuals to exalted situations," and "the maid-servant becoming the mother of her master." "Now Mechmet Ali," said he, "was a man of the most obscure extraction, and he married a woman who had been a slave (I think) at Salonica, and is now of course mother to Ibrahim Pacha." The others of this class are less distinct and important; they refer, as well as I can recollect, to

"general apostacy throughout the world," (that is, of course, the Ottoman world,) now instanced by the Waahabees, and others, and to the "revolt of the provinces of Irak and Syria," which have been actually in a state of partial insurrection, at intervals, for years back.

Of the higher signs, some are so ridiculous as to be morally impossible, and are solely characteristic of the egregious fancy of the Arab Prophet; such as "the rising of the sun in the West," (by which, however, Achmet contrived to typify the late independence of South America); "the advent of the beast which is to issue from the ground near the Kaaba, or temple of Mecca, and is to be of such stupendous size that its head alone, when protruded from the ground, shall reach to heaven;" these, "together with the speaking of beasts and birds," and several others, equally preposterous, yet remain unaccomplished; but one of the most important, and to which all eyes are now eagerly bent, is "a war with the Greeks, and the consequent capture of Constantinople."

This item of Mahomet's creed I had often heard recounted in the Morea, and is, I think, the only portion of Islamism in which the Greeks place any confidence. A vast number of others regard the coming of Christ and Antichrist, high winds, conflagrations, and eclipses, for all which Achmet had an anticipation or a legend; and he said he was now daily looking out for the destruction of the Kaaba, and the return of the Arabians to the worship of Allat and Al Uzza, and the idolatry from which Mahomet had purged them.

Altogether his theory was a most remarkable one, and its accomplishment in many points served to give him complete confidence in the speedy fulfilment of the residue. His doctrine was less mysterious and fanciful than that of some of our modern expounders of "the Revelation;" and its obvious simplicity and total independence of chronology, are likely to produce for it numerous and ready converts.

He was a fine, good-humoured fellow, and, as the impudent Greek rallied him on each item of his creed, every step of which seemed tending to the downfall of the Crescent, and the ascendancy of the Cross, he merely replied by an easy smile, or with a sigh exclaimed, "Allah

Kierim!" "God is great, and His will be done!" I regret that I cannot recollect more of his details, which were in many points highly curious, as illustrative of the doctrines of the Koran.

It was long after sunset ere we reached Ayasalook, the modern Ephesus: the last few hours of our route were wild in the extreme, and strongly reminded me of some of the minor passes of the Alps of Savoy. It was evening ere we entered a narrow valley, at the base of the Aleman, where the road threaded through defiles of the most romantic description, and wound through woody glens almost impervious from the rich intertwining of myrtles and aromatic shrubs.

We crept along beneath cliffs, whose fantastic and giant forms were magnified by the dimness of twilight, and from which we heard the screaming of the hawks, that were soaring round their summits. At length we descended the extremity of the mountain to the plain of Ephesus, and crossed the main stream of the Cayster, on a bridge built partly, as usual, with fragments from the neighbouring ruins. A mill was constructed a short distance below, and a natural fall in the river, formed into a reservoir by a low weir of stones and reeds. A narrow and dangerous path winding round the hill brought us to Ayasalook, where we halted for the night in a miserable coffee-house.

After a sleepless night, we rose to commence our survey of Ayasalook and Ephesus; the former now consists of about thirty or forty wretched houses, chiefly built of mud and mutilated marble, or fragments from the wrecks of Ephesus. Around it in every direction spread extensive ruins of former edifices, prostrate columns, and desolated walls, while its castle in mouldering pride crowns the summit of a neighbouring hill; and these, together with the vestiges of a church dedicated to St. John, and the remaining arches of its splendid aqueduct, bespeak the former extent and importance of the widowed city. Ayasalook may date its origin, or at least its former greatness, from the termination of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, when, Ephesus being destroyed by the ravages of Mantachia and Amir, its inhabitants retired hither from their desolated and irreparable city, to which the progressive stagnation of the plain, from the overflow.

ings of the Cayster and the Selinusian lakes, prevented their returning ; and to this cause principally may, I think, be attributed the fact, that not one individual now inhabits the solitary valley and ruins of Ephesus.

After that period, Ayasalook suffered numerous vicissitudes during the wars of Timourlane and Solyman ; but as its importance gradually died away with the departure of commerce and other causes, it at length fell to Time, the resistless conqueror of all, and now retains but a faint inscription on the page of history, and a mutilated skeleton of its edifices entombed in a sepulchre heaped around them by their own decay.*

The present inhabitants of Ayasalook are chiefly Turks, and a few miserable Greeks, who have long forgotten the language of their nation, but retain the name of its religion, and earn a wretched subsistence by tilling the unhealthy plains beneath. The castle, erected about the year 1340, is now in total ruin, its tottering buttresses encompassing merely a mass of overthrown buildings and heaps of decayed walls, imbedded in high rank weeds, where the chameleon and the green metallic lizard lie basking in the sun, and where the snake and the jackal find a

* Near Ayasalook the inhabitants still show in the side of the hill the cave of Adolius, in which the seven youths, usually known by the name of "the seven sleepers," enjoyed that slumber which lasted 187 years, or, according to the Mahomedan tradition, between 300 and 400 years. The legend goes to state, that during the persecutions of the Emperor Decius, these scions of the nobility of Ephesus retired to this cave for protection, where the tyrant immediately enclosed them with a barrier of ponderous stones.

They, however, instead of starving, resorted to the Irish expedient for deafening the calls of hunger by sleep, and commenced a slumber which lasted till the reign of the Emperor Theodosius, during which, according to Mahomet, they were prevented from putrefying by Allah taking the trouble to turn their bodies occasionally and keep them fresh. At length Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the cave descended, removed the stones for the purpose of building, and their curtain being thus drawn aside, the seven gentlemen were awakened by the light of the sun in their eyes, and imagining, like Rip Van Winkle, that they had had merely an ordinary nap, one of the party set off to Ephesus, in order to procure something for dinner, when the length of his beard, the antiquity of his dress, and the age of the coin which he presented to the baker, led to a question and discovery of their adventures.

The items of this relation (which has found its way into all the legendary repositories of Christendom, and is to be traced among the wonderful tales of the Hartz Mountains,) are given by Gibbon with almost as much naiveté and elegance as the morceau already alluded to in the "Sketch-Book."

secure and seldom-disturbed retreat. Its summit commands a superb and extensive view of the plains of the Cayster, the site of Ephesus, the windings of the river, and the distant hills of Galessus and Pactyas.

It is impossible to conceive a more depressing or melancholy prospect; on every side the speaking monuments of decay, a mouldering arch, a tottering column, or a ruined temple. Solitude seems to reign triumphant; the wretched inhabitants of the village are seldom to be seen, save in early morning or in the cool of evening, when they sally from their muddy habitations to labour in the plain, which would be impossible during the burning meridian heat. Neither motion nor sound is discernible, save the cry of the sea-bird on the shore, or the tinkling of a sheep-bell amid the ruins: all, all is silence and decay.

Ayasalook possessed no object to interest us: a large building at some distance from the town, formerly a Christian church dedicated to St. John, and latterly a Turkish mosque, is now a heap of rubbish and grass-grown walls; its halls deserted, its doors and windows torn out, rank weeds springing in its aisles, while in its courts a few lofty trees add by their mournful waving to the solemnity of its desertion. Some large columns of granite are still left standing, and are said to have once belonged to the temple of Diana. In the walls are inserted certain inscribed marbles taken from a former building, which are now hastening to that destruction from which they had before been snatched; and the interior, after having served Diana, Christ, and Mahomet, is now abandoned to the owl and the jackal.

A marble sarcophagus, almost shapeless from the effects of time, stands in the town, near the door of the coffee-house; its inscription and ornaments are obliterated, and from once enshrining the dust of some warrior or chieftain, it is now degraded into a watering place for cattle. *Sic transit gloria!* Ephesus is no more, and such is its modern successor. Thus all the wealth of Croesus, the genius of Ctesiphon, the munificence of Alexander, and the glory of Lysimachus, (to each of whom Ephesus was indebted,) have no other representative than the mouldering castle and mud-walled cottages of Ayasalook!

After breakfasting we set out for Ephesus, the ruins of which commence about half a mile from Ayasalook. We passed over to the foot of Mount Prion, or Lepre, at the base of which it was situated, and at every step we encountered some scattered fragment of antiquity. The plain on which it once stood has now been extended to the distance of two or three miles, by the effects of the Cayster, and the portion formerly the harbour is now a mere marsh, from whence the sea has long since retreated.

The ground, in consequence of its frequent irrigations, is highly productive, and at the time of our visit was covered in many places with luxuriant crops. On the hill above, some traces of the former walls and a solitary watchtower mark the extent of the city; and, amidst the scenes of desolation far below, a ponderous pillar, or a shattered arch, serve faintly to indicate the giant grandeur of Ephesus, as the fossil remains of the mammoth give a dim idea of the stupendous beings of a former and a faded world.

On approaching the site of the ancient city from Ayasalook, one of the first objects of interest is the Stadium, portions of the remains of which still occupy its situation at the base of Mount Prion; being built like the amphitheatre at Milo, Fiesole, and others, on an acclivity, so that natural seats were already raised for one-half the spectators. Here, the arches which supported the lower side still remain, together with some walls of considerable height, and a gate at the west end. Its immense area, of six hundred and eighty-seven feet, was under a crop of wheat, which, as it bent in graceful waves beneath the faint breeze from the valley, seemed to heave a long-drawn sigh over the surrounding scene of departed grandeur. When reclining on one of its mouldering seats, one cannot avoid feeling that there is a voice in its solitude and silence, which speaks louder to the heart than the congregated shouts of the multitude that once filled its benches; while the mental comparison of what it *was*, adds double loneliness to the consciousness of what it is.

North of the Stadium is an immense mass of confused ruins, intersected by a street, parts of the ancient pavement of which may be distinctly traced, and are formed

of immense blocks of stone, such as are still used in Florence and northern Italy for similar purposes.

At some distance from the stadium are the remnants of the theatre in which Demetrius and the silversmiths of Ephesus raised the tumult against St. Paul, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.* Its remains are pretty extensive, and cover a considerable space; a few straggling sheep were browsing within it, tended by an old man who seemed well versed in the antiquities of the spot. He was a native of a village two leagues distant, and had his ears cut off by Djezzar Pacha, of Acre, for some honourable service which he did not think proper to boast of. He seemed proud of his statistical knowledge, and was anxious that we should go round Mount Prion, in order to see the tomb of Timothy, the companion of St. Paul.

He had got a Testament in modern Greek from an American missionary at Smyrna some time before, and was pretty familiar with its contents; but all the glory of Ephesus was, in his estimation, nothing in comparison to its possessing the tomb of this saint. He seemed very jealous of the Smyrniots claiming the honour of possessing the remains of St. Polycarp, whose tomb, he said, they could not have, as Polycarp was burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds. He was, however, wrong in both points, as the bones of Timothy were transferred to Constantinople, and there reinterred; and the body of Polycarp was not consumed. Irenæus states, that "the flame, forming the appearance of an arch, or the sail of a vessel filled with wind, was as a wall round the body of the martyr, which was in the midst, not as burning flesh, but as burnished gold,† and he was finally stabbed to death by the Confecter in the Stadium."

Passing the theatre, we reached the narrow valley between Prion and Mount Corissus, which, like all the surrounding spots, is strewn with the ruins of Paganism, Christianity, and Islamism: one of its most melancholy objects is the vestige of the city gate, which stands within it like a mouldering bridge above a streamless ravine; the living current that once rolled beneath it, has long since

* Chap. xix. v. 19, et. seq.

† Eusebius, book iv. chap. 15.

swept past to the sea of eternity. A temple of the Corinthian order lies at the opposite side of the valley, which was once dedicated to the god Julius: scarce a pedestal is now standing: the temple has faded with the worship of its patron. At some distance round the base of the hill is an almost deserted burying-ground, with a few cypresses and monuments.

After wandering over the plain, amid heaps of incongruous and unsatisfactory ruins, we ascended the side of Mount Prion, from whence we had the scene beneath us, like a map. The hill retains in many places the inequalities occasioned by carrying off its materials for building; and in others is hollowed out into cemeteries and tombs, said to possess an antiseptic quality. A faint wind was waving the few solitary trees that grew near us, and the sound of their branches appeared like an intrusion on the scene—it seemed to mock its silence.

Of the Temple of Diana not a stone remains; some arches in the morass are conjectured to have once supported it, as it was built in this situation to avoid the effects of earthquakes. This enormous edifice, of four hundred feet in length, supported by one hundred and twenty-seven pillars of sixty feet in height, and only finished in two hundred and twenty years after the commencement of its erection, has vanished like a temple of ice. Its site was formerly on the edge of the sea; it is now nearly three miles removed from it, by the intervention of banks formed by the stream of the Cayster. Its singular disappearance is in some degree accounted for, by the sea having afforded a ready means for the removal of its materials in the early stages of its decay, and by the portions not used for later erections, or thus transported, having been since buried by the encroachments of the plain.

A more thorough change can scarcely be conceived, than that which has actually occurred at Ephesus. Once the seat of active commerce, the very sea has shrunk from its solitary shores: its streets, once populous with the devotees of Diana, are now ploughed over by the Ottoman serf, or browsed by the sheep of the peasant. It was early the strong-hold of Christianity, and stands at the head of the Apostolic Churches of Asia. It was there that, as St. Paul says, "the word of God grew mightily,

and prevailed." Not a single Christian now dwells within it! Its mouldering arches and dilapidated walls merely whisper the tale of its glory; and it requires the acumen of the geographer, and the active scrutiny of the exploring traveller, to form a probable conjecture as to the very site of the "First Wonder of the World."

Nothing remains unaltered save the "eternal hills," and the mazy Cayster, the stream of which rolls on still changeless and the same. While gazing over the solitary plain, one cannot avoid applying to Ephesus the apostrophe of Quevedo to the ruins of Rome.

Solo el Tibre quedó, cuya corriente
Si Ciudad la regó, ya sepultura
La llora con funesto son doliente.
O Roma, en tu grandeza, en tu hermosura,
Huyó, lo que era *firme*, y solamente
Lo *fugitivo* permanece y dura.—*Quevedo*.

The Tyber's rushing stream alone endures,
And, as unchanged its golden tide it bears,
Round busied Rome a murmuring wave it pours,
And bathes her tomb with tributary tears.

Rome, of thy grandeur and thy pride, to-day
Nought but a *name* thy mouldering corse retains;
What seemed *eternal* long hath pass'd away,
And what was *fugitive* alone remains.

LETTER V:

Celeberrima urbs Laodicea imposita est Lyco flumini, latera alluentibus Asopo et Capro; appellata primo Diospolis: dein Rhœas.

Pliny, lib. 5, cap. 29.

LAODICEA.

CHARACTER OF THE GENERAL SCENERY OF ASIA MINOR.—PYGELA.—SEALA NUOVA.—Sirocco wind.—Illustrated from the Bible.—Gipsies.—MEANDER.—INNER-BAZAAR, THE ANCIENT MAGNESIA AD MEANDRUM.—Sufferings from thirst.—Turkish fountains similar to those in the Old Testament.—GUIZEL-HISSAR.—Scenery between Guizel-hissar and Sultan-hissar.—HISTORY OF SPIRO.—ASIAN MEADOW OF HOMER.—Greek bullets.—DENIZLI.—Our Greek host.—Situation of Females in Turkey.—INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON THE SITUATION OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.—LAODICEA.—Singular fulfilment of the Scriptural denunciations against.—A storm.

THERE are few spots of earth visited by the traveller calculated to excite emotions more melancholy than those experienced by such as have passed over even the most frequented portions of Asia Minor. Except in the immediate vicinity of its cities, he encounters few traces of life or civilization; all beyond is "barren and unprofitable;" his path lies across plains tenanted by the stork and the jackal, or over hills whence the eye wanders along valleys, blooming in all the luxuriance of neglected nature, or withering in loneliness and sterility. Throughout lands once adorned with the brightest efforts of genius and of art, and rife with the bustle and activity of a crowded population, his footstep will light upon nothing save the speaking monuments of decay, and his eye meet no living forms except those of his companions, or by chance a dim prospect of the weary caravan, that creeps like a centipede across the plain, or winds amidst the mazes of distant hills.

There are few scattered hamlets, and no straggling abodes of mankind; danger and apprehension have forced the remnant of its inhabitants to herd together in towns for mutual security, and to leave the deserted country to

the bandit and the beast of prey. The wandering passenger pursues his listless route surrounded by privations and difficulties, by fatigue and apprehension, few beaten tracks to guide his course, and few hospitable mansions to shelter his weariness. By night he rests beside his camel in the karavan-serai; and by day he hurries along with no comforts save those which he carries with him, and no companions but his thoughts. But these are sufficient, and they spring up with every breath and at every turning: his very loneliness is sublimity; his only prospect, beauty; he reclines upon earth, whose every clod is a sepulchre of greatness, and he is canopied by a sky

“So cloudless, pure, and beautiful,
That God alone is to be seen in heaven.”

Our route towards Laodicea, on leaving Ephesus, lay along the plains that separate Mount Pactyas from the gulf. Having passed the extremity of Coryssus, we entered on a valley partially cultivated, and sunk amidst hills, on which we could trace the frequent remains of an extensive aqueduct; and in about an hour from leaving Aysalook we came in sight of the few vestiges of buildings which are pointed out as occupying the situation of the ancient Pygela, but which are now too faint to give any idea of their former extent: from hence a few miles brought us to Skala Nuova.

This shore, like all in the vicinity of the Cayster, has undergone most important changes during the lapse of time. Many of those spots the most memorable in ancient mythology, are sought for in vain along it. Pygela is no longer a sea-port;* Marathesium and Neapolis are no more; and even the favourite haunt of Diana, Ortygia, on the groves and shrines of which the wealth of Ephesus was lavished, is but *conjectured* to be the valley I have mentioned at the extremity of Coryssus. Skala Nuova,

* “Pyloxenides, satis omnibus comparatis, nocte remigio à Magnesia arcessito, deductisque raptim quæ subductæ erant navibus; quum diem non tam in apparatu absumpsisset, quam quod conspici proficiscentem classem nolebat, post solis occasum, profectus septuaginta navibus tectis, vento adverso, ante lucem *Pygela portum* tenuit.”—Liv. lib. xxxvii. cap. ii.

called by the Turks *Kushadasi* ("The Island of Birds"), is a town of modern construction, situated on a declivity above the sea; of which, and of the mountains of Samos, it commands a splendid prospect, and from which it must itself form an object of extreme beauty; its graceful minarets and waving cypresses rising at intervals amidst its whitened houses, and its dilapidated castle towering gloomily above them.

It was formerly the grand *dépôt* of trade between Samos and the adjacent towns of *Ayasalook*, *Inek-bazaar*, and *Guizel-hissar*; but since the commencement of the Greek revolt, it has suffered considerably in its commerce. The Samians, too, have lately committed frequent ravages within it, and on the lands in the vicinity, when forced from their mountain fastnesses by hunger or oppression; but still its situation and harbour (partially sheltered by an opposite island in the bay) must continue to render it a place of material importance.

Skala Nuova was formerly the residence of the Archbishop of Ephesus, but he has lately removed to *Vourla*, on the Gulf of *Clazomene*; the decay of Christianity in this district being probably the motive of his transfer; the town, however, contains one church, dedicated to *St. Elias*, while the turrets of the Prophet rise in every direction around it. The irregular conformation of the grounds in the neighbourhood is admirably adapted to the cultivation of vines; and the vine of the country has acquired considerable celebrity throughout the Archipelago; but to our taste it possessed few attractions, its excellence having, I suppose, declined with the encouragement for its manufacture.

We spent the night in the house of a Greek family, where our servant procured us quarters; and the following morning set out for *Guizel-hissar*, the ancient *Tralles*, situated about eight or nine hours to the eastward. The first few miles lay across a hilly and irregular country, intersected by precipitous streamlets and gloomy ravines, and traversed by a road which was passable, and little more.

Our spirits, too, were nothing lightened by the oppressive breath of a hot *Sirocco*, which commenced blowing during the night: this corroding wind* is no doubt the

* See Letter I. p. 2.

same which is referred to in the 19th chapter of 2d Kings ; which the Lord was to send for the destruction of Sennacherib. " Behold, I will send a *blast* upon him, and he shall hear a rumour and return to his own land." Its depressing effects can only be conceived by those who have suffered from them ; the unwonted dullness with which it overcasts even the most active mind ; the deep-drawn sighs it will elicit ; and if there be one melancholy feeling which presses on the heart more heavily than another, the ample developement which it enjoys during the prevalence of this enervating breeze.

It seldom, however, blows with force ; it is rather an exhalation than a wind. It scarcely moves the leaves around the traveller, but it sinks heavily and damply in his heart. A stranger is at first unaware of the cause of the mental misery he endures ; his temper sours as his spirits sink ; every person, and every circumstance, annoys him ; it affects even his dreams, and sleep itself is not a refuge from querulous peevishness ; every motion is an irritating exertion, and he trudges along in discontent and unhappiness, sighing, and thinking of home, and attempting to philosophize on the arrant folly that could induce him to leave England for an hour to come to such a dismal, miserable, uninteresting banishment as the Levant.

Our route was one of the most frequented in the Pachalic, as it leads from the principal port to the principal town, and is thence the high way which the caravan takes to Konia and Kesaria.

A little beyond a hamlet, the name of which I forget, where we halted about midday to rest for an hour in the shade, we were overtaken by a small troop of Zingari, or gipsies, whom we afterward encountered in a recess of the valley a little farther on, where they had pitched their goat-skin tent.

A few wretched ponies were fastened near a fountain, and numbers of fierce-looking red dogs were prowling about ; but only the women of the party were visible, who were cooking their meat by a temporary fireplace ; while the men were enjoying the seldom omitted luxury of a midday sleep in the shade.

About noon we gained a view of the Meander from the top of an adjacent hill ; its tortuous current winding like

a silver thread amidst plantations of olives and vines, for the culture of which, and of figs, the country is celebrated. We had left to our right the modern town of Inek-bazaar, on the site of the ancient Magnesia ad Meandrum. Our limited time did not permit us to visit it. It would have been an equally good route to Guizel-hissar from Skala Nuova, as we afterward learned, but our servants had been otherwise directed: I should, however, have anxiously desired to see it as the last estate of Themistocles, and the spot which afforded a death-bed to the hero of Salamis and Corcyra; and in whose forum, according to Cornelius Nepos, Artaxerxes raised a statue to the memory of him, his most determined enemy.*

It was night ere we reached our destination, and never did we descrie a resting-place with more satisfaction; as, in addition to the intolerable depression of spirits which we had been labouring under during the day, we had in the afternoon to struggle with all the agonies of excruciating thirst. Our dinner had been helped out by the aid of some salt-meat which we had brought from Skala Nuova, and washed down with draughts of fiery wine, which soon produced an effect far from composing or agreeable.

The sun was setting as we ascended the last chain of gently sloping hills, and with the departure of daylight our tortures commenced, as it was too dark to see any of the fountains charitably erected by the Turks along the road,†

* Vide Cor. Nep. vita Themist. cap. x.

† These fountains are to be met with every two or three miles throughout Turkey. The water gushes from the centre of a square wall, generally six or eight feet in height, and falls into a stone trough below, whence it is drank by the cattle. Above, a slab inscribed with a verse from the Koran, is the only ornament, with the exception of some marble facings, occasionally added at the sides of the wall. The construction of these edifices seems to have undergone no alteration from the earliest periods; and the description of the interview between Rebecca and the servant of Abraham at the well is perfectly characteristic of the customs of the East at the present day.

"And the servant ran to meet her, (Rebecca,) and said, 'Give me a little water to drink of thy pitcher.'

"And she answered, 'Drink, my lord;' and quickly she let down the pitcher on her arm and gave him to drink.

"And when he had drank, she said, 'I will draw water for thy camels also, till they all drink.'

"And pouring out the pitcher into the troughs, she ran back to the well to draw water, and, having drawn, she gave to all the camels."

Genesis xxiv. 17. 18, 19, 20.

and not one friendly stream now crossed our path, though we had hurried over hundreds disregarded in the morning. In vain we looked abroad for some welcome light which might give a promise of relief; but not an object met our eye, except the gloomy ravine around us, and the bleak hills which threw their giant shade across the starless sky. To add to our sufferings, the road was execrable, formed of loose stones, which had fallen from the banks on either side. Over this we were forced to pass, every second step a stumble, from which weakness almost prevented our recovering, and our tongues absolutely rustling against our parched palates. At last we reached the town of Guizel-hissar, and, without waiting to arrive at our khan, attacked at once the muddy stream which flows through the centre of it; and having luxuriated in its impure but invaluable waters, hastened to stretch our weary limbs on a heap of wool in the *karavan-serai*, and await the morning light to pursue our march.

As this was one of the longest day's journeys we had made, our fatigue the succeeding day was proportionate. The town contains few objects to arrest our attention, more than are usually presented by those of equal extent in Turkey. Some antiquities are said to remain of the ancient *Tralles*, the site of which it occupies, but we did not see them. The streets are wide and well laid out, and an unusual number of stately trees and cypresses wave amidst the gardens with which they are lined.

Having taken a cup of delicious coffee, we started early for Sultan-hissar and Nosli, by a path lying along well-cultivated plains, and occasionally traversing the base of the slight hills which shoot down from Mount *Messogis* on our left towards the *Meander*. Some bubbling streams crossed our route, and in the more secluded points we met with several fountains erected by the Turks for their own ablutions or the convenience of the traveller, while frequent fragments of antiquity marked the decay of population and importance. In about four hours we reached the old fortress and village of Sultan-hissar, the ancient *Nysa*, which had the honour of affording a school for the studies of *Strabo* the geographer.

It now contained no objects of importance to detain us; and having crossed the mountain torrent which flows

through the town, we pursued our route to Nosli, where we proposed halting for the night. Our road was equally delightful with that in the morning, lying along the plains of the Meander, and passing through a country abounding in vineyards and olive-groves, which continued to the village, where we, as usual, got apartments in a miserable hut, and slept upon our cloaks spread over straw, our own canteen furnishing our supper, and our servant Spiro never failing to discover where the best wine was forthcoming.

This genius was a perfect illustration of his class: to us I believe he was undeviatingly faithful; but of too scrupulous honesty towards others we had certainly no reason to impeach him, as there were few of the hamlets we passed through in which he did not levy a contribution of fowls or other portable forage which fell within his reach. These he never failed to produce on the most urgent and least expected occasions: his good humour was unfailing, and his vivacity sufficient to enliven a whole caravan.

His name was Demetraki, and his father an inhabitant of the barren island of Seriphos, one of the most susceptible and least productive spot of the Cyclades. Here he spent the first years of his life, till, in consequence of an agreement between his father and a Hydriot Reis, he was to have been sent with the levy of seamen for the Turkish fleet, annually furnished by that island and others, in order to purchase immunity from the presence of the Moslems among them. This arrangement did not, however, suit Spiro; the narrow compass of a kirlangitsch or caravella was too confined a sphere for his enlarged ideas, and a sneaking affection for a young black-eyed Serphiot served to heighten his aversion to the naval honours destined him by the Sultan. Accordingly, when the period of his departure approached, a violent and sudden contraction of the sinews of his leg incapacitated him totally from active exertion by sea or land.

Unfortunately, his name had been entered in the list, and when the Tshawoosh of the Capitan Pacha arrived to convey him to the Dardanelles along with his comrades, the keen eye of the Byzantine saw through the deception in spite of his lusty yells as often as they attempted to

straighten his limb or feel for the contracted sinew. Spiro had some suspicions of his shrewdness from his manner, and was resolved not to await the result of his deliberations. Accordingly, when he had learned that the boat had put off with the Tshawoosh towards the caravella in the offing, he sprang from his bed with an agility that highly astonished his afflicted mother and his anxious sisters, and flew to bid farewell to his innamorata, and make his escape to some neighbouring island till the storm should blow past. Full of these affectionate resolutions, he was skipping down from the lofty rock, on which the town of St. Nicholas is perched like a dovecote, when in one of the narrow passages he encountered the "Nostruomo" of the vessel, who was returning in order to make trial of the efficacy of the bastinado in drawing down the painful malady from his knee to his sole.

Spiro sprang backwards with an activity commensurate with his late miraculous recovery, and was quickly followed by the posse comitatus of his affectionate shipmates: his superior topographical knowledge, however, gave him an infinite advantage, and, having eluded his pursuers, he succeeded in gaining the beach, and at nightfall set sail in a fishing boat for the adjacent island of Milo, where a relative of his father had realized a considerable property by piloting European vessels through the Arches. By the assistance of his cousin he was stowed on board a Maltese brig, which conveyed him to Naples, where he commenced the profession of courier to travellers, in which occupation he contrived to make the "grand tour" ere he again returned to Seriphos and exchanged his gilt waistcoat and varnished cap for his native phes and cotton shaksheer.

The cliffs of the island, however, were soon too uninteresting to satisfy his unsettled disposition, and though he daily wandered over the rocks which had been immortalized by the exploits of Perseus and the head of Medusa, and strolled through the haunts of Cassius Severus, and many a banished Roman,* what were these to one whose travels had exceeded even those of Perseus, and to whom Imperial Rome itself had been but a halting-place from

* Seriphos was one among the numerous places of banishment which the Archipelago supplied to the victims of the Roman emperors. C. Severus was sent hither by Augustus, according to Tacitus; and Strabo and Juvenal both mention the island among the list of state prisons.

more remote excursions ! So thought Spiro ; and without taking long to deliberate, he sailed by the first vessel which touched at Corfu, and entered into the service of the Venetians, who then held possession of the Ionian islands.

During the few succeeding years he had, without once changing his residence, served successively under the standard of St. Mark, the tricolour of the French Republic, and the eagle of the North, till, finding Corfu too hot for him, he crossed over one night, with a few of his comrades from the guard-room, to Butrinto, and thence making his way to Yannina, enlisted under the horse-tails of "Aslan the Lion," who in a few months rewarded him for his flattering preference by taking off his right ear and pulling out a few of his superfluous teeth. Not finding Ali quite so congenial a master as he had hoped, he contrived to be one of a party who were sent on a private mission to Saloniki ; but from thence Spiro forgot to return with his answer.

The scene of his after-exploits comprised the greater portion of Turkey and Egypt ;—but it would be endless to attempt following him through the varied employments in which he subsequently embarked. These he himself recounted with infinite humour, when at night he gathered in his companions round the wood fire in our quarters. During his sojourn among the Franks, he had conceived an affection for the cigar above the chibouque, and he never commenced his details without one. With it his action was a perfect counterpart to his eloquence, as he was complete master of all the puffs, elevations, and suspensions adequate to give due force and effect to his recital. He was an admirable proficient at all manly exercises—leaping, wrestling, rowing, riding, and throwing the djereed ; and with a pistol, even in spite of his ill-shaped bullets,* he was an unerring aim.

In point of orthodoxy he was unusually liberal : he was totally undecided, he said, between the Ikonoclasts and

* The Greeks are, in general, wretchedly bad shots, as well from the quality of their weapons as from an absurd custom of never cutting off the tag left by the mould on the bullet, which they preserve in order to fasten the end of the paper to it in making a cartridge ; and of course this appendage must render irregular the direction of the shot when fired.

the Latins. He had known so much villany of the one, and seen so much that was amiable attached to the other, that practice alone kept him a Greek, although prejudice had considerable influence in preventing him becoming a Romanist. For the Turks, and for Achmet, our janissary, in particular (with a bow,) he entertained a most honourable predilection. But there was one point that must ever deter him from a profession of Islamism—the Fast of the Ramadan, which he said he might support well enough during the short winter-days, but when it verged towards the summer solstice,* his stomach could never endure such protracted inanition; and Paradise, with all its Houries, could yield but slight compensation for such lengthened privations. As to his ultimate happiness, he was, however, perfectly easy; as the last time he had been to Seriphos he had gone to Bello Paulo, a small island in the Ægean inhabited by a holy hermit, from whom he purchased the virtue of seven years penance by a gift of tobacco and rosoglio.

In order to get on as far as possible towards Denizli before sunset, we started from Nozli before the dawn of morning. For some hours we hurried on in darkness, watching the gradual breaking-up of night; at length the mists which wreathed around Taurus and Tmolus “melted into morn,” and light awoke the world. The broad crimson sun burst above them, and lighted up the valley through which we were winding, gilding the heights of Mount Messogris on our left, and on our right glancing in the glittering stream of the Meander, which rolled along its serpentine current between banks blooming in Eden-like verdure.

This portion of the country seemed more populous than hitherto: hamlets and villages were more frequent, and large flocks, principally of black sheep, were browsing around the hills. The scenery all the day was diversified and romantic in the extreme: the ponderous range of mountains now advancing boldly towards the plain and the river, and now opening out into long vistas of luxuriant valleys. In one of these recesses, but far to the north of our march, is a plain, supposed to be the Asian meadow of Homer and Virgil.

* The Arabian year being lunar, each month runs through the course of the four seasons in the space of thirty-three years.

At length we crossed the Meander at a ferry, about three hours from Carura, and put up for the night at a hamlet on the track to Denizli. We were now on the borders of Caria and Phrygia, and in a district so subject to subterranean fires and motions of the earth as to be denominated the Calabria of Asia Minor; most of its streamlets possess the quality of petrification, and of leaving in their course a strong calcareous or earthy deposit; and throughout the entire district hot springs are frequently to be met with. We reached Denizli the following day, and took up our lodgings with a Greek, who volunteered the kindness to us.

Denizli, which originally sprang from the ruins of Laodicea and Colosse, both which are at a short distance from it, is now hurrying to the same decay in which they are merged. Nearly seventy years have elapsed since twelve thousand of its inhabitants were destroyed by an earthquake, and the remnant of its population seems to have chosen rather to settle at a distance, than again to tempt its treacherous shelter. It contains at present a greater number of Christians than any other quarter of the Pachalic, upwards of seven hundred Greeks and Armenians having their churches within its walls, but all seem miserably poor and wretched.

Our host, who lived in one of the leading streets, supported himself and a brother by the sale of leather and the manufacture of papooshes. He felt extremely interested in the success of his countrymen in the Morea: and it appeared that his object in proffering us his hospitality was to learn some news from Greece, and to solicit our advice (as having probably visited the country) as to the propriety of abandoning his home and joining their cause. It is remarkable that this enthusiasm I have always found merely at a distance from the seat of war; in Greece itself such patriotism is rare. Our host, however, allowed himself to be persuaded of the inefficiency of his proffered service, and the truth of the fact, that in the Morea there were more soldiers than the government can well make use of.

His house was situated in a court-yard, the opposite side of which was occupied by the dwelling of a Greek lady and her daughter: the latter was said to be extremely beautiful, but, though she had lived for five years beside

him, our entertainer had never yet seen her, nor did she ever cross the threshold. This rigid regulation of society, which he assured us was common enough here, is much more severe than any that I had met with among Greeks before. He attributed it, however, to the tyranny and turbulence of the Turks, which being infinitely more galling and oppressive here, and in the interior, than at Smyrna, or along the coast, obliges the Christians to resort to such extraordinary precautions to ensure the honour and security of their families.

Perhaps, too, the feeling may have in it as much of inclination as necessity on the part of the Greeks; for I have invariably observed, that the farther we progress towards the south in any country, the situation of females becomes more deplorable and unhappy. In northern latitudes alone woman is the better-half of creation; as we draw towards more genial climes she gradually merges into equality, inferiority, a deprivation of her rights and dignity, and at last, in the vicinity of the line, a total denial of reasoning principle or an immortal essence, which might enjoy in another world those privileges of which she is tyrannically debarred in this.

In countries north of our own, the absence of refinement has deprived affection in some degree of its polish; but still its details show it to be like the phosphorescent stone of Bologna, rude but glowing. Our accounts of our Scandinavian neighbours, for instance, place their females even above our own: in Norway, they occupy that distinguished place in society for which Nature has clearly intended them: in every situation they are the companions and "helpmates" of man, and share alike in his amusements and his intellectual pursuits. "In conversation," says Dr. Clarke, "they take the lead; nor has the odious custom of ladies retiring into solitary seclusion after dinner been introduced among them;*"—and in Sweden," he observes, in speaking of the family with which he was domesticated, that "the happiness of his host seemed to consist entirely in the education of his children and the conversation of his amiable wife."†

Again, "The Fins," says the same author, "are su-

* See vol. x. p. 235.

† See vol. ix. p. 298, 322, &c.

perior to the Russian, in every amiable qualification ;”* and even the rough exterior of the Russians, I speak of the northern provinces, is superior to their southern neighbours in Prussia and in Germany. Of this two instances may suffice. In Germany, women, in mixed society, are never permitted even to sit along with men ; and in Prussia, during one of the late years, there were three thousand divorces out of a population of ten millions!†

The ladies of France would, perhaps, come nearest to our own in point of domestic government ; but even here it must be admitted, that the exterior of affection is too highly gilded to be real ; that love is rather a soppery than a feeling, and domestic enjoyment “ almost a tale of a foreign land ;” in fact, their language contains no word expressive of the ideas which an Englishman attaches to the monosyllable “home.” Proceeding along the map a little farther towards the south, the ladies of Spain and Italy would probably come upon a par in point of importance, though widely distinct in their several modes of life. But does not the grim tyranny of the duenna over the one imply as much degradation in its institution, as the cavalier servente of the other involves levity and contempt in the toleration permitted to him ?

It is scarcely needful to mention Greece, but it is a link of the chain ; and here even beauty seems to have shrunk beneath the withering touch of slavery, and woman, too, to have faded with the crumbling wreck of her greatness. From the habits of seclusion to which they are subjected by the tyrannized slaves who possess them, every trace of what we call “Grecian beauty” has departed. I never saw a striking figure, and scarce a lovely face, throughout the country ; and their servile occupations, and the domestic despotism to which they are subjected, differ but in a shade from those of their Moslemin lords, from whom they have been imitated.

In Turkey, female degradation is proverbial ; woman possesses here beauty alone, without the attributes of intellect, and becomes the footstool, in place of the companion and supporter, of her lord. Still farther south, in Palestine and Syria, the disgusting series attains its acmé

* See vol. x, p. 47.

† See Russell’s Germany, vol. ii. p. 72.

of abhorrent developement; and the situation of females is in no degree removed from the classification originally made, by which a man's "wife, and his slave, his maid-servant, his ox, and his ass," are equally defended from the covetousness of his neighbour.* To conclude, the ancient form of salutation among the Arabs, was one which totally deprecated the birth of females as a misfortune, and prayed for male children only as the descendants of its errant warriors, *Felix agas, maresque parias, non femellas*, "May you be happy, may your children be boys, and may the evil tidings of an infant daughter never meet your ear." In the mass, this estimate is correct; and in the details, it is equally consistent with itself. Compare, for example, the situation of females in the north of Germany, with the account of Vienna given by Mr. Russell in his "Germany," vol. ii. p. 280, which presents us with a picture of depravity too disgusting to be quoted, and almost too hideous to obtain even a partial credence. Compare the light and graceful contadina of Tuscany with the wretched peasantry of Naples or Calabria. Contrast the Spaniards of Leon or Galicia with those of Seville or Grenada; or the daughter of an Albanian Kleft with the child of a Messinian or Mainote.† I remember, too, that Captain Cochrane, in his singular tour through Siberia, mentions, in speaking of the Rascolnics of Valdimir, that "they are kind and friendly people, and excellent husbands" (vol. i. p. 91); but he scarcely

* The words גִּבְעֵד (ghebéd) and אִמָּה (amah) in the seventeenth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, above alluded to, which are rendered in our version "man-servant," and "maid-servant," signify, literally, *bondsman* or *slave*, and *bondswoman*; in which sense they are applied in the forty-fourth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, in contradistinction to סָכִיר (sakir), which signifies a *hired servant*, not a slave by possession. But innumerable instances occur throughout the Old and New Testaments of passages which depict the subordinate situation of women, and inculcate the superiority of *male children* above *females*. *Ex. gr.* Gen. iii. 16; Jer. i. 37; Levit. xii. 4, 5; John xvi. 21; 1 Cor. xi. 8, 9; xiv. 34; 1 Tim. ii. 11; and a thousand others.

† "Les voyageurs qui parcouraient La Messénie avaient lieu de s'étonner de son indolence et de son apathie. Si les femmes s'acquittaient avec plus d'activité de *travaux du ménage et des champs* (!) ce peasant fardeu imposé au sexe le plus faible paraissait n'attester également que les malheurs de la nation."—*La Grèce par M. Depping*, vol. ii. p. 131.

proceeds many versts farther to the south till at Semipalatinsk he meets with a husband correcting his spouse with a stick the thickness of his thumb ! (vol. i. p. 118.)

This feeling, too, seems to have given a tinge to the various casts of religion. The principles of our own mild creed inculcate a subjection in females, much more rigorous than that which we usually exact from them ;* and it is an undisputed fact, that in northern climates the favourite saints are selected from the female side of the calendar, while in the south the share of popularity is monopolized by St. Peter, St. Paul, or St. Nicholas. This theory, which I might illustrate by a thousand instances, (not in one solitary line, but from east to west of the globe,) can, in my opinion, be accounted for solely on the grounds that, in the south, Nature has done so much for man, that little of his happiness is to be sought beyond her ; while, in the north, her gifts have been comparatively so scanty that to complete the measure of his comforts, he is forced to invoke the aid of

“ Heaven’s last but kindest gift.”

The remains of Laodicea, which are about three miles distant from Denizli, are situated on a low hill at the extremity of a plain, on either side of which flow the Asopus and Caprus† to join the Lycus a short distance from the ruins. The remains of an aqueduct are the first which meet the eye on approaching from Denizli ; but around the hill, in every direction, are remnants of theatres, an

* Does not Lord Byron somewhere assert that the Scotch and Irish make much better husbands than the English ? Now, two-thirds of England lie to the south of the latter, and it is altogether lower in this scale of *affectionate* geography than the former. I trust that our young ladies will be inclined to take a useful lesson from these undigested hints, not only as to a proper topographical choice in their selection of their husbands, but as to the due qualifying study of their maps ; which may prove as advantageous as the knowledge of grammar, inculcated by the Arabian tale of M. G. Lewis. By the same standard, too, they must be as choice in their counties as their countries, never failing to prefer a Northumbrian to a Kentish or Cornish man ; a native of Orkney to one from Dumfries ; and never to look at a lover from Cork, as long as they can have one from the Causeway !

† The course of the Caprus seems to have been changed, as Dr. Pococke mentions four piers of a bridge standing in the plain to the east of the present river, under which it had probably flowed.

amphitheatre, anodeum, &c. ; all which, from the solidity of their materials, or the circumstance of their being sunk into the hill, have been enabled to resist the shocks of earthquakes or of time. Interspersed with these are the vestiges of ruined walls, arches, inscribed slabs of stone, fallen columns, and sarcophagi; but not one perfect or very striking object meets the eye, all is alike desolate and decayed. The hill appears one tumulus of ruins, from which the masses of faded buildings that present themselves seem bursting above the surrounding soil. No wretched outcast dwells in the midst of it; it has long been abandoned to the owl and to the fox.

Alternately under the dominion of the Romans and the Turks, and ravaged by the successive wars and invasions of the generals of the Lower Empire, and the sultans who succeeded them, the history of Laodicea is a mere alternation of vicissitudes; earthquakes and internal commotions have conspired to aid the ravages of man,* and centuries have perhaps elapsed since its total abandonment. Eski-hissar, a miserable village which has sprung from its ruins, contains about fifty inhabitants, of whom two only are Christians, and possess a small mill in the hamlet.

It is a melancholy and repulsive scene; and our only anxiety, after wandering for a few hours amidst the unsatisfactory ruins, was to hurry on towards Allah Shehr, the modern Philadelphia, and if possible, to visit the Seven Churches of Asia before the expiration of our limited time forced us to return to Smyrna. To Laodicea the most summary of the denunciations contained in the messages to the Apocalyptic churches is directed—that of total subversion.† It has been awfully accomplished. The name of Christianity is forgotten, and the only sounds that disturb the silence of its desertion are the tones of the Muezzin, whose voice from the distant village proclaims the ascendancy of Mahomet. Laodicea is even more

* "Eodem anno ex illustribus Asiæ urbibus, Laodicea, tremore terræ prolapsa nullo à nobis remedio, propriis viribus revaluit."—*Tacitus, Ann.* 1. xiv.

† "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."—*Rev.* iii. 15, 16.

solitary than Ephesus: the latter has a prospect of the rolling sea, or a whitening sail, to enliven its decay; the former sits in widowed loneliness, its walls are grass-grown, its temples desolate, its very name has perished.

While we sat upon the bank of its amphitheatre, the dense, waxy clouds seemed gathering for a storm, and hurried past us swollen with their tempestuous burthen; a gloomy shadow enveloped the summits of Mount Cadmus, that had a moment before been glittering in the sunshine; and at length a distant muttered thunder warned us away, and we hurried on to the village where we had sent our horses. When the storm had passed, we left Eski-hissar amidst lowering clouds and misty rain; but we preferred hastening on, to a farther delay in that melancholy spot, where every thing whispered desolation, and where the very wind that swept impetuously through the valley, sounded like the fiendish laugh of Time exulting above the overthrow of man and his proudest monuments.

LETTER VI.

Ὅδε ἄνωθεν διὰ τούτων τῶν πόλεων, οὐδ' ἡ Μαγνησία ἐστὶν ἢ ἐπὶ Σιπύλλῳ, Ἰαδύθερα πόλις
 ἐπὶ Ρωμαιοῦν κεκοιμήνη καὶ ταύτηνδ' ἐκάλεσαν οἱ νεωστὶ γενόμενοι σιταροῖ.
Strabo, lib. 13.

PHILADELPHIA, SARDIS, &c.

RUINS OF HIERAPOLIS.—Petrified Cliffs.—A Renegade.—An Earthquake.—Scenery.—Turcomans.—Their identity with the tribes of Kedar in the Old Testament.—History of PHILADELPHIA.—Description of her situation and remains.—Wall of Petrified Reeds.—River Cogamus.—Interior of a Greek Church.—Road to Sardis.—TARTAR KEUY.—Kara Osman Oglou.—SARDIS.—A Caravan.—Temple of Cybele.—Greek Cookery.—Adventure at the Pactolus.—BARROWS OF HALYATTIS AND GYGES.—PERGAMUS AND THIATYRA.—Remarkable fulfilment of the prophecies in the Revelation concerning Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamus, Thiatyra, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea.—The Golden Sands of the PACTOLUS.—TURGUTLI.—Want of wheel carriages a main cause of the filthiness of Turkish towns.—MAGNESIA AD SYPYLUM.—Amurath the Second.—Magnets on the Mountain.—Return to Smyrna.

LEAVING Laodicea on the right, we recrossed the tributary streams of the Lycus, and returning, for a short distance, in the same direction by which we had approached the ruins, regained the bank of the Mæander, the turbulent current of which now dashed with impetuosity along its shallow channel, swollen by the recent tempest. We passed the river and took the road to Bullada, through a romantic valley which wound between the towering heights of Messogis. The storm had ceased, and the dark curtain of gloomy clouds rolled back from hill to hill, save a few filmy vapours which hung motionless in the upper sky, apparently beyond the influence of a sharp wind which rushed impetuously from the recesses of the mountain.

Our time did not permit us to visit the remains of Hierapolis, though at a very few miles distance from our route, but we had a distinct view of the celebrated petrified cliff; its snowy whiteness contrasted vividly with the dark brown

hills around it,* and now forming the main attraction of what was once the "Bath" of Asia; the town, however, is still interesting on account of architectural as well as picturesque remains; but necessity combined with fatigue obliged us to hurry onwards.

Leaving the ruins of Tripolis, in the distance on our right, and passing through the numerous hamlets scattered among the hills, we arrived late in the evening at Bullada, a Turkish town of considerable extent, and built like almost all through which we had passed, on either side of a stream, the current of which might have served for the purification of its streets, but its stagnation only added to their filth. We, as usual, rode to the Karavan Serai, and prepared our accommodations for the night.

It was still duskish, and as we were discussing our supper of baked lamb and coffee, we observed a miserable-looking Turk prowling about the court-yard of the khan, and evidently keeping a look-out upon us; we were rather suspicious of his intentions at first, but were quickly undeceived, when, after the last few loiterers in the Karavan Serai had lain down to sleep, or retired to the town, he approached our shed and inquired in good English, but with a Scottish accent, "whether we were Englishmen." On being answered in the affirmative, he expressed his satisfaction: and having cast a cautious look around him, seated himself on the ground beside us, and gave the following particulars of his story.

His name was Angus Mac Donnell; he was born in Glasgow, and had been now upwards of five years in Turkey, during three of which, since his abjuration of Christianity and his adoption of Islamism, he had been

* Of this singular phenomenon, which is either a stalactytic deposit, or is formed by the precipitation of the salts contained in the streams of the mountain, Dr. Chandler gives the following description: "Our tent stood on a green dry spot beneath the cliff. The view before us was so marvellous, that a description of it, to bear even a faint resemblance, ought to appear romantic. The vast slope, which at a distance we had taken for chalk, was now beheld with wonder, it seeming an immense frozen cascade, the surface wavy as of water, at once fixed, or in its headlong course suddenly petrified. . . . The hot waters of Hierapolis have produced this most extraordinary phenomenon, which is one entire encrustation."—Vide pp. 299, 230, *Chand. Tr. Asia Min.*

existing in a state of the most abject poverty and hardship, in the midst of privations and apprehension. He had been a seaman on board one of His Majesty's vessels, from which the hard treatment of some of his superior officers induced him to desert, while taking on board fresh water in the offings of Vourla. He returned to Smyrna, and had for a considerable time obtained employment in the stores of a Frank merchant under a feigned name, till, through the persuasions of a regenade in the service of the Pacha, he resolved on becoming a Mahometan in order to farther his views of advancement.

He accordingly gave notice to the Mufti at the mosque, and having in due form trampled upon the cross and denied his Saviour, he underwent the usual formalities, and was, under the new name of Hussein, admitted into the bosom of Islamism. The change had not proved advantageous; but the unfortunate wretch seemed merely to regret that his apostacy had entailed on him the contempt of his most efficient friends the Europeans, without in any degree recommending him to the kindness of the Osmanlees. Instead of the lucrative post he had enjoyed in anticipation, he was forced to drudge from one menial occupation to another, an object of disgust and abhorrence to his former friends, and of suspicion and contempt to his adopted co-religionists.

He had, at length, hired himself as an attendant on the horses, to a traveller from Smyrna to Konia, about eighteen months back; but as the unfortunate gentleman was murdered by the Turcomans between Allah-shehr and Mount Tmolus, Hussein found himself again adrift, and, having made his way hither, he had remained till the present in the employment of the shepherds, or as a labourer obtaining merely a wretched subsistence, and, as he said, pointing to his filthy rags, without either comfort, clothes, or money.

In addition to his more tangible misery, he had to undergo the hourly tauntings of the peasantry on his former infidelity; and when their insults had spurred him to exasperation, his expressions of wrath had been construed into longings for a return to his abandoned faith; so that, although his almost sole dependency for support was on the gratuity of the caravans, he dared only to ap-

preach his Frank benefactors by stealth and privacy, lest his detected intercourse should draw down on him the chastisement of his associates.

Totally disgusted with the loathsome indifference with which he spoke of his apostacy, and the reckless brutality of his manner and conversation, we were glad to rid ourselves of his presence by granting him the few piastres for which he servilely entreated; but were again annoyed by his return in about an hour, beastly intoxicated with Raki, and renewing his solicitations for money, till well trounced and dragged beyond the gates of the khan, by attendants of the Karavan Serai.

We had resolved on starting early the following morning for Allah-shehr, the modern Philadelphia, but our departure was expedited by a rather uncereemonious disturbance. On lying down to sleep, we had piled our luggage and canteens around us, as well for the purpose of sheltering us from the wind, as for a specious protection against intrusion; about two hours before sunrise we were aroused by the fall of some of the uppermost packages, which came rattling about us: we immediately started up, but were for a few minutes almost unable to keep our seat, during a second tremulous shock of the earthquake which had alarmed us. All the travellers in the Karavan Serai instantly hurried out to the court-yard, and a scene of the most ludicrous, though at the same time fearful confusion, ensued, while each terrified individual was seeking to secure the safety of his person or property; but as the motion was not again repeated, their panic quickly subsided.

A circumstance of this kind need hardly have been unexpected in any quarter of Asia Minor; but we were now in a district of Lydia, which, from its liability to convulsions of this nature, and its frequent destruction by the action of subterraneous fires, has obtained the appellation of Kata-ke-kaumene, or "the flame destroyed." Day was nearly breaking ere the requisite discussion of the various feelings of our fellow-travellers had ceased; and as we did not feel inclined to tempt again such treacherous repose, we ordered our horses, and having given two piastres (the usual gratuity) to the guardian of the khan, we again set out on our march, as the broad disc of the morning sun was swelling above the heights of Messogis.

The district through which we travelled during the entire course of the day continued highly cultivated, and gracefully shaped; secluded hamlets seated in the most romantic or delightful retreats; hills dotted with countless herds of snowy sheep; and glens traversed by babbling streamlets, whose banks were overarched by the hanging branches of myrtles and lentiscus. Hundreds of green glittering lizards lay upon the rocks luxuriating in the sunbeams, and birds of the most brilliant plumage were perched upon the branches of the olives and wild fig-trees.

About noon we passed close by an encampment of Turcomans, by whom this district, and indeed almost all the secluded or inland portions of Asia Minor, are annoyingly infested. Without houses or permanent homes, and possessing all the wandering habits of the Arab, they seem to have inherited his predatory and savage propensities without any combination of his hospitality and distinguishing virtues. The figure of the Turcoman retains all the dull and ungraceful traits of his Tartar origin; and his habits of sloth and cruelty render him at once an object of disgust and apprehension to his peaceable and industrious neighbours. His sole ostensible occupation is the breeding of horses for the service of the adjoining Pachalics; while, by a singular reversion of taste, his own beasts of burden are his cows and oxen, and his chief diet the flesh of his superannuated horses. Though by no means to be identified with them, the habits of the Turcomans of the present day are precisely those of the wandering hordes of Kedar as described in the books of the Old Testament, and their *black* tents would fully suit the simile of Solomon, "I am *black* but comely, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." (Sol. Song, c. i. v. 5.) While their pastoral traffic is in every respect that adverted to by Ezekiel in his denunciations of destruction against Tyre: "Arabia, and all the princes of Kedar, they occupied with thee in lambs, and rams, and goats: in these were they thy merchants. (Ezek. xxvii. 21.) The whole tribe are the most tasteful connoisseurs in arms and sabre blades; and an ill-clad wretch of whom our servant (to bespeak civility) asked some unimportant question, wore a handjar, whose hilt was ornamented with a jewel of no ordinary size and brilliancy.

Like the other individual churches of the sacred Hierarchy of the Apocalypse, the ancient history of Philadelphia, down to the conclusion of the thirteenth century, is contained in a series of devastating wars and ruinous vicissitudes, though its opposition to the establishment of the Ottoman empire was more firm and energetic than that of almost any of its contemporaries.* But its final political overthrow was completed by its surrender to Bajazet in 1391, when the exhaustion of their provisions obliged the garrison to succumb to the conqueror. Subsequent oppression has diminished its impoverished population, and left it, in the widowhood of its greatness, a prey to the overthrow of earthquakes, and the unrestored dilapidations of time.

In spite, however, of the conspiring efforts of her natural and political enemies, Philadelphia still survives, and when all her sister cities had crumbled to decay, she alone remains, "whether saved by prophecy or by courage;"† long lines of her shattered walls still stretch along her sloping hills, and the remnants of her Christian temples rise amidst the waving olive-groves which surround the modern representative of the sixth seminary of Christianity. Her situation has still many charms to interest her visiter; her widely-scattered buildings, spreading over an eminence at the base of Mount Tmolus, are thrown into the most picturesque points of view, to which her minarets and cypresses give the usual characteristics of Orientalism, while the remnants of her churches, and her associations with time and history, confer on her an interest beyond the power of modern incident or adornment to bestow.‡

* At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the emperors, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her (Philadelphia's) valiant citizens defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans. Among the colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect, a column in a scene of ruins, a pleasing example that the paths of honour and safety may sometimes be the same.—*Gibbon*, vol. xi. pp. 437, 438.

† *Gibbon*, *ibid*.

‡ About one mile westward of the city there still exists a portion of the wall once fabled and still believed to have been built by Bajazet Ilderim, with the bones of a Christian community, whom he massacred while engaged in the celebration of their worship in an adjoining church, dedicated to St. John. The first glance of the material used in this erection (which has obtained the name of "Philadelphian stone")

The number of Christian inhabitants may probably amount to one or two thousand, whose language, however, is chiefly Turkish, though divine service is performed in their original tongue. This superabundant community, and the existence of upwards of twenty churches in the city, have rendered Philadelphia the residence of an Archbishop in preference to Sardis and Laodicea, both which are included in his diocese. The waters of the river Cogamus, on which the town is built, though now dwindled to a mere brook, still retain their distinguishing qualities so admirably adapted for dying; and the tints of the cottons manufactured in Allah Shehr are esteemed superior to those of any other quarter of the Levant. From their distance from the more frequented portions of Asia, the inhabitants of the city are less impregnated with the vices of society than their commercial neighbours, and the produce of their pastoral pursuits is only augmented by the barter of their trifling manufactures for luxurious wares with the caravans which traverse their city on their periodical visits to Iconium and Smyrna.

On our arrival, after enjoying the luxury of an excellent bath in one of the principal streets, we took up our lodgings in a miserable khan; and Spiro procured for our supper a quarter of one of the country's sheep, which, with a few additions, afforded an ample repast for the whole party. The following morning, ere starting for Sardis, we attended early service in the episcopal church, the largest edifice of the kind in the city.

Its walls were profusely decorated with the paltry paintings, for which the stupidity of the Ikonoclasts has sacrificed all the graces of ancient sculpture, their sottish superstition permitting them to adore the daubings of paint and canvass, while they reject the graces of the speaking marble. Smirking madonnas smiled benignantly on the swathed package on their laps, from which protruded the gloried brow of the infant Godhead. St. George, on a charger which might rank with the most ponderous of Meux's carters, valorously slew for the thousandth time

would seem to countenance the tradition; but on a closer examination, it proves to be portions of extraneous substances, principally vegetable, cemented into a congeries, by a calcareous deposit, similar to that at Knaresborough and other parts of England.

his writhing dragon, surrounded by the applauding looks of St. Nicholas and a legion of others, whose crimson countenances shone brilliantly on the gilded grounds on which they were emblazoned. The doors of the sacred gate, which in the Greek churches separates the audience from the sanctuary, were covered with plates of embossed silver and panels of gaudy workmanship; and from behind these resounded in full cry the nasal notes of the bishop and his choristers, in a strain sufficiently barbarous to correspond with the decorations of his temple.

After breakfasting in a comfortable *café*, we remounted our steeds, and riding along gardens, on whose walls and trees were perched myriads of storks and pigeons, we regained the sandy plain, and took the path to Sardis, or Sart, about thirty miles distant to the westward. As the road lay along a continuous level plain, we gained ground rapidly in spite of the numerous streams which we were forced to pass, and reached Sardis early in the afternoon, having made no delay except halting about midday to dine and repose in the shade near a fountain.

The scenery in this part of the route was equally interesting with that of the day before: on one hand the towering and often snow-crowned heights of Mount Tmolus were glittering in the sunshine, and on the other the fair level plain stretched away, far as the eye could reach, towards the course of the Hermus. We left numerous villages behind us, but none of any particular moment, save the little modern hamlet of Tartar Keuy, which has sprung up within the last twenty years, at about three miles distance from the wreck of Sardis, the remnants of its Christian population having retired hither to seek protection for themselves, and a refuge for the unmo-lested exercise of their persecuted faith, from which they had been unceasingly prohibited by the tyranny of Kara Osman, or Karasman Oglou.* The little community

* Lately one of the richest landed proprietors of Turkey, and governor of the neighbouring district of Magnesia, of which the family have through many generations contrived, by powerful bribes, to retain the Agalic. Mr. Hope, in his *Anastasius*, (vol. iii. p. 5.) declares him able to "bring into the field 20,000 sturdy horsemen, as well mounted as armed, for the defence of the empire—or his own;" and Lord Byron thus characterizes him in "The Bride of Abydos;"

now consists of about one hundred members, who maintain for themselves a priest, and contrive to keep in repair the unadorned walls of their primitive church.

The melancholy city afforded us no other accommodation than the shelter of a mud-wall hut, on the floor of which we spread our carpet, stowed away our luggage, and leaving it to the care of Spiro, sauntered out to view the ruins of Sardis. A great portion of the ground once occupied by the imperial city is now a smooth grassy plain, browsed over by the sheep of the peasantry, or trodden by the camels of the caravan. An ordinary mosque rears its domes amidst the low dingy dwellings of the modern Sardians; and all that remains to point out the site of its glory are a few disjointed pillars and the crumbling rock of the Acropolis.

The first emotion on viewing these miserable relics is, to inquire, "Can this be Sardis?" Occasionally, the time-worn capital of a ponderous column, or the sculptured surface of a shattered marble, appear rising above the weeds that overshadow them, incongruous masses of overthrown edifices are uncovered by the plough, or the storied inscription of some hero's tale is traced upon the slab imbedded in the mud of the cottage-wall; but Sardis possesses no remains to gladden the prying eye of the traveller, and no comforts to requite his toilsome wanderings in their search. The walls of its fortress, that bade defiance to the successive arms of Cyrus, Alexander, and the Goths, are now almost level with the surface of the cliff on which they were once proudly reared; the vestiges of the palace of the Lydian kings are too confused to suggest the slightest idea of its form or extent; and the area of the amphitheatre is silent as the voiceless grave.

About sunset a caravan approached the city from the

Another and a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van,
We Moslems reckon not much of blood,
But yet the line of Karaman
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
First of the bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands.
—Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman to the Bey Oglou!

Canto 1, Stanza vii.

west: it was composed of a confused team of mules and camels, attended by a crowd of Jews, Greeks, and Armenians: they halted for a short time to refresh their cattle and themselves, and then set out for a halting-place on the road to Allah-Shehr. Their bustle and tumult for a while enlivened the scene; but when they had again hurried on their march, when the last straggling servant of the troop had fallen into the long line of his companions, and the dust of their course grew dim in the distance, the scene resumed its air of solitude, the lazy serfs retired to their abodes of misery, and we walked onwards to survey the ruins of the temple of Cybele.

These are situated in a small plain on the banks of the Pactolus, at a very short distance from the village; and, though deeply imbedded in the accumulating soil, present an interesting object to the visiter: two lonely but gigantic columns, and a slight portion of the frieze, are all that is standing; but these, and the massive fragments strewn around them, serve to indicate the ponderous dimensions of the entire. Their architecture, which is of the purest Ionic, is generally attributed to the kings of the Lydian dynasty; but the temple now presents a field for the scientific explorer, rather than a satisfactory object for the picturesque visitant. In us it excited more melancholy than interest; and having proposed to set out early for the Lake Gygæa and the Barrows of Halyattys, we returned to our miserable quarters. We found Spiro busily employed in preparing our dinner: he had purchased a kid, which he dissected so as to preserve the shoulders and solid pieces entire, and the remainder he cut up for pottage. The miserable city contained no public oven, so common in all Oriental towns, and so often referred to in the Bible: but the owner of the hut in which we were lodged supplied him with a substitute; this was a large hollow cone of clay, which he immediately filled with dried herbs, sticks, and grass; and when it was sufficiently heated, he inverted it over the meat, taking care to keep up a moderate heat around it. The other dish he compounded of the chopped kid, onions, oil, and cucumbers; and, stewing all together, produced really a very savoury mess. This being concluded, and having settled our arrangements for the night, we lay down to rest.

To sleep, however, was impossible : our earthen lamp was scarcely extinguished when there issued from every quarter such a swarm of vermin as would have defied the efforts of Morpheus himself : it afforded no relief to turn from side to side and fly from one expedient to another ; the room was fizzing with musquitoes, and the ground absolutely animate with bugs and other tormenting insects. Through the chinks of the door, however, I could descry the brilliant light of the moon streaming in upon us ; and rising I wrapped my cloak around me, and hurried out to enjoy an hour's respite in the calm air of midnight.

It would be vain to attempt a description of the splendid scenery of oriental moonlight. The sky is not, as with us, an ebon concave gemmed with brilliants, but one calm expanse of saddened blue, so soft that it seems to blend with the outline of the silvery moon, and so bright as to form a scarcely distinguished contrast with the twinkling stars. Every object was as distinct as in a northern twilight : the snowy summit of the mountain, the long sweep of the valley, and the flashing current of the river. I strolled along towards the banks of the Pactolus, and seated myself by the side of the half-exhausted stream.

There are few individuals who cannot trace on the map of their memory some moments of overpowering emotion, and some scene which once dwelt upon has become its own painter, and left behind it a memorial which time could not efface. I can readily sympathize with the feelings of him who wept at the base of the pyramids ; nor were my own less powerful on that night when I sat beneath the sky of Asia, to gaze upon the ruins of Sardis from the banks of the golden-sanded Pactolus. Beside me were the cliffs of that Acropolis, which, centuries before, the hardy Median scaled while leading on the conquering Persians, whose tents had covered the very spot on which I was reclining. Before me were the vestiges of what had been the palace of the gorgeous Croesus : within its walls were once congregated the wisest of mankind, Thales, Cleobulus, and Solon : it was here that the wretched father mourned alone the mangled corse of his beloved Atys ; and it was here that the same humiliated monarch wept at the feet of the Persian

boy who wrung from him his kingdom. Far in the distances were the gigantic tumuli of the Lydian monarchs, Car-daules, and Halyattys, and Gyges; and around them spread those very plains once trodden by the countless hosts of Xerxes, when hurrying on to find a sepulchre at Marathon.

There were more varied and more vivid remembrances associated with the sight of Sardis than could possibly be attached to any other spot of earth; but all were mingled with a feeling of disgust at the littleness of glory—all, all had passed away! There were before me the fanes of a dead religion, the tombs of forgotten monarchs, and the palm-tree that waved in the banquet-hall of kings: while the feeling of desolation was doubly heightened by the calm sweet sky above me, which, in its unfading brightness, shone as purely now as when it beamed upon the golden dreams of Croesus.

I was sentimentalizing most luxuriously on this scene of greatness and decay, when, all at once, a huge shaggy mastiff rushed past me at a lightning pace, and, wheeling in his course, returned to make a most uncereemonious scrutiny of my person; not finding me, however, to be the individual he was in search of, he again scampered down the bank of the river, while I very speedily put myself in motion towards home. I had no doubt of the beast being the property of some neighbouring Turco-man; and, as I had no desire to meet the master on the score of the dog's civility, I was glad to hurry back to my more certain, but less hazardous interviews with the bugs and mosquitoes.

The ensuing day, we crossed the Hermus a few miles from the town, and, in about one hour afterward, reached the stupendous barrow of Halyattys, which, with about fifty others of different dimensions, forms the main attraction of the plain of the Hermus. The principal tumulus is about one mile in circumference, though scarcely of a proportionate height.* Its summit, however, commands

* One of the barrows on the eminence near the middle, and towards Sardis, is remarkably conspicuous. It is described by Herodotus (lib. 2. l. 92.) as beyond comparison the greatest work in Lydia. It was the monument of Halyattys, the father of Croesus,—a vast mound of earth heaped on a basement of stones, by three classes of people, of whom one were prostitutes. Halyattys died 562 B. C. Above a century

a splendid prospect of the surrounding plain, the windings of the river, and the distant hills of Tmolus and Mount Sipylus. Beyond them, on the northern side, is the Lake Gyge or Coloe, said to have been a work of the Lydians, and prepared as a receptacle for the floods which annually deluge the plain.

We were now to bid adieu to Sardis, and, in fact, to forego a portion of the route we had originally chalked out for ourselves; but though our time would have permitted us to visit the remaining two of the "Seven Churches," we had many superior inducements to dissuade us from the journey. In the first place, the unhalting haste with which we had been posting forward, as well from necessity as apprehension (and an unwillingness to court exposure, by remaining longer in any one place than was absolutely necessary, during a period when tumults were frequent in every quarter,) had left us pretty well exhausted both in strength and spirits; and, besides, we were well aware that beyond the associations of early Christianity, alight vestiges of which now remain, Pergamos and Thyatira possess few objects of interest, or relics of antiquity; we therefore determined on returning by the shortest road to Smyrna, by Turgutli and the base of Mount Sipylus.

There cannot possibly be placed on record a more striking example of the literal and circumstantial fulfilment of a prophecy, than the instance of the denunciations directed against the Seven apocalyptic Churches. The later events in the history of the world, the predictions of which profess to be contained in the writings of inspiration, are all cloaked in mystery, or couched in language which is impressive from its very obscurity. Here there is no circuitous style of allegory, and no dark forebodings dealt

intervened, but the historian relates, that to his time, five stones, (*ovpoi termini, orstelæ*) on which letters were engraved, had remained on the top, recording what each class had performed, and from the measurement it appeared that the greater portion was done by the girls * * * *. The reader will wonder at the great number of girls who were employed in this work, and will conceive a bad opinion of the morals of the Sardians. The historian relates, it was the custom of the Lydians to permit their daughters to procure their own dowries, deviating in this from the Greek laws which were established among them. Vide *Chandler*, pp. 263, 264.

forth through the involutions of mysticism ; the words of the prophet are plain, concise, and equally palpable in their enunciation and fulfilment. The accomplishment of some was deferred but a brief period from the moment of their declaration, while the more slow, but equally certain progress of the others is at length completed.

1. As the chief strong-hold of Christianity in the East, and that centre from whence its rays were most brilliantly disseminated, till "all they who dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks,"* Ephesus is first addressed by the Evangelist : his *charge* against her is a declension in religious fervour,† and his *threat* in consequence, a total extinction of her ecclesiastical brightness.‡ After a protracted struggle with the sword of Rome and the sophism of the Gnostics, Ephesus at last gave way. The incipient indifference, censured by the warning voice of the Prophet, increased to a total forgetfulness, till at length the threatenings of the apocalypse were fulfilled, and Ephesus sunk with the general overthrow of the Greek empire, in the fourteenth century ; preserving no halo of its glory, save the twilight of tradition, and no vestige of Christianity, except the desolated ruins of Ayasalook.§

2. To Smyrna the message of St. John conveys at once a striking instance of the theory I am illustrating, and a powerful lesson to those who would support the shrine of Omnipotence by the arm of impotency, and fancy they can sooth the erring soul by the balm of persecution, and correct its delusions by the persuasions of intolerance. To this church is foretold the approach of tribulation, and poverty,|| and suffering, and imprisonment : ¶ while the consequence of their endurance is to add permanency to their

* Acts xix. 10.

† Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Rev. ii. 4.

‡ I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, unless thou repent. Rev. ii. 5.

|| Vide p. 79.

¶ I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.

¶ Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer : behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried, and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Rev. ii. 9, 10.

faith, and to reward their triumphs with the crown of immortality.* Since the first establishment of Christianity at Smyrna, from the murder of Polycarp, down to the massacre of the Grecian Patriarch, and the persecutions of to-day, the history of Smyrna presents but one continued tale of bloodshed and religious barbarity; the sabre of the Ottoman promptly succeeding to the glaive of the Roman, in firm, but bootless attempts, to overthrow the faith of "the Nazarene;" but centuries of oppression have rolled over her in vain, and at this moment, with a Christian population of fourteen thousand inhabitants, Smyrna still exists, not only as the chief hold of Christianity in the East, but the head-quarters from whence the successors of the Apostles, in imitation of *their* exertions, are daily replanting in Asia those seeds of Christianity which they were the first to disseminate, but which have long since perished during the winter of oppression and barbarism.

This fact is the more remarkable, since Smyrna is the only community to which persecution has been foretold, though to others a political existence has been promised: It would seem, however, that in *their* case, ease and tranquillity had produced apathy and decay; while, like the humble plant which rises most luxuriantly towards heaven the more closely it is pressed and trodden on, the church of Smyrna, in common with the persecuted tribes of every age and of every clime, has gained strength from each attack of its opposers, and triumphs to-day in its rising splendour, while the sun of its oppressors is quickly gliding from twilight to oblivion.

3. Against Pergamos is adduced the charge of instability; † but to its wavering faith is promised the all-powerful counsel of the Deity.‡ The errors of Balaam and the Nicolaitanes have been purged away; Pergamos has been preserved from the destroyer, and three thousand Christians now cherish the rites of their religion in the same spot where it was planted by the hands of St. Paul.

* Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.
Rev. ii. 10.

† Vide Rev. ii. 14, 15.

‡ I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth. Idem, 16.

4. To Thyatira a similar promise has been made, and a similar result ensued. Amidst a horde of infidels, and far removed from intercourse with Christendom, the remnant still exists, to whom had been promised "the rod of iron" and "the star of the morning."*

5. But by far the most remarkable is the catastrophe of Sardis; and the minuteness with which its downfall corresponds with its prediction cannot fail to strike the most obdurate skeptic. A lengthened accusation of formality in doctrine, and the outward show of religion without its fervour, leads to the announcement. "I will come on thee as a thief in the night: thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee:" but "thou hast a *few* names even in Sardis who have not defiled their garments, and *they* shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."†

It is needless to trace the gradual decay of Sardis. Once the capital not only of Lydia but of Asia Minor, its boasted pre-eminence intellectually and politically gave the first impulse to its decline. I am not sufficiently versed in the theological lore to trace the gradations of its fall; but its overthrow came, "like a thief in the night," during that *earthquake*, which, in the reign of Tiberius, levelled its proudest compeers with the dust. It did certainly undergo a temporary and sickly recovery, but it was only to relapse into a more slow but equally fatal debasement; and the modern Sart scarcely merits to be called the *dust* of Sardis. So far for the first clause of the prophecy; and the second is not less striking, if we may consider the little church of Tartar Keuy‡ as that remnant "who should walk in white." Such literal instances are seldom to be paralleled.

6. Philadelphia is the only one of the Seven Churches on whom unqualified praise has been bestowed, and to whom a permanent endurance is foretold.§ Both its physical and political situation would seem to conspire in counteracting the fulfilment of the prediction; earthquakes and subterraneous convulsions on the one hand, and wars and ruinous invasions on the other; but it still endures, despite of both, and its community, though not the most numerous, is by far the *purest* in Asia.

* Vide Rev. ii. 26, 27, 28.

† Rev. iii. 3, 4.

‡ Vide p. 110.

§ Thou hast a little strength, thou hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Rev. iii. 8.

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out. Ib. 12.

7. I have already alluded to Laodicea : * its crime was pride, its punishment desolation. The threatening is accomplished ; it now stands rejected of God and deserted by man, its glory a ruin, its name a reproach !

About midday we turned our back upon Sardis, and, pursuing the route to Turgutli, recrossed the broad and turbulent stream of Hermus, and regained the plain. The current of the river was brown and muddy, probably occasioned by the late ruins ; but the quantities of mica, and other laminated matter contained in the soil and sand of its banks, frequently formed a glittering object when struck by the sunbeams. The splendour of the latter has probably given rise to the idea of its being " golden sanded," like the Pactolus ; while this, contrasted with the impurity of its waters, forms the combination alluded to by Martial :

Non illi satis est turbato sordidus auro
Hermus——— *L. viii. ep. 77.*

After passing by numerous green barrows which occasionally occur in traversing the plain, together with numerous plantations of vines, olives, and cotton, we arrived at Turgutli about sunset. It is a modern town, more generally known by the name of Cassaba, (which is, in fact, an ordinary appellation for any Turkish village,) and contained nothing very striking except its more than ordinary filth ; the rivulets which traverse it in several directions serving as sinks and receptacles for all manner of uncleanness, instead of contributing to the thorough purification of its streets. Lying in the direct course of the caravans, it is an extraordinary thoroughfare for merchants, who are likewise attracted by the quality of the cotton produced in its vicinity, immense quantities of which are annually forwarded to Smyrna.

The cause of the utter absence of neatness or cleanliness in Turkish towns may in a great degree be traced to the want of wheel carriages. At present the sure foot of the camel or the mule can traverse the most irregular causeway with security ; and consequently, the dilapidated passages need no repairing, and the contented apathy of the Moslem will endure any annoyance externally which does not interfere with his domestic ease and slothful luxury.

* Vide page 100.

The same circumstance gives another characteristic to oriental towns,—their unbroken silence. During the day no noise disturbs the calm repose of a Turkish chamber: and at morning and sunset, the single voice of the Muezzin is distinctly heard in the utmost extremity of the city. We spent the night in a miserable khan, and the following morning were again on horseback for Magnesia, which we reached about four o'clock in the evening, after crossing some tributary streams of the Hermus, and winding beneath the precipitous cliffs of Mount Sipylus, on the northern side of which the town is built. It is still one of the most beautiful cities of Turkey, combining with all the graces of Eastern architecture and plantings a splendour of situation almost unrivalled. Though of extreme antiquity,* no remains of interest are now to be found, with the exception of a few columns inserted in the clumsy walls of modern edifices; and the most agreeable associations of its name are those connected with Amurath the Second, to whose munificence Magnesia is indebted for the greater number of its buildings. Having retired hither on his abandonment of his kingdom in the fifteenth century, he devoted the remaining portion of his life and fortunes to the establishment of the city; and two superb mosques,† an hospital, and an asylum for lunatics, attest his munificence. It likewise contains the monuments of his wives and children, though his own bones rest at Adrianople, where he expired of a broken heart in 1451. The width of its streets and the whiteness of its buildings, the number of its minarets and the beauty of its prospects, render it altogether the handsomest city of the Levant. A fortress, formerly of vast extent, but now in total ruin, is seated upon a craggy and, in some places, almost perpendicular cliff, which was once celebrated for producing "magnets," from whence, according to Lucretius, they derive their name:

* This city is frequently confounded with Magnesia at the Meander which was allotted to Themistocles. Livy, however, accurately marks the distinction. Book xxxvii. chap. 37, "*circa Magnesiam quæ ad Sipylum est castra posuit*," &c. and in the same book, at the 44th chap. he mentions, a "*Magnesia quæ ad Meandrum est, et ab Epheso legati, ad dedendas urbes venerunt*," &c.

† Mosques of royal foundation are distinguished by two or more minarets, while those of ordinary erection possess but one.

—Lapis hic ut ferrum ducere possit
 Quem *magneta* vocant patrio de nomine Graii
 Magnetum quia sit, patriis in finibus ortus.

Lib. vi. v. 608.

The rock seems still to contain some portions of iron, and from experiments made by Chishull would seem to be composed of strongly magnetic powers,* and the optical phenomenon which gave rise to the story of the transformation of Niobe is still extant at Mount Sipylus.

She was changed to stone by Apollo and Diana, for presuming, in her proud affection for her children, to prefer herself to Latona. The existence of her petrified figure on Mount Sipylus is thus narrated by Homer. (Il. v. line 614.)

Νῦν δὲ περ ἐν πέτρῳ, ἐν ὄρεσιν τοῖσι πεδίοισιν
 Ἐν Σίπυλῳ, ὅθι φασὶ Σείων ἔμμεναι σὺν δὲ
 Νεφέλῳ, αἶψ' ἀπ' Ἀχλαίων ἄβυσσος,
 Ἐνθα, λίθος περ τοῦσα Σείων ἐκ κρήδευοιο.

On this passage the Scholia usually attributed to Didymus have the following remark. *Θρηῦσαν οὖν τὴν Νιδῶν ἀφάτακ, τὸ τοιοῦτον δυστόχημα. Ζεὺς ἐλεησας εἰς λίθον μετέβαλεν, ὅς καὶ μῆκεν οὖν ἐν Σίπυλῳ τῆς Φρυγίας, ὁρᾶται παρὰ πάντων πηγὰς διαρρέουσι προίμενος.* And Pausanias Attic. lib. i. cap. 21, says, that he has actually *seen* the figure. *Ταύτην τὴν Νιδῶν καὶ αὐτὸς εἶδον ἀνελθὼν εἰς τὸν Σίπυλον τὸ ὄρος. Ἦδε πλησίον μὲν πέτρα καὶ κρημὸς ἵσται, οὐδὲν παρόντι σχῆμα παριχόμενος γυναικὸς, οὔτε ἄλλως, ὅτε περὶ οὗτος· εἰ δὲ γε κορφατέρῳ γένοιτο διδασκαλίῃν δέξαις ἄρῃ καὶ καταρθεῖ γυναικᾷ.*

Mr. Chishull, who visited Magnesia in 1696, mentions that he, too, saw the phenomenon. "Designing from hence," says he, (p. 12) "for Darguthli, we continue our journey under the foot of Sipylus, which, about two hours from the city, ends in a stupendous precipice, consisting of a naked massy stone, and rising perpendicularly about a furlong high. It was not a little surprising, as we rode along under the foot of this hill, to observe a certain cliff of the rock representing an exact niche and statue, with

* This hint gave us the curiosity to carry a sea compass up the hill, when we had the satisfaction to see it point to different quarters as we then placed it upon different stones, and quickly after entirely to lose its whole virtue,—two effects which are natural to the magnetic needle when injured by the nearness of other bodies impregnated with the same quality.—*Chishull*, page 10.

the due shape and proportion of an human body ; for Sipylus being the seat of the transformation of the unhappy Niobe, there was ground for imagining that we had either met with her statue, or with that which was the first occasion of the fable," &c. &c. Chishull goes on to suppose it a work of art, but a more scientific and natural explanation is afforded by Dr. Chandler, who passed over the same route some sixty or seventy years after him. "*The phantom*," says the Dr. "*may be defined an effect of a certain portion of light and shade, on a part of Sipylus perceivable at a particular point of view.*" The traveller who shall visit Magnesia after this information, is requested to observe carefully a steep and remarkable cliff, about a mile from the town, varying his distance while the sun and shade, which come gradually on, pass over it,—I have reason to believe he will see Niobe."

May there not be the same combination of optical phenomena in this instance, as in that which produces the spectre of the Brocken in Germany ? The origin of the sublime reply of Zebul to Gaal may likewise be referred to the same cause. "And when Gaal saw the people, he said unto Zebul, Behold, there come people down from the top of the mountains ; and Zebul said unto him, Thou seest the shadows of the mountains as if they were men." (Judges ix. v. 36.)

Having passed the night in a Karavan Serai, we set out for Smyrna the following morning with the party of Mr. Thomson, an English gentleman, returning from Bergamo and Aivali, who had joined us the night before. After leaving the plain of the Hermus to the right, we commenced the ascent of Mount Sipylus, the summit of which we attained about noon ; a rapid descent now brought us to the village and plain of Hadjilar ; in two hours from which we again reached Smyrna, hailed the British flag which floated above our Consulate, and took possession of our quarters at the locanda on the beach.

LETTER VII.

Omnia quæ nunc vetustissima creduntur nova fuere, et quod hodie exempla tuemur inter exempla erit.

Tacitus.

PHOCÆA, PATMOS, SIME, &c.

Affected exterior poverty of the SMYRNIOT GREEKS.—Turkish love of Comfort.—Treatment of their Women.—Beauty of Turkish Women. STORY OF A TURKISH LADY AT NAPOLI DI ROMANIA.—Opinion of Dr. Clarke of Smyrna.—M. Fouvel, the former French Consul at Athens. A Turkish Regiment.—Punishment for passing forged Money.—Fête on board THE CAMBRIAN.—Manufactory of base Money at Hydra and Spezzia (note).—Diplomatic Phrases of a Consul.—An Emir.—Mr. Scoles.—Precautions of the Turks on the sailing of foreign Vessels.—Castle of SANGIAC BORNOUT.—CLAZOMENE.—Dangers of navigating the Archipelago.—Greek Pirates.—PHOCÆA.—Modern Town of FOKIA.—Remains of Antiquity.—Scenery of the STRAITS OF CHESME.—TOWN OF SCIO.—Fortress.—The Governor Youssef Pacha.—Antique Barber's Basin.—Greek Barber.—A shooting Party.—The Island of NICARIA.—SAMOS, the present misery of its Inhabitants.—A calm.—PATMOS.—Monastery of St. John.—Monks.—HERMITAGE WHERE ST. JOHN WROTE THE APOCALYPSE.—Red-legged Partridges.—Singular Method of Hunting them on foot, as referred to in Scripture.—A Greek Ship of War.—An Alarm.—Women of Patmos (note).—ISLANDERS on the Western Coast of Asia Minor.—Sponge Divers.—SIME.—Greek Cruisers.—TOWN OF SIME.—Dress of Inhabitants.—Women.—Mr. Scoles's Servant's dress.—Illustration of the Scripture and Homer.—An old Acquaintance.—STORY OF CHRISTOPHORO.

THE accounts which we are accustomed to hear in Europe of the luxury and commercial wealth of the Smyrniots, would scarcely appear credible, were we to connect them with the external poverty of their dwellings, so universal throughout their city, as well in the residences of the Greeks as the Moslemin. The tottering staircase which leads to the most gorgeous apartments, is often approached through a stable, into which the ground-floor of the mansion has been converted; and mud-walled houses, supported by transverse beams of timber, not unfrequently enclose chambers, whose gilded cornices, carved ceilings, tinted windows, and splendid furniture, realize all we have read of Oriental grandeur.

But beneath this sordid exterior, the assiduous merchant is forced, by the galling despotism of his capricious masters, to conceal the produce of his toils, and to enjoy, in anxious privacy, the dearly-purchased fruits of sedulous industry. From the influence of such oppression, selfishness becomes a leading trait of national character: the slave soon finds that the circle of his own home must be the orbit of the world to him; all beyond it are but tyrants or betrayers; his happiness is secure only while it blooms, like the flower of the desert, unknown and unenvied; and concealed possession is his only security for his wealth, in a land where rapacity has rendered "mine" and "thine" at best but words of dubious import, which become synonymous on the slightest contact with a rival or a ruler.

With the Turks we had but little domestic intercourse; but when we were admitted to their houses, which was merely upon two occasions, our reception varied in no degree from that to which we had been accustomed throughout the Levant, saving once, when the pipe with which we were presented, was the cool narghilè, (in which the smoke passes through a vase of water,) instead of the amber-mouthed chibouquè; and on all occasions the salver containing coffee and sweetmeats was handed round by an Arab or a Nubian slave, in lieu of the female, by whom we had been waited on when visiting a house in the Archipelago.

The disregard for external show, farther than a splendid personal appearance, and the total want of public amusement, serve to render the life of a Turk much more domestically happy than might be anticipated from the obvious blank in society occasioned by the degraded education and servile habits of the female members of his family. The greater portion of his life being spent within his own apartments, and his enjoyments at once emanating from and centering in his home, that attention is solely devoted to the culture of private comfort, which, under any other state of society, would be wasted on public ostentation.

My opportunities of observation were by far too confined to judge of the truth or falsehood of those reports which alternately condemn and palliate the conduct of the Moslemin with regard to their women; but one fact I

have had frequent occasion to remark while exploring the modern ruins of Tripolizza, Athens, and Napoli di Romania, that in all the deserted Turkish houses, the haram and other quarters for the residence of the women, were invariably the most sumptuous in their decorations, while the remaining apartments were fitted up in ordinary style, but slight attention, comparatively speaking, being paid to the comforts or convenience of the men. This, however, is a point on which it must require a very long and intimate acquaintance with the country to furnish data for a decided opinion: as there are very few Europeans indeed who ever catch a casual glance of the features of a Turkish female, much less have an opportunity of observing her domestic usages; and our only conjectures must therefore be from superficial hints.

As to their confinement to their own apartments, I should think the discipline cannot be severe, as crowds of them are to be daily encountered in the bazaars, where their chattering and mirth give but slight indication of melancholy or restraint. Beyond this, all means of information must be slight and unsatisfactory.

As to their general personal appearance, we could form no idea, their faces being invariably covered with crape, two apertures in which are made for their eyes, and their figures loosely enveloped in their ungraceful garments, so as to conceal every trace either of awkwardness or symmetry. In the Morea I had frequently seen some of those wretched beings who had been carried off from the towns which had fallen into the hands of the Greeks, and were merely rescued from massacre to be reserved for infamy; but among these I never saw a Turkish lady who had any pretensions to beauty, with, perhaps, one solitary exception, which occurred in Napoli di Romania.

I was returning one evening to my quarters, when, in one of the most populous streets, I met a mob of boys and a few barbarous soldiers, who were following the steps of one of the most melancholy but majestic females I have ever seen. She was much above the common stature, and her dress, though plain, was gracefully arranged. On inquiry, I found that she was the wife of a Turkish Efendi, who had formerly resided within about a mile of Napoli, but had fallen beneath the knives of the insurgents

two years before. She had been rescued by the singular being who lately filled the office of Minister of the Interior, Pappa Flescia, and had resided with her child in his family up to the present time. Two days before, however, she had learned that her unfortunate protector had been killed by the troops of Ibrahim Pacha while besieging the town of Arcadia on the Western coast; and, conscious that her asylum was no longer secure, she made her escape by the gates, and flew to conceal herself amidst the grass-grown remains of what had been her residence in happier days. A monk, however, who had the guardianship of an adjoining chapel, had already taken up his abode in its desolated chambers; and, impatient of any intruder, he drove her out even from the ruins of her home.

Aware that the country could afford her neither concealment nor subsistence, she was again obliged to return to the city, and cast herself upon the mercy of her enemies. She entered that gate, homeless and forlorn, which she had once been wont to pass amidst downcast eyes and bending turbans. Her appearance soon attracted notice, and collected round her the brutal mob which I have mentioned. She passed along, however, as if unmindful of her woes: in one hand she held the arm of her terrified child, and the other was gracefully bent across her breast, while her large dark eyes were sadly turned on Heaven, nor once bent upon the crowd around her. She moved along with the step of a Juno, while the indignities of her tormentors proceeded from words to screams, and flinging dust upon her person.

At length, overcome with apprehension and fatigue, she seated herself by the door of a ruined mosque, apparently in all the calm abstraction of despair. At that moment a member of the Senate, Tricoupi, I think, came up, and perceiving the inhumanity of the crowd, immediately remonstrated with them on their self-debasement, and giving her his arm, accompanied her to his own house; from whence I understood she was afterward conveyed in an English vessel to her friends at Smyrna.

She was beyond comparison the most elegant female of her nation I have ever seen; and I have reason to think such beauty by no means usual in Turkey. In fact, Dr. Clarke, an intelligent Scotch physician, resident at

Smyrna, and highly in repute from his knowledge of the epidemics peculiar to the Levant, informed me, that though in the habit of being called in to visit the families of the most wealthy of the Turkish residents, he had never, in the course of several years' constant practice, seen more than six or seven ladies, who could at all compare with the average of English beauty.

A few days before our departure from Smyrna, Mr. B——, an English merchant, and possessor of a valuable collection of antiques, did us the honour of an introduction to M. Fauvel, the French Consul of Athens, so honourably alluded to by Lord Byron ;* a gentleman no less distinguished by his valuable archæological discoveries than by the efficient and often gratefully-acknowledged services which he has had it in his power to render to artists visiting Attica.

At the commencement of the Greek Revolution, Mons. F—— had been forty years resident at Athens, when that event compelled him to abandon his home, and leave behind him a collection of antiquities which had been the accumulation of a life-time, and which have been now, most probably, destroyed by the carelessness of the Greeks or the barbarity of their beseigers. His mind, however, is still lingering in its accustomed habits, and his hands are busied in their wonted occupation ; for at the feeble age of eighty-five, he is sedulously employed in the completion of a wax model of the Acropolis, the city, and its environs, which will be as unique in point of design as accurate in execution.

During several visits which we paid him, his only theme was his beloved Athens ; and he seemed to enjoy an ecstatic pleasure in sitting for hours together to talk over the days he had spent in poring among its ruins, while every creature who had visited the spot, was received by him with the same cordial affection with which a devout Mahomedan looks upon him who has made the sacred pilgrimage to Mecca.

One day, on returning from his house, we were obliged to halt in one of the narrow streets near the Bazaar, the centre of which was completely blocked up by a team of camels, which had crouched down upon their knees in

* See Notes to "Childe Harold," Canto II.

order to be unloaded by their drivers. While standing in the door of an adjoining bath, a procession passed down another street at a little distance, which, from its uncouth appearance, we were for some time at a loss to account for. It proved, however, to be a Turkish regiment, preceded by a military band. The latter consisted of about half-a-dozen fantastic wretches sounding little kettle-drums, which they struck with pieces of some elastic substance, apparently raw hide, or very thick leather, with no other design than to elicit a discordant noise ; and as many more, sounding instruments something like clarionets, but without the slightest pretensions to tune, time, or measure in their modulation. The troop had no uniformity of step, dress, or arms, and their straggling gait would have excited a smile from any spectator accustomed to the march of European military.

The street was now cleared of the camels, and we were pursuing our route towards home, when, close by the entrance to the Bazaar, we saw a crowd of children gathered round a man who lay apparently in a most singular position, stretched on his face upon the ground, while his head was brought out between his legs behind him. On coming a little nearer, we found it was the body of a Greek, who had been beheaded about an hour before, and his carcase placed as I have described, for a salutary warning to his associates.

He had been detected, along with two others, in an attempt to pass false money in the Bazaar ; in which case, with a Giaour, the course of justice is very rapid, as the criminal is decapitated on the spot, without the form, or rather the delay of an investigation. The little urchins, who now stood around him, seemed highly delighted with the spectacle ; they kept screaming, and chattering, and touching him with their feet, till one, having smeared the face of another with a stick dipped in the blood, which was still oozing from the wretch's neck, flew off convulsed with laughter to the Bazaar, where he was followed by the whole party in full cry, whose seemed marvellously delighted with the exploit.*

* At Hydria and Spezzia there exist regular manufactories of false money to the number of twenty or thirty, not only unprohibited, but absolutely supported by members of the government ; the money, consisting of imitations of Spanish dollars, as well as paras and all the

On resolving to leave Smyrna, we engaged a passage to Castelorizo on board a small brig, the *Madonna de Tunisa*, commanded by a Greek, called Panagies Andropoulo, and sailing under the Ionian flag. His real destination was Beirout in Syria, and his cargo a quantity of nuts and dried hides, the property of, and consigned to, Turkish merchants there. But as both the vessel and cargo were thus liable to be seized by the Greek cruisers, his papers were made out for Cyprus, and his bills of lading contained merely the names of European factors.

The evening before we called we spent at a ball given on board an English frigate, at which were assembled the greater number of the British residents at Smyrna. The band of the frigate was placed amid-ships. Almost the entire of the crew were, like their gallant commander, Irishmen; and it was rather an exhilarating spectacle to see two or three hundred hardy fellows dancing, (or, as they term it, "footing it;" that is, audibly beating time with their feet, as well as observing the motions of the dance) to the national airs of their country in one of the loveliest bays of Asia Minor. A few Turks who were on board seemed highly amused with a performance, the robust activity of which so far excelled any exercise to which they had been accustomed, and testified their delight with frequent bursts of most "unoriental laughter."

The ensuing day, having got our bills of health signed, specifying not only our own bodily convalescence, but the temporary freedom from infectious disorders at Smyrna, the Consul furnished us with passports indited with regal pomposity, and commencing with—"We Francis Wherry, &c. &c. &c. Given from under our hand," and so forth. Our vessel was lying in the offing at some distance from the beach. A wretch of most squalid appearance, but whose turban of "sacred green" bespoke him an Emir, and a lineal descendant of the Prophet, carried down our

coins of the Turkish empire, being disposed of as a fair matter of traffic to the Maltese and Ionians, who carry it to Egypt and Turkey for a second sale or surreptitious circulation by their own agents. The Greeks defend this species of commerce on two grounds; first, that it is always fair to cheat an enemy; and secondly, the pieces circulating freely with them, as false money at a reduced rate, thence become a national coin, which they have every right to strike for their own use

luggage to the morino ; and having rewarded the offspring of Mahomet with a piastre, we pushed off from the shore, and bade farewell to " Izmir the lovely."*

On board the Madonna de Tunisa we found a fellow-traveller, Mr. Scoles, an English architect, who, having completed the tour of Greece and Egypt, had engaged his passage as far as Cyprus, with the intention of crossing over to Beirout, and thence to Syria and Palestine. It was sunset before our captain had completed his arrangements on shore, and put off, accompanied by two Turkish officers of the port, who came for the purpose of overhauling the vessel, in order to ascertain whether any Greek fugitives were on board.

The delay occasioned by this scrutiny, detained us till it was too late, in the opinion of the captain, to attempt navigating the shoals of the bay ; and we accordingly lay at anchor till the dawn of the following morning, when we hove short and got under weigh with a favourable breeze, which about noon brought us up with the castle,† where we were again examined by commissioners from the shore, and all being found correct, got our final clearance and stood out for sea. The "inbat" had, however, commenced to blow, and we were consequently forced to beat out against it, while the position of the shoals rendered our tacks so short, that we made but little way. At length, to complete our discomfiture, we got aground upon a sand-bank about four o'clock in the afternoon, where a French corvette had stuck two days before ; and considerable time was again lost in sending out our anchor by the long boat, and warping off into deeper water, so that night was closing in ere the rising land-breeze again set all to rights, and we turned in as the vessel was making five or six knots towards Cape Karabornou.

* Izmir, the Turkish name for Smyrna, is (like many others similar) a corruption "*εἰς τὴν Σμύρναν*," as Stamboul or Constantinople is "*εἰς τὴν πύλιν*," Negropont, "*εἰς τὴν Ἐβρον*," (or, as the Greeks pronounce it, *Εβριπο*.) &c. &c.

† The fortress called by the Turks Sangiac Bornou, and by the Greeks, Agio Souli, was built about the year 1656, but has received no repairs since the hour of its erection to the present. A few cannon are mounted on the upper parts ; and on a terrace close by the water's edge we observed some enormous granite balls prepared for guns in the rock, similar to those at the castle of the Dardanelles ; but altogether it is a most contemptible concern for either attack or defence.

It was dark when we had passed the islands of Vourla, (or, as the Turks call them, Dourlach, from which our name for them is derived,) but we could descry the lights upon the hills, which we supposed to belong to the modern representative of Clazomene. Several vessels of war were lying at anchor behind Drimusa, or English island, where they generally drop down from Smyrna to take in fresh water, and to scale their guns. There is a more intense excitement in sailing by night in the Levant, than in any other sea I have ever passed over; there are a thousand possible dangers from sudden squalls, and pirates, and sunken rocks, that keep the imagination on a continued stretch; then the softened azure of the midnight sky is so pure and placid, and its little twinkling stars are so sparkingly reflected in the deep dark sea beneath them, and if, as is seldom the case, it be a night of clouds and darkness, there will follow in the wake of the vessel a long line of phosphorescent light, which heaves and glitters like a stream of lava, till it again subsides into dimness and repose.

At sunrise, the wind, though favourable, had freshened so considerably as quite to perplex our timid skipper: it was merely what a British seaman would have considered "a fresh breeze," but our worthy "nauklèros" thought far otherwise, and though we were now fairly outside the Gulf and within sight of Scio, he insisted on making for Fokia, on the opposite promontory of the bay of Smyrna, and lying-to till the weather should have abated; and we accordingly came to anchor in the harbour early in the forenoon.

As we entered it, we were crossed right ahead by an Austrian frigate, having in tow seven Greek *misticos*, whom she had captured, in consequence of finding them at sea without regular papers from the Greek Admiral Miaoulis, or, in other words, on a suspicion of piracy. Under such circumstances, it was certainly her duty to take possession of these boats and convey them for examination to the proper national authorities; but it was cruel in the extreme to lead them prisoners of war into the most cautious port of Turkey, and deliver them over into the hands of their political enemies, in order to be punished for a *suspicion* of a *civil* offence.

The entrance to the Gulf of Fokia, the ancient Phocæa, is defended on the southern side by a castle, garrisoned by a few Turkish soldiers; and the town is built upon a tongue of land which was probably the former separation between the two harbours mentioned by Livy, "Lampter," and "Naustathmos:" that to the west of the town is now a muddy shoal, and that to the east is solely accessible for small boats. We landed on the latter, and entered the city by a gate on the land side. The miserable houses of the modern town gave us but a slight idea of that Phocæa, whose fleets once visited the remotest shores of Europe, and planted colonies on the wildest coasts of Gaul and Iberia.* It is still surrounded by a wall, though in a state of total ruin, which our guide told us was built by the Genoese, who possessed Phocæa in the early part of the fifteenth century, but may possibly be in some parts a portion of that which was erected by the inhabitants against the invasion of Cyrus, with the money presented for that purpose by Arganthionius, King of Sartessus, in the bay of Cadiz.

Fragments of columns and antique carving lie about in various quarters; but there are no remains of any consequence. Without the gate are two Roman Sarcophagi, now used as cisterns; one is still unfinished as regards the carving of the festoons, and the ornaments of the other have been rechiselled by a modern hand. Near another gate are some architectural remains, but so mutilated as to retain no clue to their original destination. Our delay was on the whole unsatisfactory; and having obtained a fresh supply of fruit, milk, and honey, we returned to our vessel.

The wind having subsided a little, our captain was induced to put to sea again in the morning. A fair run brought us about sunset into the straits of Chesmè, and having passed the Spalmadores and Hippi, we were becalmed in the morning off the town of Scio. The broad expanse of the beautiful strait was smooth as a mirror, save when a shoal of dolphins disturbed its surface as they

* The modern Marseilles was, according to Strabo, a colony of Phocæans, ("Κτίσις δὲ ἰσὺς Οὐαλιῶν ἢ Μαρσουλῶν," Strabo, *Rerum Geogr. Lib. iv.*) and was once adorned with temples to Apollo and Diana, erected by its founders.

gambolled in the sunbeams ; on either side, the smoke of the morning fires was rising from the snowy roofs of Scio and of Cheamè, the green hills of the island were still freshly tinted with the sparkling dew, and, as the mists rolled away from the brown summits of Erythræ, their rugged cliffs were accurately reflected in the unrippled stream.

Captain Panagies Androcopoulo was extremely impatient of this delay, but, as he paced the deck somewhat more hastily than usual, he chanced to put his hand upon his unshorn chin, which had not known a razor since the morning before we had sailed from Smyrna, and he at once adopted the resolution to go on shore and be shaved : to resolve and to execute was the work of a minute, and accordingly about half-past six o'clock A.M., we were seated in his boat and pulling stoutly for the pier of Scio.

We passed between the lighthouse and a fortress on a small island in the harbour, and landed at the mole, which lies to the western extremity of the town. The streets through which we passed were in almost total ruin, very few if any of the houses having been rebuilt since their destruction during Hassan's massacre, and numbers of miserable wretches were still inhabiting the half-consumed hovels. The town is protected by a fortress close by the sea, built by the Genoese, which mounts a few cannon on the land side, and over which the blood-red flag of Mahomet was floating in the morning sun. It is surrounded by a moat, once filled with water, and still, though choked with mud, its sole protection, across which is thrown a drawbridge, which originally moved upon its hinges, but which had long grown stiff through infirmity and age.

Near the beach, we passed the ruins of a mosque, and several houses which were overthrown about twelve months before, in consequence of a salute from the cannon of the Greek fleet, while sailing past the island ; and in the harbour were lying a goletta and a sixteen-gun brig, which had been captured by the Turks during the previous massacre at Ipsara in 1824. We had traversed a good portion of the town, and some of the grass-grown gardens in the suburbs, where we still found some bunches of luscious grapes, and trees covered with delicious oranges ; and were returning to search for the laboratory of a bar-

ber, when our party was overtaken by the cavalcade of Youssef Pacha, the present governor of Scio.

He was habited in a rich crimson turban, and purple pelisse lined with sable and gorgeously embroidered : he rode a cream-coloured Arabian, and was altogether a splendid personage ; his suite consisted of about twelve or fourteen individuals gaudily dressed and well mounted, and the furious gallop at which they passed us, raised no trifling dust in our path. We, however, attracted no notice, and having found the *atelier* of the artist we were in search of, Captain Panagies underwent the ceremonies of his profession in due form. I observed that the "Mambrino's basin" with an aperture to receive the chin, which figures in Don Quixote, but which is merely an outward and visible sign of a barber in England, was still in use with our Sciote operator ; and the same razor which smoothed the beard of the captain, was immediately applied, in lieu of scissors, to amputate the exuberant length of his hair.

The barber was as brisk and talkative as the most garrulous of his class, which, in fact, varies little in any quarter of the world ; and having insisted on having the honour to dress "Milordi Inglesi," he most politely doffed his apron, and accompanied us to the beach, bidding us an eternal adieu with all the grace and polish of the most finished practitioner of Paris. A party who seemed to be proceeding on a shooting excursion, drew up to observe us as we stepped into our boat ; they were all well armed, and one wore an English shot-belt and powder-horn, while another, who seemed the buffoon, or perhaps the "gamekeeper" of the party, wore a fantastic cap adorned with the tails of rabbits and other trophies of the chase.

A slight westerly wind springing up about midday, we passed at sunset through the Great Boghas, between the islands of Samos and Nicaria, keeping to the left of Fourni.* On coming on deck the succeeding morning, the breeze was again dying away, and we lay almost unmoving at the extremity of the Strait, with Patmos a few miles ahead, on either quarter of the islands which we had passed, and to the right, the low marshy coast of Asia Minor, in the vicinity of the Mæander.

* The Island of Ants, Anglice.

Nicaria, whose name has been modernized by the addition of the initial letter, is the scene of the catastrophe of Icarus; and we were now floating in that quarter of the Ægean, which, according to Pliny and Strabo, takes its name from the circumstance of his death;† high chains of mountains occupy its entire extent, and our pilot informed us, that its inhabitants, who are said to be the most barbarous and uncivilized of all the Greeks, are solely supported by the sale of charcoal to the neighbouring towns of Samos and Skala Nova, and by the exportation of fire-wood, with which their hills are covered.

The mountains of Samos are the most elevated of any of the islands I have seen. Its miserable inhabitants have, during the last five years, been reduced to a state of the most abject wretchedness in consequence of the augmented severity of the Turks since the failure of their attempt to assist their enslaved countrymen of Scio. Their island is possessed of no objects of antiquity, save a few overthrown remains, and one solitary column of the once gorgeous temple of Juno, which Pausanias states to have been built by the Argonauts, as a depository for the statue of the goddess which they had carried off from Argos. This prodigy of art the Tyrrhenians once attempted to steal; but Atheneus, who relates the fact, adds, that they had scarcely cleared the harbour when they were overtaken by a calm, which prevented their departure till the goddess was again restored to her pedestal.

It seemed as if we had now got some such "Jonas" on board the *Madonna de Tunisa*; for, during the entire forenoon we barely gained a mile, and some fragments of paper which we had thrown overboard in the morning, were still floating alongside us at noon-day. The set of the current had, however, gradually borne us down upon Patmos, and it required little persuasion of our captain to induce him to lower his boat, and land us in a small harbour to the right of the *Porta de la Scala*.

The island, which has every appearance of being of volcanic origin, seemed wretched in the extreme—a rugged rock, with a sprinkling of soil and a slight covering of verdure, which with the sterility of the earth, and the baking

* Nat. Hist. lib. iv. cap. 12.

Νῆσος ἡ Ἰκαρία, ἀπ' ἧς τὸ Ἰκάριον πέραγος

Strab. Geog. Lib. xiv.

heat of the sun, was so crisp as almost to crumble in our hands. We left our boat in the care of two of the sailors by the beach, and took the way by a rather rugged ascent towards the town of Patmos and the monastery of St. John, which crown the summit of a hill about three quarters of an hour's walk from the port.

The latter building, which is situated on a rock, and consists of a number of towers and bastions, has much more the air of a military than a monastic edifice, and is said to have been built by the Emperor Alexis Comnenes, in the year 1117, to serve at once as a residence for the brethren of St. John, and a protection to the inhabitants against the corsairs.

It now contains accommodations for a numerous society of monks, under the protection of the Bishop of Samos. Their character, however, is by no means the most sanctified, as they are generally said to have been in close connexion with the Mainote pirates during the days of their infestation of the Levant, and are still compelled by their poverty to resort to dishonourable employments to eke out their subsistence. One of the fraternity met us on the hill, and conducted us to the monastery, where we were received in an antiquated room, and treated with coffee and a melon.

The brethren dwelt much upon their poverty and privations, but, as no situation, however mean, is totally divested of pride, they spoke with no slight exultation of their old and honourable foundation, and their possessing a bell in their island, by permission of the Grand Mufti at Constantinople, through the high veneration in which the Turks hold the character of St. John; while almost all the other religious foundations of the East, even that of Mount Athos, are forced to be content with the crooked bar of iron which the Caloyers strike with a hammer, in order to summon the community to prayers.

One of our entertainers accompanied us to the Hermitage of Saint John, which lies about midway between the beach and the convent. It is a mean little semi-Gothic chapel, which we approached by a rugged pathway; one side of which encloses, or rather is formed, by the sacred cave in which the Evangelist wrote his book of Revelation, during his banishment to Patmos, by Domitian, in the year of our Lord 79. Before the erection of the chapel, it must have been rather an exposed situation, as it is pierced but a

very slight way into the rock; and as the monks make considerable traffic by disposing of pieces of the stone for the cure of diseases, a great portion of the present excavation may be attributed to *their* industry.

Two chinks in the rock above are pointed out as the apertures through which he received the divine communications of the Holy Spirit, according to the immemorial tradition of the monks, and, of course, are held incomparably sacred, second in sanctity to the sepulchre of Jerusalem alone.

The appearance of the few inhabitants whom we saw was perfectly consonant to the barren face of their island; the men clad in dirty cotton rags, and the women, though handsome, literally bundles of filth.* We purchased from them a few partridges, and a vase of Aphrogala (*αφρογάλα*) or clotted cream, and the captain having presented a donation of nuts for the monastery, we returned on board. I should mention here, that the only partridges in the Greek islands are those with red legs, which are likewise found on the continent of Asia, and in the southern countries of Europe. In some of the Cyclades, when the inhabitants are too poor to be enabled to expend much money on gunpowder, they have a practice of chasing them on foot till the birds are so wearied as to be easily taken with the hand: does not this illustrate 1 Samuel, xxvi. 20, which speaks of Saul pursuing David "as when one doth hunt a partridge on the mountains?"

Our commander, who lost no occasion of turning a circumstance to advantage, considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having this opportunity of running over his beads at the shrine of St. John; and though there was not the slightest appearance of a breath of wind, now relied with perfect confidence on the immediate arrival of a favourable breeze. His prediction seemed verified; in

* "There are hardly three hundred men in Patmos, and at least twenty women for one man; they are naturally pretty, but disfigure themselves so with paint as to be absolutely frightful; yet that is far from their intention, for ever since a certain marchant of Marseilles married one of them for her beauty, they fancy there's not a stranger comes thither but to make the like purchase. They looked on us as very odd fellows, and seemed to be mightily surprised when they were told we only came to search for plants, for they imagined, on our arrival, we should carry into France at least a dozen wives.—*Tournefort, Voyages into the Levant*, vol. i. p. 330.

the course of the following twenty-four hours we had passed, by the assistance of a gentle wind, the island of Lero (the birthplace of Patroclus), Lerita, and Calymno.

It was now evening; the broad bright sun was sinking towards the Ægean, behind the hills of Naxia and Amorgos; we were keeping our course to the west of the ancient Cos; the censer of myrrh had been burned before the image of the Virgin in the cabin; each of the crew had in turn performed his devotions at her simple shrine, and was now leaning over the side to mark the gradual approach of evening,—when all at once a vessel of most suspicious appearance emerged from behind one of the headlands of Stancho,* about two miles to windward, and instantly made us a signal to bring to, by firing a gun athwart our course. Her hull and masts were painted black, and though evidently pierced for cannon, her yards were far less squared than became a ship of war; the position of the wind, too, was such as to prevent us observing for some time the quarterings of her flag. No doubt, however, remained in the mind of our captain as to her being a corsair, and, as we were totally unprovided either with men or arms, he looked for little less than plunder, if not assassination.

Nothing however remained but to hoist his Ionian colours, back his topsails, and lie to, to await her approach. In consequence of our ready compliance, the unceremonious signal was not repeated; the “sable bark” drew rapidly near. It was a moment of silent suspense, and the hurried tone in which our gallant commander summoned a council of war, bespoke his anxiety and agitation, when a sudden shifting of her course showed, floating at the mast-head of the strange vessel, the quartered cross and azure stripes of the Grecian flag, and in some degree restored his self-composure. In a few moments she hove to, and sent her boat to board us.

She was a brig of fourteen guns, commanded by a man called Raffael, whom I had formerly known at Hydra. Our fictitious papers were instantly produced, and after some scrutiny, passed muster, the presence of so many

* Stancho, or Stanco, is no doubt a contraction (similar to those already mentioned) of *στῆν Κία*.

Englishmen on board contributing in no slight degree to establish the confidence of our overhauler. Our captain was, however, still unsatisfied as to the character of the brig, and by no means solicitous for a protraction of her visit; and on Raffael asking whether we had met with any British vessels, he unhesitatingly replied that we had just parted off Calymno with the Cambrian frigate, which was on a cruise after some Fourniot pirates. The Greek captain was delighted with the news, and lost no time in bidding us good-bye, while Androcopoulo *generously* insisted on presenting *him* likewise with a portion of the nuts with which he was freighted.

During the night we weathered the southern point of Cos, and entering the narrow strait between two small islands, called Yali and Nysiros, passed the mouth of the Gulf of Boodroom, and kept along the coast of Doris towards Simè and the north of Rhodes. The inhabitants of almost all the islands on this part of the coast of Asia Minor subsist by diving for the sponges which are found in great abundance on the sunken rocks in the vicinity of their coasts; those of Calymno are the most wealthy, while those of Piscopia and Simè are said to be by far the most expert.

The sea is at all times extremely clear, and the experienced divers are capable of distinguishing from the surface the points to which the animal has attached itself below, when an unpractised eye could but dimly discern the bottom. Each boat is furnished with a large stone attached to a rope, which the diver seizes in his hands on plunging head-foremost from the stern, in order to increase the velocity of his descent through the water, thereby saving an expenditure of breath, as well as to expedite his ascent, being hauled up quickly by his companions when exhausted at the bottom.

I have seen but one man who could remain below more than about two minutes, and the process of detaching the sponge was of course very tedious; three and sometimes four divers descending successively to secure a peculiarly fine specimen. When taken up fresh, it is covered with a gelatinous epidermis, said to be the flesh of the animal, and has a strong fishy smell; it is immediately immersed for some hours in warm water, till this coating detaches

itself, and leaves within the porous vesicles which form the sponge of commerce, which is then purchased by the factors of the Smyrniot merchants.

On approaching Simè, we could not avoid being struck with the accurate knowledge of the localities of the spot evinced by our "*Karavikyries*" (as the Levantine ship-pers call themselves): he ran his vessel, to all appearance, close upon shore, smiling at our surprise, till, suddenly rounding a jutting headland, we drove through a strait not fifty yards in width, and found ourselves in a beautiful bay, at the extremity of which were the town and harbour of Simè.

The Madonna de Tunisa, was immediately laid to; the boat was lowered, and we were about starting for shore, when a gig from another Greek cruiser pulled alongside, and subjected us to a second scrutiny of our papers and destination; we found from her that three vessels from the squadron of the Vice-Admiral Sactouri were lying in the harbour, and that the remainder were on the look-out off Rhodes, to keep watch on a portion of the Turco-Egyptian fleet which was at anchor there. The present division was under the direction of a Commodore Giorgio Metrozuppo, who was now on board our vessel, and who politely invited our party to visit his ship in the harbour. We accordingly accompanied him in our own boat, and, in return for the *usual present of nuts*, were treated with pipes, coffee, and roseghio. His bark was in capital order, and well appointed, with the exception of his guns, no two of which were of the same length or calibre, and of course the greater number would be useless, in any action save at close quarters.

The town of Simè is built like that of Syra, at a short distance from the beach, its houses clustering like crystals round a small and abrupt conical hill. On the Marino are a few magazines of those of the inhabitants who carry on a traffic with the coasts of Egypt and Syria. The principal occupation, however, is sponge-diving, and it is said that no young man of the island is permitted to marry till he can descend with facility to a depth of twenty fathoms.* These of the townsmen whom we saw, were

* Directly opposite to Rhodes is a little and almost unknown island.

tall and well-formed, worthy subjects of their king Nireus, whose handsome person Homer has immortalized.

The women, on the contrary, were swarthy and awkward, and their costume any thing but becoming. The head was enveloped in a white turban,* the extremity of which was again passed round the waist: the gown, formed of the coarsest red serge, was of most ungraceful amplitude, the only coverings for the arms were the sleeves of a chemise, which merited any epithet but "snowy," and down to the breast was a row of tin bosses, studded with coloured glass in imitation of gems. The ladies themselves were peculiarly shy, and it was only by stealth that our fellow-traveller Mr. Scoles was able to make a sketch of their adornments.

I should here mention a peculiarity in the costume of this gentleman's servant. He was a native of Saïde near the base of Mount Lebanon, and wore a sort of tunic, covered (especially at the back and arms) with the closest embroidery and patches of variegated cloth. It reminded us at once of Joseph's coat of many colours, and of the spoils of Sisera in the Song of Barak. "Have they not sped, have they not divided the prey to every man a damsel or two. To Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides." (Judges ch. v. 30.)

named Himia,^(c) which is worth notice, on account of the singular method which the inhabitants have to get their living. In the bottom of the sea, the common sponge (*Spongia officinalis*) is found in abundance, and more than in any other part of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants make it a trade to fish up this sponge, by which they get a living far from contemptible, as their goods are always wanted by the Turks, who use an incredible number of sponges in their baths. A girl in this island is not permitted by her relations to marry before she has brought up a certain quantity of sponges, and before she can give a proof of her agility by taking them up from a certain depth."—*Hancock, Voy. and Trav. in the Levant*, p. 175.

* "Les femmes de Symes émigrent en grand nombre pour Rhodes, où elles exercent le métier de porte-fuse; elles ressemblent par leur physionomie aux Bohémiennes, et portent des turbans blancs. Van Egmont apprit que c'était un privilège qui leur avait accordé Mahomet II., parcequ'à son retour de Rhodes elles étaient venues au-devant lui en turban pour montrer leurs sentimens Turcs. Si telle était l'origine de leurs turbans, l'honneur national exigerait qu'elles quittassent cette marque d'infamie."—*Depping, la Grèce*, tom. iv. p. 16.

(c) Qu. Shné.

It was likewise singularly illustrative of another fact. Saide, his native town, is the ancient Sidon taken by Baldwin the first, in A. D. 1110. And the Sidonian women have been in all ages celebrated for their embroidery. So Homer, *Iliad*, Book vi. line 286.

Ως ἑσθὺ, &c. thus translated by Pope:

The Phrygean queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasured odours breathed a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroidered every part,
Whom from soft *Sidon* youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

Pope, B. vi. l. 358.

During about twelve hours which we remained at Simè, the captain of our brig contrived to pick up a considerable number of passengers for Castilorizo and Cyprus; one of whom shortly after claimed acquaintance with me. It was a considerable time since I had seen him, and sickness and fatigue had wrought such changes in his appearance, that I did not immediately recognise in him a servant who had formerly attended us in an excursion from Pyrgos to Tripolizza.

His name was Christophoro, and he was a native of Cyprus. His father was a merchant of Lernica, who being seized by the Turks immediately after the massacre of the Primates at the commencement of the Greek Revolution, was compelled to turn Mahomedan in order to save his life, and secure his property for his children, the greater number of whom abjured Christianity along with him. Christophoro had been four years married, when the event took place, which thus cut off almost the entire circle of his friends, and for ever alienated him from his home and his family. No entreaties could compel *him* to abandon his faith; but it was in vain that he crept from one place of concealment to another, in order to avoid the alternative of death or apostacy which awaited him on falling into the hands of his enemies: his retreats were, one by one, discovered, and the last resource which remained to him was to place his wife and child under the protection of his father, and fly from Cyprus, till some favourable change in the policy of its tyrants might enable him to return once more to happiness and his home.

In an Ionian vessel sailing from Famagousta, he procured a passage, and was safely landed at Cephalonia, where he obtained a situation in the employment of an English house, as an agent for purchasing dried currants at Vostizza, in the Gulf of Lepanto. This, however, he was induced to abandon by the representations of a Cypriot Archimandrite in the service of the Greeks, in the hope of procuring an appointment in an expedition about to be fitted out by the Provisional Government, for the purpose of taking possession of Cyprus and driving out the Turks. For this undertaking the preparations were never completed, and after waiting for months in the bureau of the *Εκτελεστικὸν Σώμα*, or Executive body, at Napoli di Romania, Chistophoro was obliged to sling a topknot across his shoulder, and take to the hills with his yataghan and capote, as a palikari, in the troop of one of the Roumeliot Capitani. His constitution was, however, by no means adequate to endure the hardships of kleftic warfare; and after a few months of the most intolerable privations, living almost entirely on hard biscuit and snow-water, in the mountains of Lalla, he was obliged to resign his arms, and accept a domestic office from the Eparch of Pyrgos.

Here we had first met with him, and from hence he accompanied us across the Morea to Tripolizza. We had left him there robust and light-hearted, amidst all his sufferings; as he now stood upon the deck, he was forced to lean his emaciated limbs against the bulwarks of the vessel for support, and we almost shuddered to meet the stare of his blood-shot, sunken eyes, and to look upon his bony fleshless hand.

He told us that after we had left him, he had gone down to Mylos, on the bay of Napoli, as an assistant to a camel-driver, and there had caught a fever from the miasmata of the marshes of Lerna. From the effects of this he had never recovered. A mystico of Syra had conveyed him to that island, and from thence he had begged a passage in another to Simè, where our captain had taken him on board. He felt, he said, that he was dying; and his only wish was to reach Cyprus, and receive at once the welcome and the last farewell of his family.

For the two succeeding days, as we glided slowly along the rugged shores of Karamania, he was helped to come

upon the deck, and recline in the sunshine ; and one evening he called me to him to beg as a last request, that if I should touch at Cyprus, I would seek out Hadji George, of Lernica, tell him the melancholy end of his son Christophoro, and beg him to continue to perform for his wife and son, the duties of a husband and a father. Our vessel, however, shortly after reached the Island of Castilorizo, and Christophoro was still living, when we bade him good bye on board the Madonna de Tunisa, which sailed the following evening for Cyprus.

LETTER VIII.

—ἐπὶ ζεστόν ταφον.

Euripides.

CASTELORIZO, ANTIPHELLUS, &c.

Fondness of Greek Sailors for landing at numerous Ports.—CASTELORIZO.—Origin of the name.—Modern Town.—Misery of the Inhabitants.—Means of Subsistence.—Castles.—Natives.—The Women.—Singular Costume.—Reservoir of the Cliff.—Custom of Women drawing water in the East.—Illustration of a Passage in the New Testament relative to Wells.—Ancient City of MEGISTE.—Ancient Custom of continued Mourning for the Dead.—A Caffé.—ANTIPHELLUS.—Its Ports.—Antique Terrace.—TOMBS.—Sepulchres raised on the Shore.—Sepulchres hollowed from the Cliff.—Illustrations of the Sepulchres mentioned in the Bible.—Theatre.—General aspect of Antiphellus.—Return to Castelorizo.—Quarrel with the Aga.—Interview at the Residence of the Governor.—Departure of the Madonna de Tunisa.—Our occupations during our delay on the land.—Departure.—Travelling Companions.—Fishing in the Levant.—GREEK BALLAD “THE BLACK SHIP OF STATHOS.”

THE morning was splendidly beautiful, when about sunrise we drove past the Hephta Kavi, or Seven Capes, and bore down upon the island of Castelorizo. These frequent divergences from his course to Cyprus did not seem to incommode our commander in the slightest degree: he had no specific business at the island farther than to land us according to agreement, and to take on board some fresh provisions; but even without these obligations he would no doubt have been induced to put in for a day or two, by his invariable principle of never remaining more than eight-and-forty hours at sea at a time, when he could avoid it.

In this part of the Mediterranean, too, islands are so very frequent that our navigation seemed rather inland than at sea. We never lost sight of one cluster till a second rose to view; and, as the seamen who traffic from port to port, form numerous acquaintances at each, a trip through “the Arches” is, to a Greek, merely a succession of visits to old friends, since he only parts with one in the

morning to sup with another at night. The Karavi Kyrios wears none of the important looks of a supercargo; he is totally freed from the annoyances of charts and log-books, and observations and bearings; a deviation from his course is never a matter of either moment or reflection, and even the business of his life becomes but a vehicle of pleasure, his ship being rather his yacht than a merchantman, and his voyage as much a matter of amusement as of speculation.

This propensity is well illustrated by a modern poet:—

“ A merchant, who, sailing from Greece to Trieste,
Grew vex'd with the crew and avowedly testy,
Because, as he said, being lazy and Greeks,
They were always for putting in harbours and creeks,
And instead of conveying him quick with his lading,
(As any men would who had due sense of trading,)
Could never come near a green isle with a spring,
But smack they went to it like birds on the wing.”

About noon we passed the outer bay, and rounding a narrow cape at the entrance to the harbour, came to an anchor about an hour after midday. The island, like the adjacent coast of Caramania, is formed of steep and precipitous cliffs of limestone, through which a red ocherous matter is constantly exuding, which communicates its tinge to the surrounding rocks. Hence it may have obtained from the Genoese and Maltese, who have at different periods held possession of it, the name of Castel Rosso, corrupted by the modern Greeks into *Kastorossi*, but whether it be the Cisthenè of Strabo, the Rhogè of Pliney, † or the Megisté of Ptolemy, seems yet undecided, though the fact of its being the “largest” island on the coast, as well as its coincidence with the details of Livy, has induced Captain Beaufort to decide in favour of the latter. ‡

We landed at the beach, and proceeded to a miserable coffee-house, whence, while our host was preparing some partridges and pilaff for our dinner, we sallied out to take our survey of the town.

Of about five hundred houses, of which it consists, we saw none that did not bear the traces of abject poverty,

* Leigh Hunt.

† Karamania, p. 12.

‡ Hist. Nat. l. v. xxvi.

and numbers were totally in ruins and uninhabited ; their late occupants having fled to Adalia,* and other towns on the Karamanian coast, in order to avoid the grinding exactions of the present Aga, whose term of tenure being of very uncertain continuance, he is forced to lose no time in reimbursing himself by sedulous extortion for the sums he has expended in the purchase of his government from the Pacha of Rhodes. The few remaining inhabitants are miserably poor, and subsist, almost exclusively, by piloting vessels to the different ports of Syria and of Egypt, by dealing in firewood from the opposite coast, or in wine from the Cyclades, and provisions from Adalia, with which they supply the seamen who may enter the harbour.

The island is scantily covered with a sprinkling of calcareous soil, but produces neither fruit, verdure, nor crops, and even for their fresh water the natives are forced to be dependent on the wintry rains, or the wells of the neighbouring shore. Trade they have none, and though, before the opening of the Greek revolution, they possessed a petty commerce in naval timber with the Hydriots and Spekziots, it has now been prohibited *in toto* by the Turkish authorities.

The town stretches along the borders of the sea, but, as the cliff rises suddenly into a precipice behind it, a number of the retired streets and passages are forced to be chiselled into steps from the rock, and these, owing to their steepness, are in general more clean and orderly than the less lofty portions of the town.

Immediately on the summit of the cliff, at an elevation of some hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, stands a ruinous castle, built by the Genoese, chiefly from ancient materials, but now incapable of either assault or defence. Three or four useless cannon, of small calibre, are all that remain on the battlements, the others having been carried off by some Greek cruisers, a few years since, and transferred to the navy of Hydra. A little fort lower down, towards the point of the cape, in an equally tottering condition, completes the batteries of Castelorizo ; but the walls of both have never yet recovered the injuries which they sustained from the Russians, who, in 1770, captured

* Now Satalia, i. e. *Adalia*.

and reduced them to their present state of helpless ruin. They are still, however, garrisoned by two hundred Turks, who are maintained by the impoverished islanders; and so jealous of the inspection of strangers was the tyrannous Aga, that it was with considerable difficulty we obtained a permission to visit the castles.

The men whom we met in our walks were poor and dejected in the extreme; every object wore an aspect of distress and melancholy; and the sombre sadness of the scene was aggravated by the unbroken silence which reigned around us, and which, at particular hours of the day, when the streets are deserted and the inhabitants are enjoying their noonday sleep in the shade, renders Castelorizo more like a city of the dead than a resort of the living. The women were any thing but handsome, and their costume peculiarly ungraceful; a red clumsy jacket reached below the hips, from beneath which appeared a cotton petticoat and striped trowsers. The head was enveloped in a coloured handkerchief; and, as at Simé, a row of metal bosses was arranged down the breast of the bodice; while the arms, wrists, and ankles were profusely adorned with metal rings. They all seemed to be peculiarly shy and retiring, and, whether from a natural sense of modesty, or a consciousness of their deficiency in personal attractions, we found it peculiarly difficult to gain even a glance of their blushing and charmless countenances, or a rejoinder of *ἀνταπόκρισις* to our salutation of *καλὴ ἡμέρα σας*.

A walk of three-quarters of an hour brought us to the site of the ancient city, on one of the loftiest points of the island. In going towards it, we passed, upon the summit of the cliff, a reservoir or cistern of simple but elegant construction, which serves to collect the water from two ravines in the hill, which would otherwise pour down upon the town. It is circular in form, built of stones, some of which are antique, and covered with a dome, the general effect of which, in its exalted situation, is grand and imposing.

We were met by several girls returning from it, bearing vessels in which they had been to draw water, and others laden with linen which they had washed at the fountain. Throughout the East, the custom so often alluded to in Scripture, of its being the duty of females to go to the wells, seems to have prevailed from a period of the remotest anti-

quity, and is as prevalent at the present moment, as when Rebecca assuaged the thirst of the servant of Abraham, "at the time of the evening, even at the time when women go out to draw water,"* or when the woman of Samaria met Jesus by the well of Jacob.

This very edifice too, and others constructed for a similar purpose, afford a striking illustration of the peculiar force of the passage to which I have last alluded, besides several throughout the New Testament, in which the word "well" is erroneously translated. "If thou knewest (said Jesus to the woman) the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked him, and he would have given unto thee *living water*. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and *the well* (το φρεαρ), is deep; from whence hast thou that *living water*? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the *well* (το φρεαρ), and drank thereof himself, his children, and his cattle? Jesus saith unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again. But whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be unto him a *well* (πηγη υδατος) of water springing up into eternal life." (1 John iv. 10—14.)

Now, in the above passage, the words φρεαρ and πηγη have been indiscriminately translated "well;" whereas the latter, which is applied by our Saviour to the "living water," signifies a *fountain*, a constant *spring*, in which sense it is employed in the Epistle by James:—"Doth a fountain (πηγη)," saith he, "send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"†—and the former, φρεαρ, which should be translated a *cistern* or *reservoir*, from the Hebrew כּאֵר, signifies literally a *pit*, as in Luke xiv. 5. "Which of you shall have an ox or an ass fallen into a *pit*?" (εις φρεαρ εμπίπτειται, &c.); and in Revelations, ix. 1, 2, the key of the bottomless pit (η κλεις του φριατος της αβυσσου); and ηνοιξει το φρεαρ της αβυσσου, he opened the bottomless pit.

The import of the passage therefore is, that the woman of Samaria stood by the *cistern* of Jacob, and hesitated to give Jesus to drink of the stagnant water collected within it, while he, had she known to ask it, could have given unto her, to drink of the fresh *fountain* that springeth up into endless life.

* Gen. xxiv. 11.

† James iii. 11.

I may be mistaken in this interpretation, but the frequency of both wells and reservoirs throughout the East, and the superiority of the one to the other, serve to countenance the conclusion I would draw, and to add fresh force to the import of the sacred text. To him, however, who has never panted beneath the burning sun of Asia, or tread its scorched and glowing soil; whose eye has never turned upon its cloudless skies, or shot wistfully along its parched and endless deserts, the frequent mention of water and its important uses in the Bible can come but with little weight; and he alone who has toiled through the privations of India, or writhed beneath the withering sunbeams of the East, can enjoy in their full richness and luxury the sublime allusions of the Scriptures.

Our view from the summit of the hill was really splendid: beneath us lay the barren, rocky island, with scarce a tree to diversify its monotonous cliffs, and beyond it the broad expanse of the Adalian Gulf, with its countless islands and glittering silvery waves; while on either side extended the towering shores of Karamania. Of the ancient city of Megistè the perfect circuit of the walls can still be traced, enclosing a space of nearly half a mile in circumference.

The spot on which it stood, uneven by nature, is now rendered doubly more so by the *debris* of the crumbled city, of which a few cisterns and reservoirs are the only perfect vestiges that remain. All around are discernible traces of the industry of a former race; and in every direction the steps are still distinguishable by which a communication was cut out from one quarter to another. A few remnants of a fortress are seen above the hill, which has been attributed to the Genoese, or the knights of St. John of Jerusalem; but they are much more probably Turkish, being constructed of small stones, and the Genoese, as Mr. Scoles remarked, always used proper materials in the erection of those edifices which they have left throughout the Levant.

We descended the hill about sunset, and returned to our repast at the coffee-house. As we passed through one of the retired streets, we were surprised to hear the voice of a female issuing from one of the wretched hovels, in tones of sorrow and bewailing. It seemed, however,

to attract the attention of no one save ourselves ; and our guide, whom we questioned, informed us that it was a widow, whose husband had died some months before, and who was now, according to custom, chanting her daily dirge to his memory ; a practice to which it is ordinary in the island to continue for twelve months after the decease of the individual, unless the mourner find a second husband in the interval.

This custom of lamenting for the dead long after the period of dissolution, is of the remotest antiquity ; and Esdras mentions that " In all Jewry they mourned for Josiah, and the chief men, with the women, made lamentation for him unto this day ; and this was given out for an ordinance, to be done by all the nation of Israel."*

A few other strangers, chiefly Greeks, from two or three vessels in the harbour, were seated round the door of the coffee-house as we entered, and their songs and laughter formed a most unoriental serenade during our repast. The establishment was a very miserable one ; and the credit and custom of the house seemed to be sustained less by the quality of the fare, than the entertainment afforded by the sallies of our host, who was one of the liveliest Turks I have ever met with. In the evening, having got a supply of fresh bread and honey, we returned to sleep in our berths on board, having secured a boat to convey us in the morning across the strait to Antiphellus.

The vestiges of this forsaken city are now abandoned to the winds and the beasts of prey. They stretch in loneliness along the deserted beach ; and amidst the ruins of lofty walls, pound theatres, and gorgeous temples, a few miserable huts, inhabited by grovelling serfs, alone give life to the scene of desolation. The roadstead in which it is situated, is known by the name of Port Piandouri ; and a narrow tongue of land stretching out from the shore, divides the line of the coast into two commodious harbours, called Vathi and Sevedo, at the junction of which the few habitations I have mentioned, now shelter the population of Antiphellus, while the fallen edifices and mouldering tombs of their ancestors stretch far along the level shore.

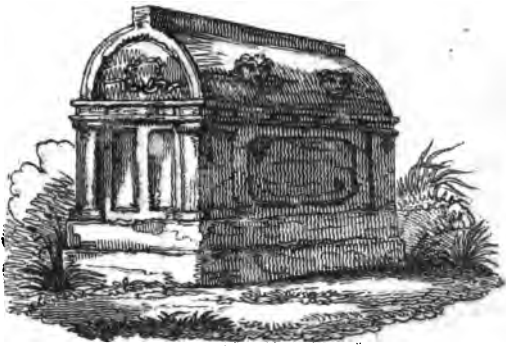
As our boat grounded on the strand, some three or four

* 1 Esdras i. 32.

of them came down to meet us : they appeared poor, and miserable, and naked ; but, alas, as Nehemiah said unto Ahasuerus, why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my father's sepulchres, lieth waste ? As we drew near to the land, the first objects which were visible were the remnants of the ancient terrace which repelled the sea, and the ruins of a theatre on an eminence above the shore ; on coming closer still, the tombs became gradually more and more distinct, while their gloomy aspect and melancholy associations served to increase the sombre dreariness of the scene.

On landing, we proceeded first to the examination of these singular, and in many instances beautiful sepulchres. They are principally situated above Port Sevedo, and are formed out of the rock of the coast, or constructed with materials found on the spot, being a sort of limestone approaching to marble, with a slight yellow tint, save where it has assumed a grayish hue, and the surface has become corroded from the effects of time and the siroccos. They are of two kinds, either built upon the surface, or hollowed from the face of the cliff.

The former are not by any means so numerous as the latter, but are in many instances of extremely elegant design, though the workmanship, especially in the ornaments and mouldings, is by no means equal to the conceptions of the artist. Their form is that of a parallelogram, of seven feet long inside, by three feet wide. This is cut from one block of stone, the exterior carved into pilasters to receive inscriptions, many of which are still legible ; and we observed a few in which the lower plinth was chiselled from the native rock, which was levelled to receive the superstructure. The coverings, which have, with very few exceptions, been all removed, were likewise formed from one single block, shaped into a lancet arch, each end decorated with a wreath, and the sides with lions' heads projecting very boldly from the surface.



In some, the two ends are formed like doors with sunk panels, one of which is generally open, by which access has been gained to the interior; and from the holes for hinges and fastenings, there can be no doubt of doors having been once attached to them; but in others no aperture whatever is visible, and the body must have been deposited within ere the ponderous roof was placed upon the sepulchre. There does not remain one which has not been violated by the curiosity of Europeans or the avarice of the Moslemin, who expect in such monuments to discover the gold reputed to have been enclosed along with the remains of the deceased; all, without exception, have been opened and plundered of their contents. These repositories of dust are pretty numerous, and in some instances (perhaps those of relatives) are placed side by side; but it does not appear to have been an object to produce a general effect by their location, or to arrange them in streets as at Pompeii, though such a design might perhaps have been rendered impossible by the unevenness of the surrounding soil.

At some little distance from these are the places of sepulture excavated in the cliff, consisting ordinarily of a small chamber with one *or more* divisions for the reception of bodies, and not unfrequently the front of the rock, above the low entrance to the vault, is formed into a facade, with pilasters and a pediment, the capitals being shaped like the volutes of the Ionic order.



These two species of sepulchres are amply illustrative of the various texts throughout the Bible, which speak of the entombing of the ancients. The first, from their elevation and profusion of ornament, are evidently those referred to in the text. "Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because ye *build* the tombs of the prophets, and *garnish* the sepulchres of the righteous;"* while the low apertures of those which are subterraneous explain the *stooping down* of Mary to look into the sepulchre of Christ.† Their capacious chambers would readily admit of the *entering in* of three or more individuals; as when Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James, entered into the tomb of Jesus, and found a third person sitting.‡ And one of these gloomy apartments would form no unsuitable residence for the maniacs, whom the Saviour met "*coming out of the tombs*" in the country of the Gergesenes.§

The ranges, too, of depositories for the dust of the dead, explain the frequent phrase of one person being buried *beside* another, in the same grave; as when the old Prophet, returning from entombing the man of God who came from Judah, charges his sons, saying, "When I am dead, then bury *me* in the sepulchre where the man

* Matt. xxiii. 29.

† Matt. viii. 28.

‡ John xx. 11.

§ Mark xvi. 5.

of God is buried, and let my bones rest *beside* his."* May not the external architectural embellishments of these excavations likewise serve to illustrate the words of Isaiah, "As he that heweth out a sepulchre on high, and *graveth* an habitation for himself in a rock."†

On the way from the landing-place to the Theatre, we passed some ancient walls of beautiful masonry, and near them, on a rising ground, the site of the ancient city—the Antiphellus of Strabo, and still called by the neighbouring islanders Antiphilo. All around it the ground is partially levelled for the houses, and steps are cut from rock to rock, for the purpose of forming a mutual communication; similar to those of the Pnyx at Athens.

The Theatre is constructed of stone from the spot, the back of the scena fronting the sea, and thus affording to the spectators a prospect of unrivalled magnificence. As usual with the Greeks, advantage has been taken of the rising ground to hollow out the retiring seats, and twenty-six of the twenty-seven rows of benches of which it originally consisted still exist almost uninjured; but the proscenium, and parts connected with the stage, have disappeared, merely a few walls, probably part of a terrace, remaining towards the sea. The whole diameter of the theatre, fronting the scena, was 165 feet, and 36 feet 6 inches that of the orchestra, from whence four passages to the summit of the edifice gave access to each row of seats. These, with the *debris* of some unknown building, a few reservoirs for water, and some crumbling walls, are all that have survived the decay of Antiphellus.

A lofty pedestal rises in the midst of the ruins; but it bears neither effigy nor legend; and from its oblong shape alone we can conjecture that it once supported an equestrian figure: all besides is a blank, a waste, a wilderness. Her port and her harbour are desolate: the waves now dash unheeded over the barriers once raised to curb them. Her streets are abandoned to the fox, and her sepulchres are open to the winds. The voice of the multitude is mute: the ceaseless sea alone disturbs her silence; and so deep is the stillness of the scene, that the most trifling sound, the falling of a stone, or the scream of a restless sea-bird, re-echoes far along the solitary shore.

* 1 Kings xiii. 31.

† Isaiah xx. 16.

After the delay of a few hours, we regained our boat, and returned to the vessel in the harbour of Castel Rosso. On coming on board, we found all in uproar and confusion. There appeared to have been a general uprising of the Castelorizians against us. The captain had been prevented from purchasing the requisite supplies of water and provisions for his voyage, and Mr. Scoles's servant had been taken in custody to the castle, and imprisoned by the Aga.

The poor fellow was, as I have mentioned before, a native of Lebanon, and though by religion a Christian, still, by political events, a Turkish subject, and an enemy to the Greeks; from whom, during the visits of their cruisers a few days before, he had been obliged to conceal himself, by exchanging his "coat of many colours" for an English jacket and a large straw hat. It appeared that during Mr. Scoles's absence, he had gone on shore, in order to purchase some fowls and other provisions. Here, by his ignorance of the language, he was discovered not to be a Greek; while his professing that he was no Moslem, induced some petty officer beside him to demand his karatsch ticket.

This is a receipt for the annual capitation-tax, paid by all the rayahs of the empire, which they are bound to carry constantly about their person, and produce on demand; or, failing to do so, pay the stipulated sum to the nearest official person. Georgio, as he had been in the service of an Englishman, considered that this form was unnecessary, and had omitted to procure the necessary document, on which, information was instantly conveyed to the Aga; and as the poor fellow had not a single para to meet the prompt demand of the conscientious Governor, he was thrown into the dungeon of the castle.

Mr. Scoles immediately sent to demand an audience of the Governor; but as he had retired a few moments before to take his siesta, it was some time before we were admitted. We ascended a wooden staircase, or step-ladder, outside the house, and passing through several miserable apartments, not without imminent risk of falling through the decayed flooring, were ushered into the presence of the Aga. He was rather a fine-looking old fellow, though somewhat ferocious; and, at the moment of our entrance,

was reclining on one corner of a low divan, in a balcony which overlooked the sea, and commanded a splendid view of the harbour and the adjacent coast. We were attended by a noisy Greek, who acted as interpreter; and, as he had been only an hour before to remonstrate with the old Turk on his barbarity, we found his presence any thing but agreeable to the Aga, whose reception of us was cold in proportion.

The room was filled with soldiers and armed attendants; and on the right-hand of the Governor reclined his Secretary, a staid, stately personage, with a sad-coloured jubbee and a crimson turban, his features full of gravity, his pen in his hand, and his long brass *inkhorn* (to use an Hibernicism) stuck in his girdle.* The Aga motioned us to be seated; but as we chose to transact our business first, we declined, and Mr. Scoles presented to him the Sukan's firman, under the protection of which he was travelling. This was evidently an unexpected measure: the secretary raised his eyebrows, examined it attentively, and being assured of its authenticity, first placed it to his own lips with reverence, and then handed it to the old man, who performed the same ceremony; after which it made the circuit of the room, being fervently saluted by each individual.

There was now no difficulty in procuring Georgio's liberation: he was presented to his master at once, with a thousand apologies for his detention, which, the Aga assured us, would never have occurred had he known to whom he had the honour to belong. We next attempted to reconcile him to the Captain, but in this our efforts were of no avail: Androcopoule had, it seems, insulted him, by his overbearing carriage; he vowed that he should not carry off an okka of flesh, or even cup of water from the island, and he kept his word. In the old gentleman's vehemence he forgot his usual Turkish politeness, and

* This implement is one of considerable antiquity; it is common throughout the Levant, and we met it often in the houses of the Greeks. To one end of a long brass tube for holding pens is attached the little case, containing the moistened *sapia*, used for ink, which is closed with a lid and snap, and the whole stuck with much importance in the girdle. This is without doubt the instrument borne by the individual whom Ezekiel mentions as "one man clothed in linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side." Ezekiel ix. 2.

we were offered neither the accustomed sweetmeats, pipes, nor coffee, which are invariably presented to strangers; but as we were in no humour for adhering to punctilios, having settled our business, we made a bow and retired.

We had, however, to return the same evening for the purpose of claiming his interference in another matter. We had paid the boatmen who took us to the ruins in the morning, two gold pieces of fourteen piastres each, instead of two of ten, and the scoundrels refused to refund the difference. In this affair, however, his Highness was not so complying as on the former occasion: he decided, without assigning any reason, in favour of the Greeks, and it was only two days after that we learned that the boat had been his own, and he himself had pocketed the fraudulent sum out of which they had tricked us.

Matters being now arranged, the commander of the *Madonna de Tunisa* prepared to get under way for Cyprus. Our luggage we transferred to the *Caffé* on the beach, and we then returned to bid adieu to our travelling companions. The day was closing, and as we sat in the little cabin, the sailors came down one by one to cross themselves and repeat a prayer before the image of the Virgin; on their returning upon deck, we heard them singing their vesper hymn as they slowly hove up the anchor, shook out the sails, and prepared to bear away. All was ready, and we rose to depart: Captain Panagies Andropoulo insisted on our taking with him a parting cup of coffee, and a *petit verre* of rosoglio, then kissing our hands and wishing us a *buon viaggio*, we shoved off and saw him no more.

Having no farther object to detain us in the impoverished island, we were now anxious for the arrival of a vessel which would convey us to one of the Cyclades, whence we might be able to procure a passage to Milo, and thence to Malta. This, however, we long looked for in vain: day after day passed on, and we had already been a week at Castelorizo, ere the wished-for opportunity occurred, and even then it was only in a mystico of about thirty tons burthen, that we could engage a passage to Santorin, where she was going for the purpose of procuring wine and other commodities. During the interval while she was employed in completing her preparations for sea, we

had wandered with our guns over the entire island, and occasionally a few quails or partridges rewarded our toil, but our walks were never repaid by the discovery of any remains of antiquity, or any new points of attraction. Our time we spent chiefly in lounging with a book along the rocks, or in reclining on some beetling cliff, looking down upon the dark blue sea and the distant sails, or gazing on the ruins of Antiphellus. At evening we returned to the miserable *caffenes*, and, after chattering with the loungers about the door, retired to spread our cloaks in a corner and enjoy an hour of uncertain rest, for the musquetoos rendered it any thing but sleep or refreshment. Among the crowd of the natives we met no one individual endowed with more than ordinary intelligence: all were stupid and ignorant in the last degree; their only accomplishment card-playing, or firing at a mark, and their only knowledge a string of fabulous legends connected with the isles of the Archipelago.

Under these circumstances, we heard with no small pleasure the announcement of the approaching departure of the mystico, and, taking our places along with half a dozen fellow-passengers, we had but few regrets on bidding farewell to Castelorizo.

The weather was most annoyingly calm and beautiful; our useless sail hung in lazy folds upon the mast, and our only progress was made by the assistance of our oars, at which, however, exertion was almost impossible, owing to the dazzling heat of the sunbeams. We crept slowly and tediously along, now impelled by the currents, and again gently urged onwards by the cool breeze of evening. The spirits of the company were chiefly kept alive by the efforts of two individuals, one a Naxiot, who had been a waiter in the caffè we had left, and another a Hydriot sailor, with a broken nose, whom his companions had named the Archduke Constantine, in allusion to the brother of the Emperor Nicholas, whose royal countenance labours under a similar demolition.

The Naxiot had a fine flow of sparkling spirits, and an admirable voice, and the intervals not enlivened by his songs were filled up by the witticisms of the noseless buffoon; and even during the night we were often awakened from our fitful sleep by the noise and laughter which they

excited. The owner of the mystico was a native of San Nicolo, a town in Santorin, a man of middle age, whose life had been spent in the same occupation in which we found him employed, namely, trading in wine, cottons, honey, and wax, from isle to isle of the Ægean.

On the evening of the third day we passed the southern point of Rhodes, keeping close in by the shore, as the Karavi Kyrios wished to catch some fish in order to recruit his provisions, which were rapidly disappearing. His apparatus consisted of several hooks, attached at intervals along a deep line: one of these he baited with bread, and the first fish caught was cut up into morsels in order to bait the remainder.

The water was remarkably clear, and the sport not very good; but, nevertheless, in the course of the evening, he succeeded in taking as many as furnished our supper and breakfast; a fire was struck on the gravel, with which the boat was ballasted, and the cooking took little more preparation than the procuring of our provisions. The fish were all small, perches being the largest caught, but the brilliancy of their metallic colours, crimson, purple, and glowing amber, I have never seen equalled, nor was their flavour inferior to their beauty.

Towards twilight, on the day we approached Santorin, a large vessel was dimly discernible, passing towards Milo, and although she was almost hull-down in the distance, the sailors immediately pronounced her to be the Cambrian, which she proved to be. On inquiring the means of this singularly accurate recognition, they replied, that she was the only one of the British vessels that had black, or as they called them, Greek masts. This colour is, however, by no means unfrequent among the craft of the Levant; they often remind one of the "black ships" of Homer, and one of the most popular of the modern Greek songs is a ballad concerning

THE BLACK SHIP OF STATHOS.

A stately vessel cleft the tide
That rolls by steep Kassandra's* side.

* Kassandra is a promontory of Thessaly, at the entrance of the Bay of Salonika.

Her gloomy sails of raven black*
Flung darkling shadows on her deck,
And at her bending mast there flew
A pennon of cerulean blue.

Far down the stormy bay she met
Athwart her course a swift corvette,
Which, forging through the swelling flood,
Bore high Mohammed's flag of blood,
And as she drew th' Albanian near,
Her haughty summons meets his ear.

"Down helm, ye slaves, swing every sail,
"To face unmoved the opposing gale."
"We halt not," was the quick reply,
"While yonder breeze careers the sky,
"One swelling sail we ne'er will check,
"While men and swords array our deck.

"And deem'st thou us affianced girls,
"Or maids bedeck'd with bridal pearls,
"That we should crouch to empty words,
"Or yield to the Albanian swords?
"Our chief contemns thy proud Pacha,
"Tis Stathos lord of Agrafa.

"But hold, my mates, your deck swift clear,
"And bear upon the Moslem's rear;
"We'll teach the craven crouching slave
"How keen is an Albanian glaive,
"Till every wave with crimson hue
"Shall tinge its iridescent blue."†

Scarcely died the words when quickly now
The fiery chiefs lie prow by prow,
And Stathos bursting on his board,
Rush'd hand to hand, and sword to sword;
The Othman's blood flow'd o'er the side,
Red mingling with the foaming tide,
And slow his long last sigh he drew,
'Midst dying shouts of Alla Hu!‡

* Μαύρου καράβι ἐπὶ δὲ τὸ μέγαν τῆς Κασσάνδρας
Μέγαρα πᾶσι τὸ σκῆπτρον καὶ τ' οὐρανὸν ἀντιτίθεται.

Fauriel, vol. i. p. 14.

† Iridescent. On a calm day in the Mediterranean, the rays of the sun deeply refracted in the dark blue waves, give them all the appearance of the changing and iridescent hues of mother of pearl.

‡ 'ΑΑΑΑ! 'ΑΑΑΑ! οἱ ἄπιστοι κρᾶζοντες προσκυνοῦντες.

Fauriel.

LETTER IX.

Ἀνὰ λήγην Ἀναφῆς τε Λακωνίδι γέμετος Θύγας.

Callimachus.

ANAPHE, SANTORIN, &c. &c.

OFF ANAPHE.—Go on Shore.—Onions in the Levant.—Reference to the Israelites.—Inhabitants of Nansio.—ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE ISLAND.—Put to Sea.—Particulars of the History of SANTORIN.—Its volcanic Origin, and ancient Names.—Derivation of its modern Appellation.—Singular account of the formation of Hiera, and the other Islands in the Bay of Santorin.—Traditions of the Sailors.—VROUKOLAKOS or VAMPIRES. Whence the word is derived.—Account of the Superstition.—Its probable Origin. STORY OF ALEXANDER THE VAMPIRE.—HISTORY OF JEANNETTI ANAPLIOTTIS.—STORY OF DEMETRIO GKIRA.

NIGHT was closing in around us as we passed the narrow strait between Nansio and Anaphe Poulo, a little rock to the south of the former. Santorin was directly before us; our rowers were fatigued with the day's exertions, and were leaning listlessly on the benches, or mechanically touching the shining water with their oars, while the current alone was bearing us slowly and placidly along towards our destination. A few fishing boats were plying about the shores, and the evening smoke was gently curling above the white cottages of Nansio. The night breeze had not yet sprung up, and the Karavi Kyrios resolved, while waiting its approach, to pull towards the island, from which we were only about half an hour distant. We made fast the mystico by the beach, and walked along the strand to a cottage at some distance, on an eminence which sloped down to the sea. Here we procured some bread, milk, and leeks, which latter are more abundant at Nansio than at any other island of the Archipelago. Throughout the Levant, however, both onions and leeks are a much more plentiful and delicious vegetable than with us; they have by no means the rank pungent flavour so disagreeable in those of the North;

and either raw or dressed, form a favourite delicacy with the Greeks and the Moslem, the Kebabs of the one, and almost all the dishes of the others, being seasoned with them. I do not know how far this description may apply to those on the banks of the Nile; but if they are at all comparable to those of the Levant, it is by no means surprising that the Israelites in the desert should remember with regret, "the leeks, the onions, and the garlic of Egypt."*

The cottage at which we stopped seemed particularly neat; but its male owners, who advanced to meet us, were firmly opposed to our entrance. They brought us the provisions we solicited with readiness and civility; and though they refused to take any remuneration, we could readily perceive that their wish was rather to get rid of, than to oblige us. This feeling towards strangers is universal throughout the islands, and arises from the barbarities inflicted by the pirates and corsairs on the inhabitants of those exposed and defenceless spots, and though this state of affairs has been of late in a great degree ameliorated, the impression of suspicion still lurks in the minds of the islanders.

Nanfio was originally called Membliaros, and its more ordinary name of Anaphe (of which the modern appellation is a corruption) was given to it by the Argonauts, in consequence, it is said, of its suddenly "appearing" above the waters during a tempest, in which they were caught when returning from Colchis. The night was too dark for us to observe whether it still retains traces of its volcanic origin, but this fable of the Argonauts would seem to arrogate for it a similar claim to that of Delos, Santorin, and others, which have been the produce of intestine fires.

Some fallen columns, the ruins of a temple to Apollo, are said still to be discernible on one of its cliffs; and a chapel to the Virgin of the reeds (*Παναγία Καλαμιστίνα*), on the summit of another, is one of the most interesting objects in the island. Partridges are still to be found in abundance, though a former edict of the elders enjoined the annual destruction of their eggs at Easter, as their number was so vast as to prove prejudicial to the scanty crops produced by the sterile soil of the island.†

* Numbers. c. xi. v. 5.

† Tournefort.

About nine o'clock we again loosed off, and put once more to sea with the certainty, as far as distance was concerned, of reaching Santorin ere sunrise. Our merry companions, delighted at the termination of their toil, kept up their noisy mirth during the entire night with so much enthusiasm, that in our own defence we were forced to discard all thoughts of sleep, and join in their boisterous rejoicings. Their conversation of course turned chiefly on the island to which we were going; and the tale of its mysterious origin, and abandonment to supernatural beings, was recounted with "fearful accuracy and trembling truth" by the sailors and the captain, who seemed fully versed in all the legends of his native isle. Milo, Delos, Anaphè, and other parts of the Archipelago, owe their existence to volcanic agency, while Santorin is the only spot that has *suffered* and been hurried to the verge of ruin by its terrific influence.

The island formerly called Thera, and more anciently still Kalistè, or "The Lovely," has been from the earliest period the sport of subterranean convulsions; and from its liability to these frightful vicissitudes, or from some superstitious traditions connected with them, was once known throughout the Cyclades by the appellation of the Isle of Demons. Its present name of Santorin, or Saint Erini, is said to have been conferred upon it by one of the Lower Emperors in honour of St. Irene, the daughter of a Macedonian præfect,* but at what period it changed its designation is not correctly known, though long before the time of Richard it had been called, in the most ancient documents of the islanders, Νηρος της Ἁγίας Εἰρήνης, and the earliest letters of the Latin missionaries were dated ex insula S'tæ Irenes.

The form of the island was originally circular, till in the year 237 B. C. during the first commotion of the volcano, a gulf burst open, or rather sunk away, from the centre,

* Such is the origin of the name of Santorin given by Richard the Jesuit in his "Relation de l'Isle de St. Erini," but it strikes me that the Latins have taken advantage of the first syllable to coin for themselves an ecclesiastical derivation. And in fact their bungling account of the saintly lady referred to, confirms it. The derivation is evidently the same with that of almost all the other islands; the ancient name was Θηρα, from which ας την Θηρα, Σταθιραν, Σαντηραν, Σαντοριν.

causing an aperture towards the north-west, by which the sea rushed in and formed the present harbour, if an abyss as yet unfathomed, may be entitled to that name. Two little islands at the mouth of the opening towards the Ægean, called Therasia and Aspronise, still remain to indicate the ancient shape of the dismembered Thera. During several succeeding centuries, the same fearful cause has been gradually producing equally important results; one by one, three other islets have risen from the hollow of the gulf, and so late as 1711, the last, called Mikra Kaumenè, rose above the waters of the bay, attended by flames of sulphurous fire, bursts of smoke, earthquakes and intestine thunder, while the trembling inhabitants stood upon the towering cliffs around to mark the portentous birth of a new Delos.

The present port can only be considered as the crater of an extinguished volcano, its waters sink to an unmeasured depth at a few inches from the shore, and the boats of the fishermen are either fastened to rings in the cliffs, or hauled high up upon the beach. Its aspect reminds one of the scene where Sadak discovered the dark waters of oblivion. All around it rise black and frowning precipices of calcined rock, which in some places tower to an elevation of three hundred feet, and down these the inhabitants have been forced to hew out a passage from their villages to the sea. It is in the vicinity of this gloomy spot alone that traces are found of the former ravages of the flames: the remoter parts of Santorin are verdant, and beautiful, and uninjured, while, like all the districts exposed to similar visitations, their fertility is beyond example rich and productive.

Our companions related to us numerous traditions of Santorin, and each had some marvellous tale of ships from whose anchors the earth had suddenly sunk away; of fishermen whose lines in well-known spots had ceased to reach the bottom; of caiques that had split on rocks whose previous existence was unknown: of fires that shot at midnight from the cliffs; of waves that rolled wreathed with smoke along the shore, during the coldest tempests; of ships whose pitch ran melting from their seams amidst the scalding waves; of noises heard beneath the earth like the distant din of battle; of children who had been suffocated

with sulphurous fumes as they slept in the shade upon rocks; and of spirits that haunted the cliffs, and rendered Santorin more truly the Isle of Demons than the Isle of Peace. (*Σίπυρ.*)

The grand interest of these narratives, however, seemed to arise from Santorin being the chosen abode of the *Vroukolakos*,* or Vampires of the Cyclades. This popular superstition, which varies from the vampire tales of Hungary, in the demons being merely attached to mischief and not addicted to blood,† supposes the evil spirit to enter into the lately deceased body of his victim after interment and reanimating it, to visit the houses of his former friends, inflicting on them the bitterest torments and unceasing injury.

In this case, the only effectual remedy is to disinter the carcass of him who is supposed to be *Vroukolakos*, and the confirmation of the fact depends on its being found with the flesh undecayed, and the blood still bright and fluid in the veins. An exorcism is then performed for the dislodgement of the demon, and should this prove ineffectual, the heart is next torn out and consumed, or the body, cut into several pieces, is burned at different quarters of the shore, and its ashes strewn upon the winds and the sea. The origin of this belief, or rather its locality in Santorin, may arise from the antiseptic nature of the soil, for Father Richard the Jesuit, in his relation *De l'Isle de S'te Erini*, mentions, among other facts, that the remains of the dead are not unfrequently discovered long after burial, fresh and unfaded as at the moment of interment, with the exception of being swollen and inflated, but this, he shrewdly remarks, is attributed to the effects of clerical excommunication‡ rather than the influence of demons. This opinion, he says, is universal throughout Greece, and the priests even add to the

* The real signification of the word *Βρουνολακος* seems to be unknown. Tournefort considers it to mean *corruption*, from *βρουνος*, putrid slime; and *λακος*, a ditch; but this interpretation seems discordant from the general tenor of the superstition, which only holds, when the body remains unaltered and fresh. It may be merely a figurative term, to imply disgust and loathing abhorrence.

† See "*Dissertations sur les Apparitions des Anges, &c. Et sur les Revivans et Vampires.*" By Aug. Cabmet, 8vo. Paris, 1746.

‡ This belief in the power of excommunication to retard the decay of those who suffer under its ban, is not confined to the Greeks alone, but is prevalent in numerous Roman Catholic countries.—See *Cabmet's Dissertations, &c.*

form of episcopal denouncement the anathema *καὶ μετὰ τὴν θάνατον ἄλυτος καὶ ἀσφάδευτος*, "after death may his body be undissolved and unchanging;"* "and," adds the Jesuit, "for the same reason the people who *often see* bodies in this fearful state, tremble at the denunciation of a priest, as though he were a Patriarch of power.

From this antiseptic quality of the soil, and the frequent discovery of undecayed carcasses, must have evidently arisen the superstition of the Vroukolakos; and throughout every island we find some tradition of the demon, or some legend of his barbarous enormities. All, however, are not equally vicious, and one of the tales of Santorin, related to a shoemaker called Alexander, who inhabited the town of Pyrgos, and whose reanimated corpse was employed only in acts of kindness and affection.

Some days after his decease he was seen returning to his house, frequenting the walks to which he had been accustomed, and casting wistful looks upon his family. In a short time he proceeded to occupy himself in his former pursuits; during the day, he kept his wonted seat, employed in mending the papooses of his wife and children; in the morning he went to raise water from the cistern, and at evening he returned laden with firewood from the hills. Innocent as his habits were, they excited the terror of the populace; his grave was opened, and his body consumed; and the power of the demon being thus destroyed, the unfortunate Alexander returned no more to Pyrgos.

But the most renowned Vroukolakos of Santorin was Jeannetti Anapliottis, whose tale is quaintly related by old Richard. Jeannetti was one of the most unmerciful usurers in the Archipelago, and there were few of his fellow-islanders who had not suffered from his rapacity and avarice. As he verged towards the grave, however, his overloaded conscience began to oppress him with its galling burthen, and as his limbs grew weak and his eyes waxed dim, the spectres of the crimes he had committed began to haunt him in the darkness of declining life. By the advice of a priest he was induced to set apart a portion of his sin-purchased wealth, for the purpose of making restitution to

* The precise periods of *anti-putrefaction* are likewise indicated by the Greek ritual, which marks the exact intervals allotted to a schedule of crimes of deeper or less flagrant dye.

those whom he had wronged ; and to proclaim, throughout the fifteen villages of Santorin, that instant reparation would be made to all who should advance their claims.

Without delay the residence of the usurer was beset by clamorous hosts of injured clients, and month after month was consumed in adjusting the pretensions of each, and disbursing the sums of which they had been wronged, but in the midst of his arrangements death stepped in to close the books of Anapliottis for ever. Ere he expired, however, he charged his wife, to whom he bequeathed the residue of his gold, to complete the good work which he had commenced, and never to dream of desisting while a creditor was unsatisfied, or a *mahmoudi* remained in her coffers.

But the burden of remorse did not press so deadly on the conscience of the lady as it had done on that of her lord ; for a few weeks she satisfied all who came, but as her funds waxed low and lovers pressed around her, she began to make a *selection* among her claimants, distributing justice merely to her friends at first, and finally withdrawing *in toto* even from these, and abandoning herself to the society of her gallants. The spirit of Jeannetti was not, however, to be so readily imposed upon : scarcely had his faithless fair one desisted from the execution of her vow, when the livid corpse of her husband was seen parading the streets of Emborio, his well-known turban wound clumsily around his mouldy brow, and his greasy jubee flung carelessly over his withered shoulders.

He roamed from house to house, and thrust his sepulchral countenance into every chamber ; the most hideous noises accompanied his wanderings ; doors sprung open at his ready touch ; and no article of furniture was too ponderous to be overturned by the lately feeble, but now gigantic grasp of Jeannetti, or rather of the Vampire who inspired his corpse. The boats on the shore were loosed from their mooring ; the nets of the fishermen were disturbed from their fastenings, and found coiled into ravelled masses into which the wariest perch of Santorin could not find his way ; cisterns were broken into, and their contents collecting for months scattered in an hour ; cellars were burst open, and the wineskins emptied on the floor ; and frequently the husbandmen of the plain, at the base of

Mount Elias, would find in the morning one half their vines bled to death in consequence of the incisions made in their bark by the mischievous Vroukolakos.

But what was chiefly remarkable, was that these visitations were solely confined to the dwellings of the friends and suitors of his wife, while the families of those whom he had wronged were free from any other annoyance than the terror excited by the fame of his exploits upon others. Night after night did he beset the house of the Signora Anapliottis ; in vain she sought to hide herself from his hateful presence ; in vain she closed the massy door on his approach, he had nothing to do but to breathe upon the oiled paper of the windows, and it shrunk shrivelling beneath the unearthly blast, and disclosed the gravelike features of the usurer foaming and jibbering at his faithless spouse.

The powers of the Church were at last forced to interfere, and Madame was recommended to recommence the liquidation of Jeannetti's debts ; the expedient was in an instant effectual, and the Vampire returned to his tomb. Charmed with her success, his wife considered that the work was already completed, and her husband laid at rest for ever ; but no sooner did she again desist from her business of retribution than the Vroukolakos returned with his noises, threats, and his fearful countenance.

Again the priests were resorted to, but while they prepared to exhume and exorcise the body, reparation was made to the last of the injured claimants : the grave of the Vampire was however opened, his still untainted flesh was burned upon the shore, his spirit was appeased, the demon was expelled, and Jeannetti returned no more from the land of forgetfulness. " But," adds this quaint historian, " it is my own private opinion, that the pest was allayed less by interference of the heterodox priesthood, than by the equitable discharge of the miser's engagements."

These traditions are rather antique, but to the present moment the belief is not abandoned in Santorin, and our captain, a steady old man, whom I have before mentioned as a native of the island, informed us of an instance which had occurred to his own knowledge. The father of Demetrio Gkikas, to whom he referred, was a wine-merchant, who lived nigh the plain of Saint Stephen, a dis-

strict at the south-east of the island, which is remarkable for its fertility, besides being the only landing-place in Santorin at which there is anchorage for ships of burthen.

Demetrio had been brought up to the profession of his father, and till he was sixteen his time had been exclusively devoted to pruning vines, pressing grapes, and tending the subterranean cellar of his father, which was hallowed out of the rocky cliffs nigh the shore ; occasionally, too, he had gone in the mystico, which conveyed the *Vino Santo* and other produce of the island to Syra and Cyprus ; but with the exception of these excursions, he had never been beyond the bounds of his native isle, or employed in any other service than the tendance of his paternal vineyards.

His betrothed bride was the daughter of a merchant at Acrotiri ; her name was Stefania or Estefania Sessini, and her mother was sister to the father of Demetrio. Their attachment from childhood had been ardent and mutual, and often when the business of the day was done, young Gkika would steal in his shallop along the shore to visit her, or cross off over the hills which separated St. Stephen from the bourg of Acrotiri, to pass the long twilight in wandering round the cliffs with Stefania, or accompanying her songs on the guitar in the garden. In the summer of 1822, she was to complete her fifteenth year, and Demetrio and she were then to be united in the cathedral at Scauro. In the mean time, his father had agreed to divide his vineyard with his son, and the arrangements were to be completed when Demetrio should return from his next voyage to Tenos.

The mystico was laden as usual with wine, and the young merchant set sail with three companions towards the close of February. The weather was cold and stormy, and it was only on the evening of the second day from their departure, that they reached the south of Naxos. Unsuspicious of danger, they held on their course towards Mycone ; the night was pitchy dark, and as morning slowly dawned, the unfortunate islanders were thunder-struck to find themselves but a few miles apart from a Turkish squadron, which was sailing with supplies for the Ottoman garrisons in the south of the Morea. Their enemies were too near for them to think of escaping, and the

Turks gave them but short time for reflection ; a gun was fired athwart their bows, and Demetrio was forced to shorten sail, and await the approach of a corvette which made directly towards them. In the course of a few minutes being found to be Greeks, they were conveyed prisoners on board ; the mystico was made fast astern of the Turkish vessel, and all proceeded on their way towards Coron and Navarino.

For the first few months after landing at the former city, Demetrio was employed as a slave by his captors, and occupied from morn till night in working at the fortifications, and toiling in the citadel ; but at the end of that period, he was sent along with about fifty others, to be occupied in a similar manner at the fortress of Navarino, which was in hourly expectation of a siege by the victorious Greeks who had already reduced Tripolizza and Malvasia.

Nor was the anticipation unfounded ; Prince Ipsylanti, after the fortunate termination of his attempts in the heart of the Morea, despatched Tipaldo, one of his bravest companions, to the assault of Navarino, which was invested in the beginning of June. Notwithstanding the precautions of the Turks, the Greeks had arrived ere the garrison was yet fully supplied with provisions ; and the Seraskier, after some brave but ineffectual sallies against the assailants, was forced to retire to the castle, and act solely upon the defensive.

Here, as the approach of famine was every hour becoming more appalling, one of the first measures of the commander was to order the execution of the prisoners, in order to diminish the number of consumers of their now scanty store. Upwards of one hundred were accordingly butchered on the walls in sight of their friends without ; some ten or twelve, among whom was Demetrio, saved their lives by abjuring their faith ; and one or two alone escaped, by leaping into the *fosse* ; and flew to inform Tipaldo of the distress of the garrison, and the apostacy of Gkika and his unfortunate companions.

More politic than brave, the wretched Demetrio had reconciled himself to this degrading alternative, by the reflection that his apparent abjuration was authorized by necessity ; that it was merely nominal, as he was still a Christian at heart ; and that he could return to the true.

Church as soon as fortune would consent to favour his escape. But it was contemplated with far other eyes by his bigoted countrymen; and while the Ottomans were doomed to destruction, the renegade Greeks were marked out for *double* vengeance. In the mean time, the blockade was vigilantly observed by Tipaldo; and the devoted Seraskier and his followers prepared with firmness to meet their slowly advancing but inevitable fate.

During this long interval the distracted family of Demetrio awaited in vain his arrival; day after day did Stefania ascend the cliffs of Acrotiri, to watch with wistful eyes the first glimpse of the snowy sail emerging from behind the promontories of Nio, and night after night did she kindle on the steep the wonted fire,

To hail the bark that never must return.

The caiques that had sailed long, long after Demetrio, had all come back from Tinos, but none could bring tidings of the truant boy; while his father fondly hoped, yet feared to hope, that he had only altered his intention, and steered for the more distant port of Syra. But boats soon came from Syra, likewise, and still there were no accounts of his son. Week after week passed on amid mingled fears and hope, but when one month had slowly succeeded to another, and still he came not,

Hope grew to doubt, and doubt soon sickened to despair.

At last the dread intelligence arrived, that he, in whom so many cares were centered, had ceased to be one of his nation and his church; that Demetrio, their adored Demetrio, was an apostate, a renegade, a moslem; leagued with their foes, and marked for slaughter by their friends. The father of Demetrio soon sank beneath the accumulation of shame and sorrow thus heaped at once upon him. He was buried by the chapel of Messaria, and as no Turk was permitted to dwell on or hold property in the island, his farm, the inheritance of his wretched child, devolved upon his distant relatives.

But shame, nor sorrow, nor apostacy, had wrought any change in the breast of Stefania; the dangers of her lover had aroused all the energies of her attachment, and she

loved him the more dearly for the very hatred with which others looked upon his name. In *her* breast, hope had not yet been extinguished ; he still lived, and she knew not but that Heaven might yet enable him to return to his unhappy home ; and even there, were he to be shunned by all the world, still *her* heart was, like his own, unaltered ; and abandoning the rest of mankind, they might fly together to some safe retreat, sacred only to love, and far from the tongue of shame, or the breath of infamy.

But the views of Sessini were far different ; and he absolutely started with horror, when he heard his daughter express a hope for the safety of Demetrio, and his speedy return to claim her. “ She, Stefania, *his* child, the wife of an Ottoman ! No, never : all bonds between them were now dissolved for ever by his apostacy ; his name was blasted, his family was dishonoured, his possessions were estranged ; henceforth Stefania must learn to forget him.” But that was a task more easily enjoined than accomplished ; the unhappy girl, however, simulated obedience, while her heart was bursting ; and yet the smile that sometimes shone upon her lip, was less the effect of effort than the dim sunshine of a distant hope that would still beam across her mind and support her sinking affections.

In the mean time the siege of Navarino was fast drawing to a close : the vigilance of Tipaldo had baffled numerous efforts of the Turks at Coron to throw fresh supplies into the beleaguered city ; and day by day the provisions of the soldiery vanished, till at length the last ounce of biscuit was consumed, and the horses of the Seraskier were slaughtered to furnish the mess of the citadel. In turn, every living animal within the walls was killed to supply the cravings of famine ; and at length, as a last resource, the papoushes of the soldiers were boiled and gnawed in an agony of famine by the starving but resolute Moslemin. Too weak even to sustain the weight of their sabres, alone, to wield them with their wonted bravery, the gasping soldiers lay stretched in dying struggles around the gates they were left to guard, while their expiring leader sat with his few unbending warriors on the battlements of the castle to await the moment of death.

The Greeks, at this awful crisis, were frantic at once with the intelligence of their recent victories in the Morea,

and the news of the slaughter of their Patriarch at Stamboul, and the violation of their churches throughout the kingdom. Tipaldo, wearied with the protracted and inactive siege, prepared for one vengeful and decisive measure. He resolved on making a final and vigorous assault on the walls, while he rightly judged that the infidels had no longer energy remaining to defend them. Previously, however, to taking such a step, he despatched a herald to propose to the governor terms of surrender. The Seraskier dismissed the offer with scorn, expressing his resolution to die amid the walls he could not save; but as the embassy was about to leave the city, some weaker wretches, mad with the pangs of hunger, agreed to listen to the offer of the Greeks, and throw open their gates, on the terms of their lives being spared, and being permitted to retire to Coron. Tipaldo readily complied with their stipulation; and the same evening the city surrendered, and the triumphant Greeks were received within the walls.

Struck with the heroic defence of the Seraskier, the Grecian general treated him with kindness and distinction; his few remaining companions were supplied with food; and during the short period which intervened between the capitulation and the arrival, in the harbour, of some Hydriot vessels, which were to convey the poor emaciated creatures to Modon, each party seemed inclined to observe the terms of the treaty. But it was in vain that the apostates attempted to claim a friendly recognition from their conquerors; they were spurned with insult, and told that they must prepare to be despatched to Modon, there to participate in the future fortunes of their adopted friends. Remonstrances, tears, and entreaties, were in vain; and they at length embarked in the Greek vessels along with their fellow-soldiers.

It was sunset when Demetrio went on board, and after a scanty supper, he lay down to rest on the under-deck of the Hydriot. About midnight, however, he was aroused by the noise of hurrying feet and boisterous voices above him, and an instant after a sailor came down to order him on deck.

There he found five others of his companions, who had, along with him, embraced Islamism; they were all that remained from the original number. The Turks were

now aroused from their slumbers, plundered of their arms, stripped one by one, and ordered to descend into the boats alongside. Demetrio beheld with terror preparations which he could not well comprehend, but his doubts were all turned to frightful certainty, when he saw the first boat push off from the side, and, gaining a little distance from the ship, the Greeks commenced the work of slaughter. The miserable and defenceless wretches were instantly butchered; the gloom of midnight prevented him witnessing their torments, but he heard distinctly the hewing of the sabres, the crashing of the wounds, the screams of the dying, and the plunges of the mangled bodies, as, one by one, they were flung into the deep. Time after time the murderers returned and carried off fresh victims, till all were destroyed; when the leader of the massacre, approaching the trembling band of renegades, directed them to step into the boat which awaited them.

With screams the devoted wretches besought their infuriated destroyers for mercy, and pleaded but a week, an hour's delay. The Hydriot cast upon them a mingled glance of scorn and pity, and briefly observing, that *death* was a boon too valuable to be conferred on *them*, ordered them instantly to descend over the side; while, at the same time, an expressive look reminded the rowers that they knew their duty. Demetrio took his seat in the bloody stern of the boat, which shoved off without delay; he then informed the seaman beside him of his name and family, and offered to reward him handsomely if he would only spare his life; the man returned him no reply, but continued to ply lustily his oar. The boat had now pulled farther from the beach than on any preceding instance, and with straining eyes the wretches within were watching every movement of the seamen, to mark the moment when the work of destruction should begin. The crew, however, rowed on in silence, and they had already gained a mile from the shore, when they headed a little to the right and steered direct for Sphacteria, an uninhabited rock at the mouth of the bay. Here they ran the boat aground, and directing the prisoners to disembark, again put off, leaving them to perish with hunger on the island.

Dreadful as was the alternative, it was still a relief from

the sensations of the last half hour, with the instant anticipations of savage murder. Demetrio seated himself on the beach, while his heart felt as if expanding gradually from some unnatural compression ; yet still his mind was not at rest ; his enemies were still near him, and he felt persuaded they were only gone for a moment, in order to return for the perpetration of some new enormity. He seated himself upon a rock, with his gaze intently bent upon the waters of the bay ; and as the first light was dawning in the east, his eyes were gladdened by the sight of the squadron bearing away from the harbour. Still, however, escape was a matter of as great difficulty as before ; he was distinctly within view of the town and the fortress, and, as he was now perfectly sensible that he and his companions were landed on the island with the intention that they should perish by hunger, he knew that their movements would be sedulously watched by the garrison.

During the first two days of his exposure, his sufferings were beyond description dreadful. It was the month of August, and not a single tree rose on the deserted isle which might shelter the dying wretches from the scorching sunbeams, and not one drop of water sprung amidst the glowing rocks to quench their ceaseless and intolerable thirst ; while all the writhing pangs of gaunt insatiate famine were raging within them. The beach was soon piled with the carcasses of their late companions, which came floating in from the shore where they had been flung into the sea ; and, as these began to decompose in the heat of the glaring sun, the air grew weighty with the fearful stench. Demetrio bore up courageously under all these accumulated miseries : one by one he saw his comrades fall before him, and at length, on the morning of the third day, he sat upon the hideous rock, the last sad survivor of the immolated garrison.

Weak and almost expiring, hope had not yet totally abandoned him ; and he knew, that if he could only gain the opposite shore, which was little more than a mile distant from his prison, he would have no difficulty in reaching the fortress of Modon, and thence effecting his escape to Santorin.

Feeble and emaciated as he was, he fancied that he

had still strength remaining sufficient to swim the narrow strait which separated him from the shore. He descended to the beach, and plunging into the waters, found, that though he could not bring a drop of the briny fluid to his lips, his thirst was appeased by the cool immersion of his limbs. It was, however, still too light to attempt the passage of the harbour ; he returned to his rock, and having waited till near midnight, he again stripped off his superfluous apparel, and, committing himself to the sea, struck out leisurely towards the distant strand. Fatigue soon overcame him, but turning on his back, he lay floating and motionless, till gathering strength enabled him to proceed. Thus, alternately advancing and pausing to recruit his exhausted powers, he continued to proceed by slow degrees, till, some hours ere morning's dawn, he succeeded in reaching the rocky coast.

Fortunately, the spot where he landed was covered profusely with oranges and wild fig-trees, and, securing a quantity of the fruit, he hastened to conceal himself in the clefts of the rocks upon the beach, till coming darkness should favour his flight to Modon.

The news of the surrender of Navarino soon spread over the Cyclades, nor was it long in reaching Santorin ; but while all hearts and all tongues were loud and fervent in their joy upon the event of a victory, one bosom alone was burning to know the fate of the conquered. The first report was, of course, that the defenders of the fortress were to be marched out in safety, and Stefania felt half rejoiced ; but when the dread intelligence arrived of the exasperation of the Greeks, and the murder of their prisoners, in opposition to the will of Tipaldo, the sound fell like a poisonous blast upon her heart : hope, joy, excitement, energy, all died away within her ; the fabric of happiness which her imagination had been long years in raising, crumbled at once to atoms ; her bosom grew a desert ; and her heart sunk, surrounded, like Marius, only by the ruins of her hopes. Time brought no assuagement of her sorrow, and change no grounds for brighter anticipations of the future. For some months she lingered like a spirit round the haunts of her childhood, restless, joyless, and despairing : at eve, she would be seen reclining by the sea-shore, her eyes fixed upon the wave,

and her tears falling upon the damp silvery sand : and at morning, as the early fisherman was descending to the strand, he would often find Stefania seated on one of the giant cliffs, with her lustreless eye, pale cheek, and fading form, seeming like a withering flower on the verge of the precipice. Day after day she lingered on in suffering and silence ; while her spirits, her beauty, her strength, all, save her memory, were ebbing fast away ; and ere that summer was concluded, which was to have witnessed her nuptials, the garlands prepared for her bridal were hung upon her tomb.

" But a few days had elapsed from her interment when Demetrio arrived at Santorin. He had succeeded in reaching Mòdon, had sailed in a Turkish cruiser to Smyrna, and thence returned by Syra and Tenos to his native island. As he stepped on shore at Phira, every eye encountered him with abhorrence ; he found that even those on whose friendship he had most firmly calculated shrunk from him with detestation, and the Epitropi, or Elders, suggested in the council a doubt as to the propriety of permitting a Moslem to reside among them. This objection was, however, removed by the first act of the renegade, which was to avow his recantation before the bishop and clergy of the island, and perform a lengthened penance for his temporary estrangement.

" But no expiation was sufficient to wash away the impression of his crime from the minds of his countrymen. Shunned, despised, and avoided, he wandered an exile in the land of his birth, where every eye was averted, and every door was closed against him. But still the sorrows of Demetrio did not arise from the privation or persecutions of society, proceeding from a cause which his own heart could not totally condemn ; they had a deeper and a cureless origin. A short period might remedy the one ; but no extent of time itself could ever restore those whom the grave had torn from him ; and the forms of his affectionate father and his adored Stefania were ever haunting his imagination, and adding deeper gloom to his distresses.

" For some time," continued the old man who related the narrative, " he wandered about the shores of St. Stephen and the promontory of Acrotiri, and was occasionally seen in the church of Pyrgos ; but he spoke to and

associated with none, nor did he even attempt to reclaim from his relatives the estate of his father. For my own part, I always rather pitied than blamed him ; and though numbers were of the same feelings with myself, they were deterred, by the fear of his enemies, from showing him either sympathy or kindness. At last, during the winter of 1823, he was missed from his accustomed haunts, and people were the more astonished because his disappearance was at a period when the violence of the weather rendered it impossible for boats to leave the island. The singularity of his departure was spoken of for a time, then all mention of him died away, and at last in a few weeks poor Demetrio was as thoroughly forgotten as if he had never been seen at Santorin. It chanced, however, that one evening, during a tremendous hurricane, which blew over all the Ægean, a boy who had been tending some cotton-plants at the plain of St. Stephen, averred, on his return to Messaria, that he had seen Demetrio seated on a peak of Mount Elias during the storm, and that he had afterward passed close by him as he was descending the cliff, near the vineyard of old Gkika. For some days the story was laughed at as improbable, but it was soon confirmed by the united testimony of numerous shepherds and fishermen who had met him at various points of the island, and the bay between Acrotiri and St. Nicholas, and to all of whom it was evident that it could be no living being, but a Vroukolakes whom they had encountered. All were convinced that a vampire had taken possession of the body of Gkika ; and this very circumstance was sufficient to assure them that his return to Christianity had been acceptable to the Virgin, since no Vroukolakes was ever known to reanimate the remains of a Latin or a Mahometan. Regret for the cruelty with which they had treated him now inspired every mind ; and all set out to discover the body of Demetrio, in order to perform an exorcism above it, and procure rest in the grave for his remains. Their search was however in vain, and day after day they returned disappointed from their pursuit, which was at last abandoned. But the troubled spirit was not yet appeased. Still at midnight and at early morn the figure of Demetrio was seen upon the summit of the bending cliffs that look down upon the bay, and wandering

over the hills nigh his former home; but chiefly he was observed to frequent the grave of Stefania, and the spots around the shore where they had so often wandered together by the calm light of evening. Injury he inflicted on none, and so far from disturbing the repose of the villages, he seemed to fly from the walks of the islanders, nor had any individual been able to approach near him, or break in upon his solitary watchings by the shores. One evening, however, a peasant of Acrotiri had seen Demetrio issue from the burial-ground near the village where Stefania was interred. He looked pale and withered, as one must do returning from the grave; he seemed more dead than alive, and he appeared to Georgio scarce able to descend the pass down the cliffs to the sea, to which he betook himself. This narrow path led to a shallow cave under the precipice, into which the caiques of the villagers were drawn up during the inclemency of the winter; and it occurred to the peasant that that spot had not been searched during the pursuit after his remains. The following day he scrambled down the rocks, and entered the cave, and there, as he had anticipated, he found the corpse of poor Demetrio. Like those of all vampires, it was fresh and undecayed,—nay, Georgio said that it was still even warm, and the blood unstiffened; but oh! so pale and emaciated, and wasted away, that it was almost impossible to recognise it. All, even those who had doubted it before, were now satisfied of the fact that Gkika was a Vroukolakos: his remains were conveyed in a boat round the island to the little chapel on Therasia, and an exorcism performed above them. He was then interred at Acrotiri, and when you land you will see his grave beside Stefania's. From that period up to the present, his spirit has returned no more, his memory is no longer detested in Santorin as before, and even those who once censured him for his apostacy, now rather pity his fate and deplore his undeserved misfortunes.

LETTER X.

SANTORIN, SIKINO, NIO, &c.

Ios Homeri sepulchro veneranda.—PLIN.

Arrival at Santorin.—Custom of drawing up Ships on the Shore, referred to in the Scripture.—Town of San Nicolo.—Castle of Scauro.—Pyrgos.—Appearance of the Island.—Mount Saint Elias.—Produce of Santorin.—Vino Santo.—Volcanic Remains.—Fare in the Islands.—Lentils.—Jacob's pottage.—Our host.—The women of Santorin.—(Greek ballad, *THE FAREWELL OF THE KLEFT.*)—Volcanic Islands in the Harbour.—NEA KAUMENE.—PALÆO KAUMENE.—HIERA.—Arrival of a Greek Ship of War.—Departure.—Gregorio's Theory of Dreaming.—Its Application.—Accident on Board. A Greek Surgeon.—The Vessel.—Noise of the Crew. Greek names for Cards.—Captain's ignorance of Navigation.—LEVANTINE COMPASS.—SIKINO.—Distribution of the Islands under the Turkish Government.—NIO.—The burial place of Homer.—Fare on Board.—Evening in the Ægean.—Punishment of a Pirate Ship.—A SQUALL.—Illustration of a passage in the Eighteenth Chapter of Kings.—Dinner on Board.—Custom of pouring water on the hands of Guests.

MORNING was breaking ere the old man had concluded his story, and as the sun rose slowly from the sea, we found ourselves within a few miles of Acrotiri. We rounded the promontory, passed between Therasia and Hiera, and finally came to an anchor at the bottom of the cliffs below the town of San Nichole. Here a number of other craft were drawn up upon the beach, and made fast to the rocks; for this custom, alluded to by Homer,* still prevails in almost every isle of Greece. This fact likewise explains the frequent passages in the new Testament referring to the voyages of St. Paul, wherein, at setting sail, no mention is made of *heaving up the anchor*; but there occur such phrases as the following:—"And entering into a ship of Adramytium, *we launched*, meaning to sail by the coasts of Asia" (Acts xxvii. 2); "And when the

* Iliad, l. 1, v. 435, et passim.

south wind blew softly," supposing that they had obtained their purpose, "*loosing thence*, they sailed close by Crete," (ib. v. 15); and again, "And when we *had launched from thence*, we sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary." (ib. v. 4.)

The little town is built upon the summit of a tremendous precipice, to ascend which, a narrow passage has been cut through the rocks, and this, with another similar at Phira, is the only method of gaining access to the island from the shore. As it was our wish, however, to stay at Pyrgos during our visit, which was recommended on account of its beautiful as well as central situation, the owner of the mystico readily sent round his boat to land us at a convenient place. We rowed round the bay beneath towering masses of black and calcined rocks which rise frightfully from the verge of the sea, and in a short time passed the ruined villa and chateau of Scauro.

This wild and romantic castle, perched on the brink of a giddy precipice, was once the residence of the Dukes of Naxos, when Santorin was a portion of their dynasty; but since the submission of Giacomo Crispo, the last Duke, to Selym the Second, its walls have been uninhabited except by priests and peasants, and its courts untrodden save by slaves. It once, our boatmen informed us, supported a bell, whose tone was heard from end to end of the island, and which was always sounded in order to warn the inhabitants of the approach of pirates. On landing below Phira, we toiled up the steep and rocky pathway to the village, where we arrived in about half an hour, and passed on towards the town of Pyrgos.

It is beautifully situated on a gentle eminence, which commands a view of the sea on either side, and a perfect prospect of every quarter of the island. Its houses are much more commodiously built than those in other parts of Santorin, where they are in general mere excavations in the porous rock, to which a front has been built, in order to contain the doorway; and these, from their irregular position on the hills, give them the appearance of dove-cotes rather than of villages. We took up our quarters in the house of a vine-dresser, to whom our guide conducted us, and spent the first two days in paying our visits to the *lions* of the island. These, however, are

rather uninteresting, both in themselves and their association. The ruins of the ancient city of Eleusis, on a mountain at the south, are the most remarkable; yet even these are so mutilated as to be totally unsatisfactory. A few excavated sepulchres, the remnants of a massy wall, and the crushed wreck and broken columns of a temple, are all that remain; the rest is either buried by the accumulating soil, or carried off to supply materials for more modern erections.

The view from Mount St. Elias, to the south of which it was built, is unusually splendid, comprising a wide circuit of the sea, the islands of Sikino and Nio, Amorgo, Astypalæa and Anaphe,—and even Candia, we were informed, might be discerned during favourable weather. As we returned, we passed near Missaria, the only fountain which Santorin can boast; it was shallow and discoloured, and its streams any thing but well flavoured. The want of firewood and water are, in fact, the two great privations of the island: in consequence of the first, the natives are forced to make constant use of charcoal, which they purchase from Nicaria or Scala Nuova; or consume the slender branches of lentisc, which grow upon Aspronisi; and as they have no constant supply of fuel for their ovens, bread is baked but seldom, and being dried and hardened, it is obliged to be moistened with water ere they can make use of it. The absence of springs forces them to make wine their ordinary beverage; and of this, immense quantities are annually manufactured for their own consumption. But the Vino Santo, so celebrated throughout the Archipelago, is their staple commodity, though, to my taste, rather too rich and luscious. It sells in most of the islands at about one penny per bottle, though at the time of the vintage it is disposed of in Santorin for three or four paras the okka, a measure of nearly a gallon. The quantity exported is almost incredible: Olivier says, one million of okkas, but this seems to be exaggerated; though, when we reflect that the island produces but a small quantity of any other of the necessaries of life, and that the natives depend upon their vintage alone for support, it may not appear so very improbable.

It was only towards the northern shores of the bay that

we found any volcanic appearances, the southern coast seeming to the present hour uninjured by their influence, though pumice-stone is to be found in abundance even in the vicinity of St. Stephen. Our supper on our return consisted solely of the produce of the island,—a lamb dressed with onions, as usual; salads, the finest I ever tasted, being a vegetable with a thick waxy leaf, called by the natives *lestrida*; and soup made of lentils, for which Santorin is famous. They are called *apaxa*, or, in Lingua Franca, *favetta*, and are the same, our host informed us, as those with which Jacob made the mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birthright. They certainly are of a reddish tinge when stewed, and so far agree with the passage referred to: “And Esau said to Jacob, feed me, I pray thee, with that same *red pottage*, for I am faint.—Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of *lentils*, and he did eat and drink, and rose up and went his way.” (Gen. xxv. 30. 34.) Our dessert was of fresh almonds, so young as to be eaten without peeling off the green husk: grapes, and some rich figs,—all the produce of our entertainer’s garden.

The number of inhabitants in the island are about 8000, of whom a very small proportion are Roman Catholics, the remnant of those converted by father Richard and his Jesuits. All classes are remarkable for their industry, honesty, and religious decorum. Our host was a perfect, and in fact the only specimen I ever saw of a sincere Greek devotee: morning, noon, and night was he engaged in his devotions. The lamp before the image of the Virgin in his chamber was never suffered to be one moment untrimmed, for every hour did Gregorio repair to cross himself before it, and mutter again and again the self-same prayer for protection; nor did he ever utter two sentences together without attaching, as a proviso, *μὲ τὴν χάριν τῆς παύρας* (*with the favour of the Virgin*).*

* This expression of submission is not, however, peculiar to Santorin,—it is common throughout all Greece; and no promise, no hope, no threat, and no engagement is entered into without introducing a clause to provide for the permission of Heaven. Their very songs, too, which I have so often quoted as illustrative of their manners, afford numerous examples.

The women of the island are not naturally handsome, and their clumsy figures are rendered still less so, by their unmeaning costume. Nothing, however, can exceed their modesty and industrious habits: from sunrise to sunset the two daughters of Gregorio were constantly employed, either in the household affairs, in spinning cotton, knitting coarse silk-stockings, or embroidering the borders of handkerchiefs to be exported to Constantinople and Smyrna. It is impossible to conceive their surprise when I sat by them in the evenings and gave them an account of the ladies of England, the domestic sway which they exercised in their own homes, and the exalted grade which they maintained in society. They could not avoid envying the lot of English women; and yet I could perceive that long habit had taught them to consider greater privileges than they themselves possessed, in some degree, an outrage on decorum. I never saw any creatures more cheerful and contented than they seemed to be; they had no wishes and no wants unsatisfied; their island was the world, and

THE FAREWELL OF THE KLEFT.

On, quickly descend from the brow of the mountain,
And plunge thyself headlong beneath in the fountain,
Swift, swift, cleave the waves of the dark foaming river,
Ere the soul of the Kleft has departed for ever.
*Row on, with thy breast as a rudder to guide thee.**
Nor yield till the strand and its rocks are beside thee,
And if God and the Virgin shall smile and befriend thee,†
Till thou reachest the heights and the cliffs where I send thee;
The hills, where the home of the children of war is,
Where the Klefts hold their council of brave Palikaris;
Where in days, that in brightness and glory shone o'er us,
We slew the wild goats, the swift Tombras and Floras;
And there, if my once loved companions are turning
To seek for my footsteps at evening returning.
Oh, say not that you in my agony view'd me,
Tell not that I perish'd, that death hath subdued me—
Say only, that, wearied with toiling and danger,
I have wedded a maid in the land of the stranger,
I have taken a cold marble slab for my mother,
The earth for my bride, and a rock for my brother!‡

* ——— τὰ στήθε σου τρυβνί.
† Κ' ἂν κάμ' ὁ Θεὸς κ' ἡ Παναγία, να πλέης, να περάσης.
‡ Μόνον εἰπέ, πανόρθηκα' σ' τὰ ἔρημα τὰ ξένα
Πέρα την πλάκα ποθεῖν, την μαύρην γῆν γυναῖκα
Κι' ἀτὰρ τὰ λιανολίθαρα ὅλα γυναικαδέφια.

a happy world to them ;* and all beyond its limits was filled by cares, and crimes, and misery. Its frightful exposure to internal convulsions, and its frequent commotion by subterranean fire, were treated but as the passing showers, or wintry storms of Europe : since they knew no fairer land of safety with which to contrast it ; or from which to draw their comparisons of security and beauty. Even those terrific rocks, and " isles volcanic," which we could scarcely bear to look upon without a shudder of association, they fearlessly pointed out with pride and naïveté, as the local curiosities of their home.

On the third day after our arrival, Gregorio took us in his boat to visit the islands in the harbour. We first rowed for about an hour to Nea Kaumené, the latest formed of the three. It is a mere heap of scorix, pumice, and calcined rocks, which have not yet begun to decompose ; but as a few plants of the Prickly Pear-tree (*Cactus opuntia*) have already found root among them, we may hope in a short time (should no fresh eruption intervene) to see it covered with verdure. Palæo Kaumené, separated from the latter by a narrow channel, rose above the waters in 1573. It is still sterile, savage, and unprofitable ; covered with huge masses of shapeless rock and barren lava, and occasionally emitting from its fissures and flameless craters the most noxious and stifling vapours. Hiera, the oldest of the three, still remains in a state of primeval desolation : it is about a mile or upwards in length, and, though we landed at several points, we saw but little to repay us for the trouble of visiting it.

During the whole period of the excursion, poor Gregorio seemed in a state of violent mental excitement ; he was evidently busily engaged in prayer, and ever and anon he crossed himself with fervour, and in suppressed accents implored the assistance of St. Nicholas and heaven. It was with no moderate delight that he heard our determination to return, and never did I see him perform his vespers to the Virgin with such pure devotion, as when, after all

* Une demeure que tant de gens trouveroient affreuse, est pourtant regardée par les Santorinois comme le paradis de la terre, et ils n'ont point de plus forte imprecation à faire contre un homme du pays, que de lui dire, "*Va, malheureux, puisse tu mourir hors de Santorin.*"

M. Robert. *Hist. des Duc. del Arch.*

our toilings, we sat down, on our safe arrival at Pyrgos, to the frugal repast which his daughters and Spiro had prepared for us.

On rising the following morning, we found that a Greek vessel of war had anchored during the night below St. Nicholas, and on going down to the shore, after breakfast, we learned that she was the *Achillefs*, or *Achilles*, commanded by Georgio Stephanopoulo, who had put in for a supply of fresh provisions, and was to sail the same evening on a cruise through the Arches.* As I chanced to know the captain, I calculated on a ready passage to Milo or Syra, and resolved at once going on board with my luggage, and having bade adieu to Madame and her daughters, Gregorio prepared his boat to run me along the shore.

As he tugged mechanically at his oar, I observed him buried in melancholy thought, and, after a little persuasion, he informed me that his depression arose from a dream which he had had the preceding night, in which he fancied that, in a fit of ungovernable rage, he had murdered one of his fellow-townsmen. "And why," said I, "should this give you so much concern, when you know that it was but a dream?"—"Alas! Milordo," he replied, "dreams are like feathers, which serve to show the winds of our passions. Yesterday, I thought myself incapable of cruelty, but now I know that *murder* itself is not incompatible with my disposition. I was placed in my dream in a situation that might often occur in the ordinary course of life; I was inflamed with anger, and goaded by revenge. It was in vain to stem the current of my imaginary fury: I struck my enemy to the earth, and I felt that my *heart* went with the blow: ah! sir, a breast which only beats with gentleness, a bosom unsusceptible of the same feelings when *awake*, could never feel as I did in that hideous *dream*! It was shown me, but too truly, what I am, and what I am capable of committing, if excited or aroused."—"But, Gregorio," said I, "that vision has shown you nothing which is peculiar to yourself: it was inspired by the mere workings of human passion *during sleep*, uncurbed by reason or religion, as it would have been, under similar circumstances when awake: and, instead of thus

* A common name for the Archipelago.

exciting melancholy despondency, it should merely serve to kindle your gratitude for a forewarning of your frailties, and arouse your vigilance to remedy or to suppress them." " 'Tis very true, Milordo, very true," said the ascetic vine-dresser, with a sigh ;—but I found that the dream had left its own sad impression too forcibly on his mind, and that my reasoning would have but little weight in removing it.

The idea, however, was a quaint, and perhaps, if more generally attended to, a beneficial one. How often might dreams, if wisely marked, become illustrative paintings to the language of conscience ! for I fully agree with Gregorio, that men will never dream of the commission of crimes, to which there dwells no lurking impulse in their waking bosoms ; and on the other hand, it is equally impossible for visions of active virtue to hover round the slumbers of the wholly wicked. It is not the miser who dreams of benevolence, the murderer of mercy, nor the religious bigot of Christian toleration ; any more than the slumbering brain of the idiot is working with the theories of the philosopher, or the breast of the sleeping infant is labouring with the dark cabals of the conspirator, or the midnight intrigues of the statesman.

How often might those unbidden counsellors, "that feelingly remind us what we are," suggest the checking of aspiring envy, the curbing of inordinate desires, or the crushing of nascent, though otherwise unconscious crime ! Even now let the most self-complacent mortal cast a backward glance over those *years* of his existence which he has spent in sleep ; and if he can recall the sensation of one vicious appetite, one criminal desire, one unuttered thought, which he would blush to herald into light, let him rest assured, that each has its latent, though possibly unacknowledged lurking-place within his bosom. Above all, let my fair readers lay this maxim to heart ; they may—nay, I know they *do*, despise all the little pomps and vanities of "feminitie" while awake, but if in those moments of sleep, when passion will revel unreined and unchecked, they can accuse themselves of coquetry or scandal ; erring either by the "tongue that pours it, or the ear that drinks," if they are conscious of one slumbering act that waking they would fly from, let them watch and beware ;—the tempter is hid in their bosoms. Let them

learn prudence from their slumbers, and remember the words of Gregorio of Santorin.

On reaching the vessel, I bade adieu to my kind and pious host, who returned in his shallop to Pyrgos. Stephanopoulo was on shore when I stepped on board his brig, but was expected every moment, as the Achilles was about to get under weigh immediately, her errand to Santorin being accomplished. I went down to the cabin in the mean time, and was busied about an hour in writing my journal, when I was disturbed by the arrival of a party alongside, and an unusual bustle upon deck. I went up and found the crew busily engaged in helping one of their companions from the boat, who had been severely wounded upon shore. It appeared that the sailors had been firing a *feu de joie*, at parting; and as their pistols are never discharged without a bullet, the accident (by no means an unusual one) had occurred, and the ball was lodged in the poor fellow's shoulder. He was stretched upon deck, apparently in great agony, and the *surgeon* of the vessel was summoned to attend him.

This was a sallow-faced man, a native of Scio, of about forty or fifty years of age, dressed in a sober-coloured habit, and decorated with a green velvet cap and tassel. He was a perfect genius of his class, and his mysterious and pompous demeanour was thoroughly commensurate to his unparalleled ignorance. "Pray, Meledonius," said I, one day, "whether has Padua or Bologna the honour of having directed your studies?"—"Studies! Lord bless you!" cried he, in amazement, "I have never studied, Sir. My master was a physician of Cyprus; I served him for nine years, and he left me at his decease this book of receipts (pulling a filthy paper from his breast); but I have made but little use of it," said he, pompously; "I trust more to experience than theory. I have had the most extensive practice in my time, and am happy to say, I have always been pretty successful in my cures, με τὴν χάριν τῆς Παναγίας."*—"Καὶ τοῦ ὁσίου τῶν πατέρων."† added I; but Meledonius either lost the force of the *ad-dendum*, or was too zealous a Christian to defraud the Virgin of even a leaf of her laurels.

* Thanks to the Holy Virgin.

† And the good constitution of your patients.

This portentous personage now approached the dying seaman, felt his pulse, examined his tongue, and, tearing open his jacket, inspected the orifice of the wound. The ball had penetrated the right breast, below the clavicle, and was imbedded somewhere out of his reach. Meledonius's business, however, was less with the bullet than the unseemly hole it had made: this he squeezed, and pressed, and measured with his eye; then raising himself up, he plaited his lips, curled down his eyebrows, and seizing his wrist with his left hand, stood for a moment pressing his right finger to his forehead, and beating the deck with his toe: at last he gave a nod equal in intelligence to that of Lord Burleigh, turned up his sleeves, and proceeded to business.

He first poured a little brown tarry balsam into the wound, then closing the sides, he made all snug with some strips of adhesive plaster; leaving the ball as carefully secured within, as if the patient's life depended on its sedulous retention in his body. My acquaintance with the operator was too brief to entitle me to offer any suggestions; and besides, I was somewhat taken back with the reverence with which his proceedings were gazed on by the crew, and the air of authority with which he gave his directions, and retired to his quarters. The poor sailor was then carried, bullet and all, to his birth, from whence it is needless to say that he never returned. They buried him the following evening on the shore of Nio.

We sailed a few hours after noon, Stephanopoulo's object being to fall in with his Commodore, who was cruising about the islands to intercept the European transports employed in carrying stores and provisions from the Turks. Our vessel was a brig of eighteen guns, built at Hydra, on a perfect and beautiful model: she had long been employed in carrying wheat to the coasts of Spain and the south of France, but when the revolution burst out, she was forced to exchange her grain for guns, and abandon commerce for war. Her cabin was high and roomy, built of unpainted fir, hung with arms and amber pipes, and surrounded by a divan, on which the Captain and his *nostruomo** sat to take their coffee, sip *rosoglio*, and smoke

* A sort of mixed post on board a Greek vessel, combining the duties of first lieutenant, purser, pilot, and sailing-master.

their chibouquès. As we loosed from our moorings, the crew commenced their usual shouts, every order was repeated from man to man along the deck, and not a sheet was overhauled, or belayed, without an appropriate scream to designate the operation. Lucian, if I remember aright, makes some allusion to this noisy custom; and as the practice is very ancient, these peculiar nautical exclamations may explain the words of Isaiah; "I have brought down all their nobles and the Chaldeans whose cry is in the ships" (c. xliii. v. 14).

The ship's company were as usual a set of insolent, good-humoured, idle fellows, whose time was chiefly spent in sleeping, singing, or playing cards; and they would lie for hours together under the shadow of a sail, laughing and shouting over their favourite game of Casino. *Kappa* was their name for diamonds, *Koupa* hearts, *Ilusi* spades, and clubs *Seradia*. *Phrynes* are the court cards, *Zafina* plain ones, and *Ὶ Βασιλὺς*, *Ὶ Δαμάς*, *Ὶ Φαῖτι*, and *Ὶ Ἄρος* are king, queen, knave, and ace.

As to navigation, neither the commander nor his companions professed to know anything about it; and as an Irish barrister once observed that "it was taking a dirty advantage of him to speak upon a point of *law*," Stephanopoulo would have felt equal indignation at being interrogated on a point of the compass. He had, however, an old book of Venetian charts on board, and occasionally, when he knew from the headlands his exact position, he used to revert to them in order to point his place in the picture to the admiring nostruomo.

The terms of the Levantine compass are totally different from ours. *Tramontana*, *Levante*, *Mezzo-giorno*, and *Ponente*, are the Lingua Franca denominations of north, east, south, and west; while north-east and north-west, south-west and south-east, are designated by *Groge* and *Maestro*, *Libeccio* and *Sirocco*. On board ship, however, this diagram is of but little practical use, as it is very seldom indeed that the navigators lose sight of some well-known shore, or familiar headland.

About noon on the day after leaving Santorin, we passed to the east of the miserable little island of Sikino, which is separated from Nio by a strait of eight or nine miles in breadth. Its inhabitants, about two hundred in

number, are supported by the produce of their wheat crops, which were formerly disposed of to ships which arrived annually from Hydra, Ipsara, and Spezzia; but owing to the present political convulsions in the Levant, the commerce of the island has been almost totally destroyed. Sikino was one of the thirty-one islands of the Ægean which belonged to the Capitan Pacha;* and of the remaining twenty-two, four† were the property of the Zarabhana Emini, or steward of the Mint; two, of the Mufti,‡ and sixteen, of the Government and its dependent Pachalics.§

Nio, owing to its fine harbour, is still a place of considerable consequence; its inhabitants amount to upwards of 3000, and its annual taxes lately produced 5000 piastres to the Capitan Pacha. As we passed it towards evening, its brown and heathy hills were red with the glow of sunset; but they seemed bleak, and thinly sprinkled with culture or human habitations. Its wine and oil are held in high estimation throughout the Levant; but its only interesting association is the circumstance of its being the burying-place of Homer, who expired in the island while sailing from Samos to Athens. Of his tomb, no vestige now remains, but our captain mentioned some confused report of a Russian naval officer having discovered it a few years back.

As we drew near to the north-western extremity, the vessel backed her topsails and lay to, while a few of the hands went on shore in the longboat to dig a grave for their dead companion. They returned in about an hour, bringing with them some limpets (*Patella vulgata*,) which they had

* Namely, Amorgo, Anaphé Argentiera, Colouri, Carso, Egina, St. Elia, Dromi Ipsara, Hydra, Mycone, Milo, Nio, Naxos, Paros, Anti-Paros, Poros, Patmos, Policandro, Santorin, Stampalia, Skyro, Sikinos, Siphno, Serpho, Spezzia, Scopelo, Skiatho, Thermia, Trickeri, Zea, and Anghistri.

† Andros, Scio, Syra, and Tino.

‡ Nicaria and Samos.

§ Namely, Cos, Candia, Cyprus, Imbros, Lemnos, Mitylen, Tenedos, Thasos, Rhodes, Carpathos, Castelorizo, Calimno, Lero, Nisari, Scarpanto, and Symé, of which the last seven were attached to the Government of Rhodes. Out of this number a large proportion are exempt from the payment of tribute, and from the remainder, the united amount of Karatch and annual taxes amounted to about 300,000 Turkish piastres, or 75,000*l.* sterling.

picked from the rocks on the shore, and a quantity of large snails (*Helix pomatia*), which they had found on the island. The limpets were eaten raw, but had a rank disagreeable flavour, and were, besides, as tough as caoutchouc, owing to the strength of their muscles. The snails were served for supper, boiled, and my companions contrived to discuss them pretty quickly by breaking off the apex of the shell and sucking out the contents.

Towards twilight, we were again gliding on before a gentle breeze, which merely served to chase the burnished surface of the golden sea. After passing the straits of Nio, the Ægean opened out into a beautiful bay, to the north of which lay Paros and Naxos, and to the east and west Amorgo and Siphanto. Shoals of dolphins were sporting on every side, pursuing the flocks of flying fish, which ever and anon rose fluttering from the waves and sunk again exhausted as the evening breeze dried up the moisture of their tiny wings. As night closed in around, the wind freshened a little, and the captain having shortened sail and set the watch on deck, came down below to have his stated game of drafts with the versatile *nostro uomo*.

About an hour before midnight, the watch entered the cabin in terror to say that a blazing ship was making all sail towards us, and in a few minutes must pass right athwart our course. We hurried upon deck, and saw the singular appearance he alluded to about a mile to windward: the flames were curling up beneath the pitchy sky, and a long train of sparks was floating in her wake. In the course of a few minutes she drove close by us, and proved to be a mystico scudding under a light sail, while her deck and bulwarks were enveloped in flames, and the fire was fast spreading up the mast. Of course, not a creature was on board, and our captain at once explained the mystery, by stating that she must have been a pirate, captured and thus destroyed by some European ships of war. She had scarcely passed us when her rigging was caught by the flame, and her farther motion being thus precluded, she burned to the water's edge and sunk in about an hour.

The following morning rose pure and beautiful; again all sail was set, and we hoped ere noon to reach the open sea to the south of Syra, where Stephanopoulos expected

to encounter the squadron of the commodore. As we were seated at breakfast, a sailor put his head within the door, and saying briefly "that it looked squally to windward," hurried again upon deck. We all followed, and on coming up, saw a little black cloud on the verge of the horizon towards the south, which was every instant spreading over the sky and drawing nearer to us. The captain altered his course instantly, preparing to scud before it; and in the mean time ordered all hands aloft to take in sail. But scarcely an instant had elapsed ere the squall was upon us, and all grew black around: the wind came rushing and crisping over the water, and in a moment the ship was running almost gunwale down, while the rain was dashing in torrents on the decks. As quick as thought the foresail was torn from the yards, and as the gust rushed through the rigging, the sheets and ropes were snapping and cracking with a fearful noise. The crew, however, accustomed to such sudden visitants, were not slow in reefing the necessary sails, trimming the rigging, and bringing back the vessel to her proper course; and in about a quarter of an hour, or even less, the hurricane had all passed by; the sun burst again through the clouds that swept in its impetuous train; the wind sunk to its former gentleness, and all was once more at peace, with the exception of the agitated sea, which continued for the remainder of the day rough and billowy.

It is the dread of such sudden bourasques as the present, that compels almost every vessel in the Levant to shorten sail at the close of day, since in cloudy weather it would be next to impossible during the night to discern the approach of the tempest in time to prepare for its reception; and to a ship with all her canvass spread, its effects might prove terrific. This instance and others I have witnessed, are thoroughly explanatory of the passage in Kings, where the servant of Elijah descries from the top of Carmel the little cloud ascending from the sea: "And it came to pass as the seventh time, that he said, behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand." "And in the meanwhile the heavens grew black with clouds and wind, and "there was a great rain." (1 Kings, xviii. 44, 45.) In the Mediterranean such scenes are frequent, but fortunately, though so dreadfully impetuous, the hurricane

is so local in its fury, that its impetuosity will scarcely be perceived at the distance of a very few miles.

The remainder of the morning was spent in repairing the damage sustained by the sails and cordage, and in overhauling an English brig which passed us, on her way to London. About noon, the crew, dividing themselves into messes of four and six each, spread their little tables on the deck, and despatched their frugal dinner of salt fish and biscuit, washing it down with plentiful draughts of wine, which was supplied by a cup-bearer who attended each. Our fare in the cabin consisted solely of fish; perches boiled into excellent soup, and sardellas served with vinegar and oil; while a boy on the conclusion of the repast, brought in a towel, a pewter basin, and some soap, and poured water on the hands of each from an antique ewer, while we performed this necessary ablution. This is the custom so often and so minutely described by Homer and by Virgil:

"Dant famuli manibus lymphas."

Æn. Lib. 1, v. 705.

and which seems to have been universal throughout the East, from one of the servants of the King of Israel's mentioning, "here is Elisha the son of Shaphat, which poured water on the hands of Elijah."*

It was night ere we reached Naxia, whither we found that Kreise the Commodore had come to anchor, and at sunset as usual a censer of myrrh, kindled at the perpetual fire before the Virgins, was borne around the decks, and devoutly inhaled by the seamen; then the vesper hymn being sung by the crew, we turned into our births on board, as it was too late to attempt landing before the morrow.

* 2d Kings, iii. 11.

LETTER XI.

Bacchatamque jugis Naxon. *Virgil.*

NAXOS, ANTIPAROS, AND PAROS.

Town of Naxia.—The interior of the Island.—Produce.—Antiquities.—
 Soi-disant Consuls in the Levant.—Our Host.—**HISTORY OF THE
 DUKES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.**—Their Origin.—Marco Sanuto gains
 possession of Naxos.—Establishes his dominion.—Reduces the sur-
 rounding Islands.—Declares himself independent.—And is recog-
 nised by the Eastern Princes.—Assists Venice against the Genoëses
 at Candia.—His death.—State of the Islands on the recapture of
 Constantinople by the Greeks, 1261.—Influence of the Dukes sub-
 sequently.—Solyman the Second takes Rhodes, and the Dukedom tot-
 ters.—Crispo refuses an asylum to the Knights of Malta.—Solyman
 quarrels with Venice.—Barbarossa attacks Naxia.—Plunders the
 town.—And the Duke John becomes tributary to the Porte.—Gia-
 como Crispo disgusts his Subjects.—They place themselves under
 the Porte.—Giacomo's imprisonment in the Seven Towers.—Michez
 succeeds him.—Death of Michez.—Islands submit to the Porte.—
 Maltese prevent the Turks from occupying them.—And they gain a
 partial independence.—**THE NAXIOTS.**—Antiques.—Influence of Eu-
 ropean Politics.—Conduct of the Russians in 1770.—**EXCURSION TO
 PAROS.**—**ANTIPAROS.**—**THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.**—Interior of
 Paros.—Ancient Marble Quarries.—Singular antique Sculpture.—
ARUNDELIAN MARBLES.—Return.—Supper on the shore of the Island.

LIKE all the cities of the Greek islanders, the streets of Naxia are narrow, intricate, and filthy, and though from sea its white houses and romantic exterior give it an air of interest and beauty, it requires but a step upon the busy shore to destroy the allusion. The island, once the richest of the Cyclades, still retains a portion of its wealth and importance; but its opulence springs solely from its agricultural produce, since the total absence of any thing like a harbour has, from the earliest times, debarred its inhabitants from any share in the commerce of the Levant.

The interior of the country is said to be picturesque and beautiful; but the hills, as far as we saw them from the beach, appeared brown, and gloomy, and verdureless; and must require some more solid attractions than those which

first strike a stranger, to vindicate for it the proud title of "Queen of the Cyclades." Of its produce, the most valuable department is the manufactory of oil, of which 400,000 okkas are annually exported to Trieste and Smyrna. Its olives are remarkable for their fine quality, and the best, termed "Olives di Caloyer," form the principal support of the islanders. When pulled, they are first steeped in salt and water for a short time, and then being preserved in oil, they are eaten with bread.

Oranges and lemons grow in abundance; and the traffic with Russia in their distilled rind, and citrons, for green preserves, is a main source of profit to the Naxiots. Their wine is rich and sweetly flavoured, but, in point of body or strength, is by no means worthy of the birth-place of Bacchus. The only remains of antiquity are a fountain near the town still known by the name of Ariadne, and a massy doorway which once formed the portal to a Temple of Bacchus, on a little isle to the north of the harbour. This ponderous relic is formed solely of three slabs of marble, while around its base the ground is evidently strewn above the ruins of the other portions of the building, whence a little trouble might serve to disinter them. A few rocks lie between the isle and the opposite shore, and over these a bridge was once constructed, which served at the same time as an aqueduct to convey a stream of water to the temple; but all has now disappeared, and of the scene of former pomp, the solitary portal alone remains.

In the morning, we were met on the beach at landing by the person who called himself the British Consul, but who, like those of the other islands, is merely *self-elected* to that honourable office. Throughout the Levant the duty of these *soi-disant* Consuls renders them personages of importance, in proportion to the political influence of the respective nations whose colours they mount upon the flagstaff at their residences; and though virtually possessed of no local authority, their influence in their respective islands is by no means inconsiderable. The French and English of course take the lead, although the former bear a manifest superiority in the eyes of the Greeks, which may, however, be unequivocally attributed to the embroidered coat and sword of office which they

assume. In this, however, they do not *always* stand unrivalled, for the Consul of Tinos, resolving not to be outdone by his Gallic rival, sports nothing less than the uniform of an *English general* ! somewhat worse for the wear, to be sure : a star upon his left breast, a cocked hat and tremendous plume, jack-boots, spurs, and a sword, to which Prince Arthur's caliburn was a "bare bodkin." The Consuls are in fact the *nobility* of the Archipelago ; their opinion is always decisive, and in many instances, (as at Scio, Patras, &c. where, however, they are officially authorized,) their *protection* has been mainly serviceable in preserving its claimants from massacre during the frightful scenes of the revolution.

Our present acquaintance was a man of modest pretensions, his emoluments being very trivial, since the trade of Naxos does not induce a sufficient number of foreign vessels to touch at Naxia, and the island itself possesses no shipping, save a few craft of trifling tonnage. He was, however, peculiarly hospitable, and gave us a pressing invitation to take up our quarters with him during our visit, which we were induced to accept, as the Achilles, instead of proceeding to Syra, was about to accompany the commodore's squadron towards Rhodes. We accordingly returned on board for our trunks and portfolios, with which we repaired to the Consulate.

The house of our host was situated remote from the beach, and not far from the Chateau ; and besides being strikingly clean, contained some spacious apartments, decorated with Venetian engravings, some Greek paintings of Saint Nicholas, (the patron of sailors, and a special favourite in the Levant,) an abundance of charts, which he had got from the European seamen ; and, above all, a map of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which he pointed out with no small exultation, as a piece of furniture peculiarly appropriate in *his* dwelling.

The castle and ducal palace of Naxia are now in a state of total ruin, having never recovered from their plunder by Barbarossa, in the reign of Solyman the Second, and in the latter days of the decline of Naxos, having received no repairs from their degraded occupants.

Throughout the entire of the islands, are still to be traced some remains of the Dukes of the Archipelago, or,

as they are more generally denominated, the Dukes of Naxos. These petty sovereigns rose to power in consequence of the weakness of the Latin princes, who, during the fourth Crusade, seized on and divided among themselves the empire of Constantinople. During that dismemberment, the portion of either of the conquerors was more secure and tenable than that of Venice, whose share of the subjugated territory was a long chain of maritime posts, extending along the shores of Asia and Europe; and as the protection of these insulated points, from distant and simultaneous attack, demanded a greater force than was possessed by the Republic, she was obliged to resort to a new measure, in order to ensure the continuance of her feeble dominion.

This was, to grant a commission to those of her nobles who could fit out vessels; permitting them to take possession, in the name of the Doge, of those islands and cities which were nominally the property of Venice, but which had manifested a repugnance to submit to her self-constituted authority. It was in this manner that Marco Dandolo obtained the signiory of Gallipoli; Andrea Gizi of Tino, Mycone, Skyros, and Scopelo; and various leaders other points of less importance, which were almost all ultimately united under the Dukedom of Naxos. The aim of Marco Sanuto was, however, much more ambitious than that of his companions; and his improvement of the opportunity thus afforded him, more advantageous than had at first been anticipated by Venice.

It was in the year 1207, A.D., that he arrived with a few galleys and followers before Naxos, which, at that time, was the richest as well as the most powerful of the Cyclades; containing upwards of one hundred villages, and numerous castles erected by the Lower Emperors. He landed at Potamides, and after a delay of five weeks, succeeded in reducing the entire island. Here his first object was to secure himself in his conquest, and strengthen it in such a manner as to render it a worthy centre for his anticipated dominion. He raised without delay the castle, which is still one of the most conspicuous objects in the town; a lofty square tower, flanked by walls connecting less turrets, at about five-and-twenty feet distant from each other. He next endeavoured to form a harbour

by building a mole, the remnants of which are still discernible beneath the water ; and here he trained, for his future enterprises, a fleet of thirty galleys.

Thus secured against the hostility of his subjects, his next aim was to secure their friendship, and as this had been principally withheld from motives of theological antipathy, Sanuto took the readiest means of conciliating them by firmly establishing the free exercise of every religion ; but in a little time as the crowd of Latin followers increased around him, he applied to Rome for a Bishop, and erected for his Roman Catholic subjects a cathedral near the Chateau, which serves at the present day for the devotions of their descendants.

Thus firmly fixed in his little dynasty, Marco prepared to increase the bounds of his dominions. In successive expeditions he reduced Paros, Antiparos, and Santorin, Nio, Anaphe, Argentiera, Milo, Siphanto, and Policandro, and in each he raised proper defences, and installed a Governor and garrison. Now possessed of ample empire, his next step was to establish his independence, and this without many diplomatic preliminaries he contrived to do, by sending ambassadors to the courts of Henry, the successor to Baldwin the First, at Constantinople ; and to Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, the King of Thessaly. These princes, though struck with the boldness of the step, were too busily engaged with their own concerns to interfere in the marring of Marco's fortunes.

Henry received his representative with readiness and honour, and immediately declared Naxos and its dependencies a Dukedom, conferring on Sanuto the title of Prince of the Empire, and Duke of the Archipelago. Boniface, following the example of the Emperor, was equally cordial in his reception of the embassy ; and Venice, too weak to contend against her associates of France and Byzantium, concurred, without a murmur, in establishing the independence of Sanuto, and even went so far as to solicit his alliance against the Genoese, who were annoying her in her Candiot possessions.

Here, however, he rather lost his reputation by a treacherous alliance, imputed to him, with the Genoese commander, Count de Mailloc, by which he was to have obtained for himself one half the territory he came to pro-

fect for Venice. But although in this he was disappointed, as the plot was prematurely discovered, yet still Venice was too politic to come to an open rupture with a rival so rising and popular. Till his death, which occurred in 1220, A. D., at the age of sixty-seven, the influence and power of Marco continued to increase, and a very short time before his decease, he was able to bring 1,000 foot soldiers and 500 horse to the assistance of the Emperor Henry, who was engaged in a war with Theodore the Prince of Epirus.

On the recapture of Constantinople by the Greeks, under Strategopoulo, the general of Michael Palæologus, in 1261, the strength of the dukedom was too firmly established to be overthrown by the restored Emperors, nor did Michael in any instance attempt to subdue it. The Greeks alone (ever anxious for change) showed some symptoms of disaffection, but the overthrow of a body of insurgents in Milo, soon reduced them to reason; and Marco (grandson to the first duke) continued to hold possession of his insular dominion, supported by the alliance of the Venetians.

As the empire of the East began to approach its extinction, and the growing power of the Turks was swollen by each successive incursion on its territories, the concurrence and support of the Naxiot chieftains was solicited and obtained by the Christian potentates, in their various leagues against the triumphing infidels. Nicolas, the ninth Duke, was one of the most influential members of the alliance formed by Gregory the Eleventh, in 1376, against Amurath the First, whose European conquests were filling Christendom with alarm; and Francis Crispo, the sixteenth who held the reins of the Ægean monarchy, was a strenuous ally of Venice, when Bertoldo D'Este was sent to check the progress of Mahomet the Second in the Morea.

The final conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 was, however, the fatal signal for the overthrow of Naxos, though its ruin was not accomplished for nearly a century afterward. Mahomet and his immediate successors were too much occupied on the continent to direct their attention to the reduction of the islands; nor did any one exploit of the Sultan tend to diminish the power of

the Dukes, till Solyman the Second, in 1522, succeeded in expelling the Knights of Saint John from the fortress of Rhodes. This important acquisition gave him at once the key to the Archipelago, as well by securing him the possession of an island of so much importance, as by ridding him of a swarm of enemies who had been the most galling opponents to the progress of the Turkish arms.

Had Solyman followed up that blow by a consequent and immediate attack upon the Cyclades, they must, without a struggle, have submitted; but fortunately for them, his fleet was so much shattered, and his troops so fatally reduced during the six months' siege, that he was forced to retire, without delay, to Constantinople, in order to refit. Villiers de l'Isle d'Adam,* the Grand-master of the Knights, is said to have at this crisis solicited from John Crispo, the twentieth and reigning Duke, an asylum in his dominions; but this was prudently denied, as well from a fear that the guests might one day become the masters of their entertainer, as from a conviction that his hospitality would only serve to attract the arms of the Sultan to Naxos. L'Isle d'Adam and his knights departed to Sicily, and finally to Malta, which was conferred on them by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and from which the united forces of the whole Ottoman throne have never been able to expel them.

The impending ruin of Naxos was, however, merely delayed for a season. Solyman, immediately after the conquest of Rhodes, had, or fancied he had, a cause for dissatisfaction with the Venetians, and, in consequence, attacked the island of Corfu, which was governed by one of their proveditors. Here he was unsuccessful; but not wishing to draw off his troops without some show of other cause than defeat, he ordered Cassin Pacha to proceed from thence to the assault of Napoli di Romania by land, while the celebrated Barbarossa was directed to support him with the fleet. The Duke of Naxos had some intimation of their intentions, and wrote to warn the Governor of Napoli of the meditated attack; but unfortunately his letters were intercepted by the Turkish admiral, who,

* An ancestor of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, assassinated by Felton at Portsmouth in 1628.

after an unsuccessful attempt upon the city, set sail for Naxos, in order to punish the unfortunate Duke for his uncalled-for interference.

He appeared before Naxia with a fleet of seventy sail, and John, alarmed at the vastness of the armament and the terror of his name, had no other resource than submission. He came in person on board the galley of Barbarossa, and surrendered the keys of the citadel, accompanied by a present of a large sum of gold. The Turk received the money, accepted the keys, and gave up the town to the plunder of his followers, reserving for himself the sacking of the ducal palace. For three days the wretched chieftain was forced to sit upon the deck of the conqueror's vessel, a spectator of the ruins of his city, and the pillage of the castle of his ancestors; and it was only when there remained nothing more to carry off or destroy, that the haughty Turk consented to come to terms of accommodation. He agreed to reinvest Crispo with the government, provided he should hold himself a vassal of the Porte, and pay an annual sum of 6,000 golden crowns to the Sultan. John closed with the degrading, but only alternative, and Barbarossa retired to the village of Paros, which, after a protracted siege, he succeeded in taking possession of, having starved out the garrison who held it under Venieri.*

James, or, as he is usually called, Giacomo Crispo, the last of the family who bore the ducal honours, was son to John, whom I have just mentioned. On succeeding to the estate, he found nothing but an inheritance of poverty and distress; the islanders disaffected, and despising his authority, refused to pay their annual tribute; and Giacomo held the name without the influence of government, surrounded by menacing foes and rebellious subjects, and

* This celebrated soldier had obtained possession of Paros by a marriage with the family of Sommariva, who had in like manner inherited it by intermarriage with the house of Sanuto. In fact, numbers of the islands which formed the original duchy, had thus, at different times, been dismembered from the dominions of the Dukes, in order to portion their daughters, though almost all had, by subsequent inheritance, returned to the heads of the family. It was thus, that on the extinction of the Sanutos, they were succeeded by the family of Careerio, and these again replaced by that of Crispo, who remained in the government till driven out by Selym II.

obliged to support his authority without either soldiers, shipping, funds, or friends. He saw that his circumstances were irretrievable, and without making any vigorous efforts to better his fortunes, he abandoned himself at once to vice, voluptuousness, and libertinism. His hours were spent in alternate pleasures and despondency; and from isle to isle of his dominions all was anarchy, confusion, and debauchery.

The Greeks, tired of their masters, and hating them as Roman Catholics, now sent a deputation to Selym II., the successor of Solyman, to complain of the cruelties of Giacomo, and to implore the protection of the Sublime Porte. The infatuated and despairing Duke was warned of his danger, but he took no pains, till it was too late, to avert the coming storm; and it was only when the agents of the islanders had sailed, that he prepared to follow them in person and carry a purse of 12,000 crowns, as a bribe to the Ottoman ministers. But his efforts were unavailing: scarcely had he set foot upon the banks of the Bosphorus when he was cast into the prison of the Seven Towers, and a messenger despatched to the Naxiots to say that the Sultan had graciously condescended to accept their offer, that he took them under his sublime protection, and would, without delay, send them, as a governor, John Michez, a Jew, on whom he had conferred the possession of the islands.

This was a favour which the fickle and unfortunate Greeks had not anticipated; they implored and entreated to have their beloved Giacomo restored them, or at least that the Porte would confer on them some other master than an Israelite. These submissions were however in vain; the Sultan maintained his resolution, but Michez, alarmed at their expressed hostility, declined ruling his dominions in person, and sent as a deputy Francesco Coronello,* a Spaniard, whose father was governor of Segovia, under Ferdinand and Isabella. The measures of this ruler soon restored tranquillity, and gained the affections of the Naxiots, while, in the mean time, Giacomo being released from prison fled to Venice, and there shortly after died of a broken heart.

* The descendants of this gentleman are still living in various islands of the *Ægean*.

Thus ended the race of the Dukes of Naxos, after a continuance of 300 years, nor was the termination of their dominion to be deplored. Their tenure of their possessions was one of mere feudal right; nor did their presence contribute in any degree to the intellectual or political advancement of their subjects; they found them debased and ignorant slaves, and they left them as they found them; nor have the Cyclades inherited from the Dukes one remnant of cultivated genius, or one monument of successful art.

After the death of Giacomo, Michez did not long retain his honours; his favour with Selym declined; he was deprived of his dukedom; the government of which the Sultan took into his own hands, and Coronello, retiring from office, settled at Naxos as an ordinary citizen. The Cyclades were now surveyed by the officers of the Porte, a census taken of the inhabitants, a tribute fixed, and Turkish governors appointed in each to collect it. This system, however, did not last long, and the Maltese galleys were the chief cause of its suspension. These descending on the detached islands, with their armed knights, made sad havoc among the Turks, whom they picked off their unprotected posts, and carried away into slavery. The Porte in vain sought to suppress these aggressions; their enemies were too numerous and intrepid to be deterred or eradicated; and, after years of suffering, they were obliged to leave the islands independent, subject only to an annual tribute, and withdraw their governors, since no Moslem was found daring enough to reside in such perilous situations.

The Greek islanders were thus mainly indebted to the Knights of Malta for the portion of liberty which they enjoyed, and to their ceaseless and fatal expeditions they owed their freedom from the presence of the Turks in the Archipelago, since it was only once a year that the Capitan Pacha, accompanied by a force sufficient to awe the Knights, dared to pay his visit and receive the annual tribute.

In the course of the day on which we landed at Naxia, our host accompanied us through the town, but it contains few objects of attraction; the women with their hooped petticoats and patches, tasteless headdresses, and paltry

stomachers, looked rather like dolls of the last century, than beauties of this; the men wore principally the Frank costume, with the exception of the lower orders and some seamen, who were dressed as Hydriots. We passed a number of windmills, which seem to be the staple commodity in all the islands, and whose number is only rivalled by that of the churches and chapels to the Virgin and Saint Nicholas.

We saw some few marble slabs with half-obliterated inscriptions, and one or two pieces of imperfect sculpture, a mutilated female figure of no great beauty, and a shaft of a broken column, perhaps from the temple of Bacchus. Coins and medals were offered to us in profusion, and we obtained one or two on which a head of Bacchus, and the word NAZIAN were distinctly preserved. We met very few of the inhabitants who spoke *Lingua-Franca*, or any thing but Greek, a circumstance which is most likely attributable to the confined trade of the island. In the evening we had a regular levée at the house of the consul, all his friends crowding in to learn the latest news from Greece and the progress of the revolt; they seemed, however, to discuss it rather as politicians than patriots. It was a matter in which they did not find much personal interest, but their Grecian avidity for news made them insatiate to learn every particular.

The interference of the English was talked of, and they seemed to consider it a most fortunate measure could it be brought about. From the French they said they expected little beyond talk,* and as for the Russians, "*sen' grandi gaglioffi*," said they, in vehement *Lingua-Franca*, "*quando sen' qui altra volta, no fano niente de pigliar noi altri—niente! niente! niente!—la mattina, la sera, sempre vengano loro barce da Nausas; nostra città era piena dei Russé ed Albanitiche, mangiar, bever tutto, e doppo batter noi altri comme cane*." Nor was this Phillipic by any means exaggerated; for when the Russians, in 1770, made their depôt at Paros, they reduced the island almost to a desert, the hordes of Albanians who accompanied

* Such was till lately the general impression among all the Greeks; though it is probable that the turn which events have now taken may have altered, in some degree, the sentiments of the nation.

them committing all manner of outrages against the unfortunate natives among whom they were quartered, and extending their unwarrantable excesses even to Naxia, as our informant so feelingly described in his villanous *Lingua-Franca*.

The morning after our arrival, we sailed about sunrise, in the consul's boat, to Port Dthriou, in the island of Paros. This is one, and by no means the best, of the four harbours which the island can boast, but is much frequented by European shipping, on account of a fine spring of water on the hill above the landing place. We found one vessel within it, which had driven in here to repair some trifling damage which she had sustained in consequence of running on some rocks to the south of Antiparos: she was a Hydriot, and her crew were all actively employed on shore, where they had kindled a fire, and were forging away at an iron clasp for the rudder. I observed them use a peculiar species of bellows, which seemed of very antique device; it consisted of two sheep-skins, united by an iron pipe introduced into the fire, which were alternately dilated with air and compressed by an Arab slave, who knelt above them: with the exception of their not being bulls', instead of sheeps' hides, they would completely suit the description given by Virgil:—

alii taurinis folibus auram
Accipiunt reddunt que.— *Georgic iv. i. 170.*

The construction must at least be very primitive, since they contained no *wood* in their composition; nor does any seem (from the lines of Virgil, Plautus, and others,) to have been used by the ancients.

The consul here engaged mules to carry us to the other side of the island, opposite to Antiparos, and having given directions to the boatmen to fish round the coast, and meet us in the evening at the harbour of Marmora, we mounted our miserable coursers and took the path to the hills.

The road was diversified, picturesque, and beautiful in the extreme, running along sunny hills, thyme covered plains, and romantic ravines of terrific depth. The

country appeared rich and productive, but scarcely bore the slightest marks of cultivation; nor did we see ten human habitations from the time we left Dthriou till our arrival at the opposite shore, a distance of nearly four hours' ride. Here we halted by a little chapel, and our guide having fired his pistols as a signal, a boat put off for us from the beach of Antiparos. It was manned by two filthy creatures, whose language and red skullcaps alone bespoke them Greeks, while the remainder of their costume was of a cut either too antique or too modern to be referrible to any popular model. The island, a barren rock of about sixteen miles in circumference, produces barely a sufficiency of grain for the wants of the inhabitants, though these, owing to the poverty of the spot, and the oppression of the Turks, are now reduced to a very small number, estimated, I think, at about two hundred souls, who reside in a miserable collection of hovels, near the shore. Antiparos was formerly known by the name of Oliaros, but none of the early geographers mention it as a place of any importance: it contains, therefore, no antiquities, and its sole object of attraction is the celebrated grotto, whose entrance is on a hill about half a mile from the beach. Its aperture is a low cave, which is apparently supported by a few natural columns, one of which contains an obliterated inscription, said by our guide to contain the names of the conspirators against Alexander, who had either visited or fled for protection to the grotto. Proceeding down this rude vestibule, a short descent brought us to what is properly the opening into this wonder of the Cyclades. There, by the help of ropes, furnished by the islanders, we descended into the winding and uneven gallery which leads to the grand chamber of the grotto. Our guides proceeded before us with lights, while one or two remained behind to direct our footsteps and attend with the ropes, which were indispensable to our descent. The passage, though constantly inclining downwards, was remarkably rugged and toilsome, forcing us in some places to slide down the steepest spots at no trifling risk, and at others to climb over the masses of stalactite and rock which obstructed the way. It was a miserably cold, damp, and dreary sort of work, but, at the same time, our arrival at the grand saloon

amply repaid us for our toil, though it by no means equalled the inflated descriptions given of its beauty by its early visitants. It may, however, in the course of time, have grown discoloured and opaque, but we certainly saw nothing of the flashing lights, rainbow tints, blazing crystals, and sparkling gems, with which former travellers had been so enchanted. It is a spacious chamber of tremendous height, (and rendered, in appearance, still more lofty by the surrounding gloom,) covered in all directions with gigantic stalactites, pendent from the roof, or formed upon the floor, which have assumed all the diversified forms of columns, cones, and curtains. It is this fantastic and varied appearance which has led Tournefort, and some of his successors, to form their theory of "that most astonishing of all Nature's exhaustless mysteries—the *Vegetation of Stones*." But without resorting to so wild an explanation, their formation can be readily accounted for on more rational principles.

Our guides having gone through the usual formalities of firing a pistol, and screaming at different points, to awake the echoes, we again retraced our steps, and after about an hour's inhumation regained the fresh air, and exchanged the death-like gloom of the cavern for the brilliant light of noon-day. It is rather remarkable that this singular cave should have been totally unknown, or least unnoticed by the ancients, for neither Strabo nor Pliny, who both speak of Oliaros, make the slightest mention of this extraordinary grotto. It appears, in fact, to have been altogether unexplored up till the close of the 17th century, when M. le Marquis de Nointel, Ambassador from France to the Porte, penetrated into it in the year 1673, with a numerous company of attendants, and spent the three Christmas holydays in the principal chamber; where he celebrated mass on a ponderous incrustation of stalactite, still known by the name of "the altar."

On this occasion the cavern was lighted by hundreds of lamps and flambeaux, and the moment of the elevation of the host, being conveyed by a train of signals to the mouth of the grotto, was announced by a discharge of cannon from the hill. After this, it was visited by Tournefort and others, whose inflated descriptions of its beauties,

and the hideous dangers of penetrating in search of them, have rendered the exploit one of considerable renown; so much so, that one veritable traveller informs his friend, to whom he gives a detail of the wonders of the grotto, that he is induced to be peculiarly minute; "because," says he, "so great are the difficulties of the descent, that I am apt to suspect nobody will follow my example, and that my account will be the last that ever will be given of it from personal observation!"*

On arriving at the shore, we induced the boatman, for a trifling additional gratuity, to land us at the town of Parichia, instead of the beach at Paros, where we had embarked. It is built on the site of the ancient city of Paros, and its miserable houses and ruinous castle (probably built by the Dukes of Naxos,) are almost all constructed from the remains of ancient buildings. Inscriptions, broken columns, friezes, and capitals are seen protruding from the walls of every hovel, but their investigation would be rendered rather troublesome by their present state of mutilation and decay. A wretched church, evidently constructed from similar materials, crowns the adjoining hill; and beneath lies a monastery in ruins, which our guide pointed out as another memento of the visit of the Russians.

On setting out from Parichia to visit the ancient marble quarries of the island, we rode for about an hour through a country richly cultivated, and apparently abounding in all the luxuries of Canaan; corn, wine, and oil. They are situated on Mount Karpesos, the Marpessus of the ancients; but, beyond their associations, they contain nothing very striking. On each can still be distinctly traced the marks of the chisels, made use of in detaching the several blocks; but both are encumbered with fragments and accumulated soil. The celebrated piece of sculpture mentioned by Pliny,† still remains almost uninjured in a recess of that which is nearest to Parichia. It consists of a figure of Silenus, surrounded by Bacchanalian attendants; and, according to the Latin naturalist,

* Letter from Europe, 1756.

† In Pariorum lapidicinis mirabile proditur, gleba lapidis unius, cuneis dividendum soluta, imaginem Sileni intus extitisse. *Plin. Hist. Nat. l. vi. chap. 5.*

was discovered by one of the workmen, on splitting open a block of marble.

This mystery is readily solved, by supposing that, by some *lusus naturæ*, a faint outline of the principal figure may have been coloured in the stone, and that the artist, Adamas Odryses, who has dedicated it "*to the girls of Paros*," has chiselled it out, and added the group of dancers and attendants. Be it as it may, its execution does but little credit to either Nature or Odryses; and its continuance in its present situation, is much more attributable to its own want of merit than to any deficiency of taste in its visitants; since we may reasonably conjecture, that had it been worth removing, the antiquarian harpies who haunt the shores of Greece, would long since have disputed its possession with the ladies of Paros.¹

We endeavoured, but in vain, to find out from our companions, one of whom was a rather intelligent priest, some particulars about the quarter of the island in which the celebrated Arundelian marbles professed to have been found; but none of them had ever heard of the name. These much talked of tablets were originally the property of the French *savant* Peiresc; but being detained in Smyrna on some pretence or other, were purchased and brought to England in 1729 by William Petty, an ancestor of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was sent into the Levant for the purpose of collecting antiques, by Thomas Howard, the Earl of Arundel. They contain a chronological detail of the principal events in the history of Greece for a period of 1318 years, commencing with Cecrops, and ending with the Archonship of Diognetus, 264 years before Christ. Their authenticity has, however, been disputed; and a number of forcible arguments have been adduced, to prove them spurious; their impugnors attempting to show that they were merely fabricated, in order to deceive some enthusiastic antiquary.

From the Parian quarries, we descended by precipitous and uneven passages to the harbour of Marmora, where our boatmen were impatiently awaiting our arrival. They had kindled a fire upon the beach by means of a flint and some amadou,* and brought with them some bread and

* Amadou, or, as it is called by the Greeks, *iska*, is the Turkish

a small skin-full of wine for our dinner. The sun was just going down, and by the time we reached them, they had prepared for us an excellent repast of freshly caught perches, and the other beautiful little fish I have before referred to. Our leathern bottle was soon emptied of its contents; the moon rose like a shield of silver in the centre of a cloudless sky; the breeze began to freshen from the shore; and shaking out the white sail of our caique, we again cast off from the strand, and moved gently towards Naxos.

name for a species of dried fungus (*Boleus igniarius*) universally made use of throughout the Levant, for the purpose of lighting the pipes of the islanders.

LETTER XII.

MYCONE, DELOS, AND RHENEA.

Ἦστι δαιδόμενῃ τις ἐν ὁδοῖς ἡρώς ἀραὶ
 Πλασμένη πηλαγῶσσι, πόδες δὲ βί σὺκ μὴ χυρῶ
 Ἀλλὰ παλαιοῦν ἐπιχέται, ἀνθρῖκος ὥς
 Ἔνθα νοτὸς, ἐνθ' εὐρὸς, οὔτ' ἀνέροι θάλασσα.
Callimachus.—Hymn ad Del. v. 191.

STORY OF CREVELIER, THE HERO OF LORD BYRON'S CORSAIR.—Attacks a Fort in Maina.—Defeated.—Turns Corsair.—Influence in the Archipelago.—Attack upon Andros.—Pillage of Petra, in Mytelin.—His death.—MYCONE.—The Consul.—Death of his Wife.—INN-KEEPERS A GENUS PER SE.—DELOS.—Anchorite at Rematieri.—His Story.—Mount Cynthus.—ANTIQUÉ ARCH.—Pedestal of the Statue of Apollo.—Portico of Philip of Macedon.—Inscription of his Majesty's ship Martin.—Comparative effect of extensive and disjointed Ruins.—Cistern of Naumachia.—Theatre.—Antique Well lately discovered.—Origin of Delos.—Polycrates and Nicia.—A Greek Hotel!—THE TOWN OF MYCONE.—Produce.—Inhabitants.—Costume of the Islanders.—IRSALOTS.—Greek funeral.—MYTHOLOGUES.—Specimen of, from Fauriel.

THE little bay in which we had dined at Paros, has been rendered conspicuous in the annals of the Levant by the deeds of two individuals who have associated their names with the scene. It was in a fortress, whose remains are still to be seen, near the shore, that the gallant but unfortunate Venieri defended himself against the arms of the renowned Barbarossa, in the reign of Solyman the Second; and in later times, the harbour of Marmora was the favourite resort of Crevelier, the corsair, whose intrepid exploits, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, were, for nearly twenty years, the terror of the Ægean islanders. The name of this singular man is still vividly remembered in the Levant; but I do not recollect that any English traveller has yet given a sketch of his career. He was a native of the South of France, and his youth, till the age of five-and-twenty, had been spent in trading from Marseilles to the Morea, and the various ports on the coast of Turkey. Here he had gained the most accurate in-

formation of the situation of the Greeks, and the grinding oppression of their Ottoman masters : he saw, too, their evident discontent and repinings, and the inability of the Turks to keep them in proper subjection, owing to the daring presence of the Knights of Malta, who had driven almost every Moslem from the Cyclades.

Crevelier was a man of acute observation, and the most grasping and restless ambition ; the memory of the easy dominion obtained by Sanuto, and held by his descendants, was still fresh in the minds of the adventurers of Europe ; and it was only a few years before that the Marquis de Fleuri, a Marseilles, with a small force, had attempted the capture of Naxos, and was prevented only by the presence of the fleet of the Venetians, who had made it an article of peace with the Porte that they should maintain a squadron in the *Ægean* for the protection of the Turkish possessions. Crevelier, fired with the same object, employed his superior local information regarding the Greeks to secure his success.

The Mainotes, the modern inhabitants of ancient Sparta, have been to the present hour the most turbulent and rebellious portion of the population of Greece, nor have the arms of all the Sultans, since Mahomet the Second, succeeded in thoroughly subduing them, or destroying their spirit of impatient independence. It was by their alliance that the adventurous corsair resolved on attempting the conquest of a portion of the Peloponessus ; and, for that purpose, he entered into a treaty with Liberaki, the chief of Maina. By his advice, Crevelier passed up the Gulf of Kalokythia, and with 500 men laid siege to a castle upon the shore, which was held by a garrison of Turks. Here he was joined by a party of his allies ; but Liberaki, instead of bringing, as he had promised, 5,000 armed followers, appeared before the castle with merely 800 attendants, and even these unprovided with arms or ammunition. Crevelier was not, however, to be daunted by one disappointment,—he united his band with those of the Greeks, and intrepidly commenced the assault.

During five successive days, his efforts to expel the Turks were unavailing, and although he had succeeded in making several breaches in the wall, and in defeating the garrison in every sally which they attempted, still he

was almost as far as ever from attaining possession of the fort. Besides, his allies were rather an incumbrance than an aid to him; they were totally deficient in courage and enthusiasm in an open assault, and Crevelier was on the point of abandoning the attempt, and betaking himself again to sea, when on the morning of the sixth day, a Maltese galley, manned by a body of the Knights, entered the bay, and cast anchor beside him.

In passing by Zante, they had heard of his expedition into the Morea, and, in pursuance of their oath of eternal hostility to the Turks, they had hurried to his assistance. But unfortunately they only arrived in time to witness his defeat. The Mainotes, alarmed at the appearance of the Knights of St. John, and aware that *they* would not tolerate their supineness as the weakness of the French had formed them to do, betook themselves in a body to their mountains, and abandoned the siege to the strangers. The Turks now gained fresh confidence by the sight of the departing host, and issuing in a body from the fortress, drove the troops of Crevelier to their ships, and forced the Maltese, after sustaining heavy losses, to re-embark, weigh anchor, and steer from the Gulf.

Hugo now saw that the enterprise on which he had staked his fortunes was thwarted, and, mad with disappointment, he resolved on abandoning his home and his country, and becoming a corsair amidst the seas that had witnessed his defeat. In the course of a very short time, he collected round him a fleet of twenty sail, manned by Italians, Greeks, Mainotes, and Sclavonians, who had joined his flag, and with these he pursued his course of lawless rapine. No corner of the Ægean was safe from his presence, he swept from shore to shore, and passed from isle to isle, with the gloom of a spirit, and the speed of the lightning. One by one the whole circle of the islands became his tributaries, and at stated periods the galleys of Crevelier were seen entering the harbours of the Archipelago, to receive his annual imposts, and on their ready compliance with his demands, returning again in peace to the retreats of their chieftain. His career, however, was unmarked by murder, and his excursions unstained by needless bloodshed. He was, in fact, rather a favourite with the Greeks, nor had he in any case proceeded

to use violence towards them, save in the solitary instance of the island of Andros:

The natives had insulted his officers and refused to contribute the sums which he demanded, but in the silence of midnight, the galleys of Hugo cast anchor beneath their city; he landed sword in hand, and ere morning dawned, had pillaged it from the cliffs to the sea; the houses of the inhabitants were robbed of their wealth, and the warehouses of the merchants were burst open and emptied by the pirates. Crevelier sailed off with a booty sufficient to have enriched his family for generations; nor did he ever restore a single crown, save the property of one French gentleman, which he returned to him at the request of the Marquis de Nointel, the Ambassador to the Porte from the Court of France. For fourteen years, he continued to infest the shores of Turkey, nor were the efforts of the Capitan Pacha ever able to discover his haunts or destroy his squadron. His favourite retreat was, however, the island of Paros, and it is said, that the fortress near Marmora, and the tales of the islanders relating to Crevelier, gave to Lord Byron the idea of Conrad, and the scene of the Pirate's Isle.

Amid all his exploits, his *chef-d'œuvre* was the taking of Petra, one of the principal towns in the island of Metelin, which he accomplished in the year 1676, nor has the unfortunate district ever yet recovered from the effects of his devastating visit. His followers landed on the shore in the evening, and having marched for the distance of three leagues into the interior, scaled the walls at midnight. The terrified Moslems, awaking from their slumbers, fled in haste to conceal themselves, and abandoned their houses to spoliation and plunder. During three hours, the band of the Corsairs were employed in securing their prey, and at day-light returned to Crevelier, who had remained in the galleys to guard the shores till their arrival. They brought with them a horde of five hundred slaves, and a quantity of plate, rich garments, silken carpets, precious stuffs, gems, and money, whose value is stated at a sum beyond calculation or credit.

Hugo was now about to abandon his lawless pursuits for ever, and betake himself to home and retirement, and as a finishing blow against the detested Ottomans, he re-

solved on concluding his career, by the plunder of a rich caravan, which was expected to pass from Alexandria to Constantinople. His squadron was despatched on the look-out to the various islands in the vicinity of Cyprus, while he himself retired with two other galleys to the harbour of Stampalia, to await their report, before completing his decisive arrangements for attacking the convoy. But here his career was destined to close: he had on board his vessel, as his valet, a Savoyard, whom he had rescued from slavery, and imagined he had attached to him by long years of kindness. One day he had given him a blow in anger, but his resentment soon died away, and he fancied it was forgotten. The wretch had, however, treasured up the wrong, as a miser guards the talisman of his fortunes, nor was an opportunity long wanting to revenge it.

Crevelier, unsuspecting of injury, had often intrusted to the miscreant the key of his *sainte barbe*, or powder-room, and on the day when he was about to sail from Stampalia, the Savoyard had neglected to return it to him. He went below, attached a slow match to one of the massy barrels, and returning on deck, rowed on shore with one or two of his companions, with a smile on his treacherous lips and lightness at his livid heart. The corsair was seated in his cabin, on the poop, with the two other commanders, when the match communicated; the vessel, bursting into a thousand atoms, was hurled into the air, in the midst of a volcano of flames and blazing timbers, and, when the terrific explosion had subsided, their bodies, and those of two hundred of their murdered companions, were washed by the agitated waves on the shores of the island. The name of Crevelier is still mentioned with awe by the seamen of Mycone and Milo; but admiration rather than terror attaches to his memory: his story I have often heard from the sailors of the Greek navy, and a sketch of his history will be found in the volume of old Robert, the Jesuit, who professed to have met him in the Ægean, and to speak of his exploits from personal knowledge of their author.

The island of Mycone, to which we sailed, in one of the country caiques, from Naxos, lies at about twenty miles distant to the north-west. I had touched at it during a former cruise about three months before, and experienced

extreme attention from the British consul, in whose house I had spent three days, during which contrary winds had prevented my return to Syra, but which I took advantage of to visit the neighbouring isles of Delos, which are only a few miles distant. This gentleman was called Signor Pietro Cordia, a native of Cerigo, and his lady was one of the most interesting women I had seen in the Levant. She was a member of the family of Mavroyeni, a name which is still borne by some members of her house, resident at Mycone, from which sprung the late Hospodar of Wallachia, who figures so prominently in the fortunes of Anastasius. She was the youngest of nineteen children, and her mother had died only the year before at the advanced age of eighty. She had herself been married upwards of six years, and yet at the time I was introduced to her she was scarcely twenty years of age. The consul appeared ardently attached to her; nor did she seem to hold that servile rank to which the Levantine ladies are devoted: she was gay, young, and lovely; her husband, good-humoured, frank and affable; and, in short, the family was a perfect oriental picture of domestic happiness.

The quarantine regulations of Mycone are, or pretend to be, peculiarly strict, and while our passports and bills of health were now undergoing a scrutiny at the *Sanità*, we were permitted by the Archon or governor, Signior la Vallette,* to walk in the gardens of a mansion lately occupied by a Russian nobleman, who had resided here for a number of years as Consul-general, for the concealed purpose of favouring the views of his country with regard to the Greek islanders. Here we were visited by my former host, the consul, whom I was startled at seeing equipped in a full suit of the deepest mourning, and with a beard of six weeks' growth, according to the mourning custom of the Greeks. On inquiring the cause of his distress, he informed me, with streaming eyes, that his beloved Signora had expired about two months before, her death being occasioned by following the advice of an inexperienced physician who had attended her during her confinement. The sight of me seemed to tear open all the closed wounds

* This gentleman told us he is a relation of the celebrated general of the same name.

of the poor fellow's bosom; he wept profusely, sighed long and deeply, and seemed a melancholy picture of fixed and overwhelming grief. He renewed his invitation that I would return to my old quarters; but this I declined on the score of not having it in my power to repay him the favours I had already received at his hand. It was with difficulty that he would receive any denial, but he was at length prevailed on to go in search of apartments for me, while my papers were coming from the health office. On his departure, I communicated to another old acquaintance my sympathy with the sorrow of the worthy consul, but judge of my surprise when he informed me, with a significant smile, that Signor Cordia had omitted, in his tale of misfortunes, to mention one little incident; namely, that he had consoled himself with a second partner about a month after the death of the first, and by a strange commingling of joy and grieving, had absolutely compelled his present lady to put on, along with himself, deep mourning for her lamented predecessor! He returned in a few minutes, and received, with no little confusion, my expressions of satisfaction on this happy event; but as he was evidently anxious to drop the subject, I did not press my congratulations; my papers were passed, my luggage landed, and I took up my quarters at a caffè on the Marino.

Throughout the world, innkeepers, who in society are a sort of genus *per se*, bear the same mutual and strongly marked characteristics of their profession. Through life, their motive and ends are alike, and consequently their generic habits and address are invariably similar, in all their leading particulars, in every country of Europe. They are courteous, since it is a remnant of ancient hospitality; important, because they are men in authority, having servants under their command; well favoured, since they live amidst the fat of the land; good humoured, as they mix only with strangers, and dare not, if they would, discover their spleen; talkative, since it is their doom to hear news, as well as their duty to divulge it; the most submissive, because they are the servants of the public; and yet the most authoritative of mortals, because they are its masters. The keeper of a Greek coffee-house is of all men the most busy, bustling, and loquacious; always in a storm, either to please, to serve, or make you believe he is serving

you ; apparently the most complying, and yet the most obstinate of all entertainers. As to human passion, he has none ; he is always meek, modest, and imperturbable, and the vilest expressions of rage and dissatisfaction will never extort from him any reply beyond a shrug of his shoulder, and a meek interjection of "*pazienza, Signor mio, pazienza !*" Our present host was a perfect specimen of his class : as to leaving his accustomed path to oblige a peculiar customer, the sun would sooner have left his own ; and all the promises or threats of a guest could with him produce no other advantage than that eternal motion of his shoulder, and a meaningless *Lingua-Franca* expression of "*no forza, Signor, no forza.*"

The passage from Mycone to Delos we made in two hours, and as it was evening we landed at one of the two small islands which lie in the narrow channel separating Rhenea from Delos, and known by the name of Great and Little Rematieri. This miserable rock is the residence of four monks, who inhabit a hut at the extremity of it, and keep in repair a little chapel on the summit of the island. Two of them were abroad when we arrived, on a mendicant expedition through the Cyclades, and one of the others was gone to Mycone for provisions.

His companion advanced to meet us, a fine-looking old man with a venerable beard, and apparently about eighty years of age. He told us that in early life he had been shipwrecked in the Black sea ; his comrades, to a man, had perished, and he alone was preserved, having in the moment of peril made a vow, that should he succeed in saving his life, his future days should be devoted to heaven, and he would for ever abstain from partaking of animal food. These conditions he had sedulously observed : having spent upwards of twenty years in a convent upon Mount Athos, he returned hither about thirty years ago, and since that period has existed in the same state of abstinence and seclusion in which we found him. On fast days he allows himself but one scanty meal at sunset, and his ordinary diet is eggs, milk, and cheese, fruit being considered a luxury, and not even the calls of sickness inducing him to violate his vow by the use of flesh.

He supplied the crew of our boat with vegetables and milk, but would only receive in return a trifling present

of tobacco, and steadily declined permitting us to share with him our stock of sugar, wine, and brown bread. We, however, gladly embraced his permission to 'spread our carpets in one corner of his hut for the night, and the following morning crossed the channel to Delos. We were met upon the shore by a shepherd and his son, the only inhabitants upon the spot, and our cicerones in examining its antiquities.

We first accompanied them to their residence near the summit of Mount Cynthus, a wretched hovel which they had constructed of loose stones, and round which their flock of sheep was browsing on the cliffs once sacred to Diana. The ascent was steep and precipitous, and as we drew near their dwelling, the rocks were hollowed into a pathway, and a fissure in the cliff was crossed by a bridge evidently of very ancient construction. It was composed of a few long blocks of stones, made secure at the base, and leaning towards each other so as to form an acute angle at their juncture. Over this was strewn the layer of earth and stones which formed the pathway, by which we crossed the ravine.

This contrivance is precisely the same with that at the entrance to the pyramids of Gizeh, and as all the arches in the island are of late construction, and probably Roman, we may reasonably draw from this fact an argument with regard to the Greeks being ignorant of the use of the arch.

In order to examine the ruins with greater convenience, we pitched our tent midway between the mountain and the beach; and lay down to rest, till the cooling of the midday heat should permit us to stroll about the island. The greater portion of the antiquities of Delos lie towards the western strand, where a large block of white marble is the most conspicuous remnant of the Temple of Apollo. It formerly bore the inscription,

ΝΑΖΙΟΙ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙ,

but the legend is now almost obliterated, and the block is supposed to have been the pedestal for the statue of the god. All around it is strewn the wreck of the gorgeous temple, and columns of attic proportions, broken friezes, and overthrown capitals, cover a space of nearly three

hundred paces ; some curious triglyphs, sculptured with heads of oxen, whose original destination is unknown, are found amidst them, but nothing remains so perfect as to lead to an elucidation of the order or dimensions of the whole. A few gigantic fragments of the statue of Apollo are lying beside it, but all are equally unworthy the trouble of raising or removal.

Closely adjoining to these are the most satisfactory ruins on the island,—those of the Portico of Philip of Macedon. Fifteen beautifully proportioned columns of white marble, now discoloured by long exposure, lie prostrate on the western side, but those on the east have disappeared, or are hidden by collected soil, weeds, and vegetation. These interesting relics are all carefully inscribed by the officers of the *Martin*, who seem to be the most greedy candidates for immortality of all who have visited the shores of Greece. His Majesty's black paint has been profusely expended in registering their names upon the Temple of Sunium ; and the column of Pompey at Alexandria bears a similar commemoration of the visit of this second Argo, in letters whose dimensions are suited to the gigantic record on which it is enrolled.

All around the vicinity of these classic remains the ground is thickly strewn with the debris of fallen edifices, and at every step one stumbles on some memento of fallen magnificence. Over the whole island, however, not a single column is now left standing, and some ponderous fragments alone serve to indicate the site of what has been. Yet, these disjointed and lonely masses are, perhaps, after all, the most interesting and satisfactory ; more perfect ruins bring before the eye too *full* a picture of destruction and overthrow ; while a few straggling, but splendid vestiges, leave grandeur to the imagination, and serve, as it were, to antedate decay.

At some distance to the north of the Temple of Apollo is a spacious cistern, now nearly filled up with rubbish, which is conjectured to have been a reservoir for the exhibition of naumachia, or naval combats ; but, as its extreme length is only about three hundred feet, the galleys employed in the games must have been of very trifling dimensions. Not far from this spot lie the ruins of a splendid temple, whose dedication and whose worship

are alike unknown ; they are seated on a little eminence above the sea, and command a splendid prospect of the blue Ægean and the opposite isle of Rhenea, the ancient burying-place of Delos, whose inhabitants were forbidden to be interred in a spot rendered sacred by the birth of Diana and Apollo. Some mutilated but beautiful columns, the fragments of a marble frieze, and a few shattered capitals, are all that remain to testify its ancient grandeur, while the name of its founder and the memory of the deity adored within it have perished.

Reascending the mountain, we arrived at the theatre, which, from the peculiar construction of its walls, must be of very early date. The diameter of its area, which faces the south-west, is two hundred and fifty feet ; and, as usual, advantage has been taken of the slope of the hill in hollowing out the rows of seats for the spectators. The courses of masonry vary in height, and the joints are not always vertical, but the stones are so admirably fitted to each other that not the slightest interstice has been left. A reservoir, in the midst of some ruins near the scene, is evidently Roman from the construction of its arches, and a smaller one, nearly choked up, is found on the other side of it. Throughout the entire circuit of the island the soil is covered profusely with the remains of buildings, either in granite, brick, or marble. Scattered over the ground, lie altars decorated with festoons, pedestals stored with inscriptions, and architectural ornaments, whose design or destination are equally unknown to the artist. Fragments of pottery (always found wherever the Greeks have passed) are turned up in every quarter of the shore ; and a few days before our arrival the shepherd had discovered a small arched cistern on Mount Cynthus, in which was floating a little urn of exquisite model and gracefully ornamented. Little, however, now remains at Delos worth the pains of removal ; all that was valuable has been borne away by successive spoilers ; and, at the present day, the materials employed in the gorgeous edifices of antiquity are daily carried off by the neighbouring islanders, for the construction of their miserable dwellings.

From the traditions of the ancients, and the *name* of "Delos," it is evident that at a distant period it has been

visited by some volcanic changes similar to those of the other islands, by which the sea has perhaps shrunk away from its shores; but the nature of its schistose and granitic composition, must preclude the possibility of its having ever floated over the sea, "like a flower before the winds."* A French *savant*, M. l'Abbé Sahier, has, however, attempted, by the help of Seneca, to prove its possibility, and gravely asserts, that "ce sentiment n'est pas suivant les loix de la physique, hors de tout vraisemblance;"† but the labour of confuting would only equal the absurdity of uttering such an opinion.

The island is at present known by the name of Sthili, but it has long ceased to be esteemed of any importance; neither its situation, produce, nor harbours, affording any allurements to its re-population, and its gloomy and melancholy aspect seeming to deter every wanderer from settling on its desolated shore. After sunset, we returned to our quarters with the monk, repassing the narrow strait which has been rendered celebrated by the follies of Polycrates, and the pomp of Nicias.‡ The former having taken possession of the island of Rhenea, dedicated it to Diana, and bound it to Delos by an iron chain, which stretched across the strait. The latter being appointed to conduct the processions to the Temple of Apollo, which landed at the island every fifth year, constructed a bridge from Rematieri to the continent, decorated it with tapestry, gold, and garlands, and over this, at sunrise, led the band of youths who were to perform the usual homage at the altar of the god.

On landing at the hut of our hospitable entertainer, we found that his comrade had just returned from Mycone, and was busily engaged in preparing for us our supper of lentils and fruit. Wine was not now forgotten, but our ascetic friend, the sailor, would not be prevailed upon to let it pass his lips: we spent the night as before, and the ensuing morning started about midday for Mycone. We rowed close by Rhenea, which appeared low, barren, and uncultivated; nor does it contain any regular inhabitants, its fields being only partially tilled by a few of the natives

* Callimachus.

† Mem. de la Literat. T. iii. p. 376.

‡ See Plutarch in vita.—Thucyd. lib. iii.

of Mycone, who visit it occasionally. Its beach was once covered with the tombs of the Delians, but slight vestiges now remain upon the shore ; a few sculptured stones and overturned slabs of marble alone marking the site of the ancient cemetery.

On arriving at our *café*, we found that the sharp air of the sea had created for us a pretty active appetite, and summoning up our loquacious landlord, we ordered him immediately to prepare for us kebabs and stewed lamb ; the fellow replied, with a smirk, that we could have no lamb to-day. Well, then, fowls ?—No, no fowls ?—Eggs ?—cheese ?—all were alike impossible, they could not be procured. “And *why* ?” said we, with half a conviction that the fellow designed to impose upon us. “Because,” replied he, “oggi, Signor mio, che impossibile, perché oggi sta *fešta*, ma (with a shrug,) domane, dopo domane, eh ! *videremo*.” This, however, was cold comfort to a starving crew ; but although we urged that *we* could have no objections to break the fast, still Spiro assured us that the materials were not to be found, as the peasantry did not bring them to market on holydays.

The town of Mycone is built at the recess of a commodious bay, which is generally crowded with mysticoes, caiques, and small craft. It is situated at the base of a hill, which rises abruptly from the edge of the sea, crowned with a long range of windmills, an appendage as indispensable to a Greek town, as a mosque and minaret to a Turkish one. The streets are all narrow and uneven ; nor are the houses nearly so commodious as those of others of the Cyclades. The inhabitants, between 3 and 4,000 in number, live almost exclusively in the town, as the surface of the island is too barren, and too scantily supplied with soil and water, to furnish them with the means of subsisting by agriculture. They are chiefly employed as sailors, and, in point of activity and address, are second only to the Hydriots and Spezziots, whose rocky homes serve likewise to account for their naval superiority.

In the vicinity of the town, however, the grounds are partially cultivated, and produce a quantity of delicious fruit, and as much red wine as supplies the wants of the natives, and leaves about 500 barrels for exportation.

Like Syra, Tinos, and the other islands, the inhabitants have purchased from the Turks an immunity from the presence of the Moslems among them. They have the privilege of electing their own Governor from their own body, and their annual karatsch and tribute amounts to about 8,000 piastres. From their peaceful and industrious habits, as well as from their possessing no fortifications in the town, they have taken no part in the present revolution; nor have they suffered from it farther than as sharers in the general depression of commerce, which it has produced throughout the Levant. The streets are crowded with lazy, filthy-looking priests, who seem to form one-third part of the population, and Mycone is said to contain upwards of 300 churches and chapels, which have been built at various times by the offerings of mariners escaped from shipwreck. Pliny and Strabo both agree in mentioning, as a peculiarity of the natives, that they become bald at a very early age :* but be this as it may, I have never seen a finer-looking set of fellows than those who crowd its quays; and the women, were it not for their costume, would be extremely pretty. Their dress consists of as many pieces as that of the grave-digger in Hamlet, and though highly antique, is by no means becoming; affording an ample proof that simplicity is the secret of beauty, and that a multiplicity of ornament serves to encumber, not to enhance, the graces of person. Their headdress consists of a profusion of shawls and handkerchiefs piled on in apparently promiscuous confusion; their figures are concealed by clumsy rolls of discoloured linen; their petticoats reach barely to the knee, and the natural contour of the leg is totally enveloped in layers, strata upon strata, of gaudy worsted stockings; while their toes are stuck into little spangled shoes of netted silk, with a heel nearly two inches in height; and under this mass of millinery a lady moves from spot to spot with about as much ease as an automaton. Many of the younger females have, however, adopted the costume of Constantinople; they deck their hair with garlands of ribbons and flowers; and their richly-bordered petticoats are surmounted by a long silk robe, open in front, in order

* Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. vi. cap. 37. Strab. Rer. Geog. lib. 10.

to display the figure to the best advantage. My companion was anxious to make a drawing of one lady whom we met at the house of Signor Cordia ; but no entreaties could prevail on her to permit it, from a superstitious belief that death would inevitably ensue ; as some time ago an English gentleman had made a sketch of two sisters of Mycone, one of whom had died within the following year.

Since the destruction of Ipsara in 1824, the remnant of its population have been principally settled at Mycone, where we saw them in numbers in the streets, the women in their ancient and semi-classical costume, and the men with the dress and manly carriage of the Hydriots. They object to returning to their native town, owing to its disadvantageous situation for commerce, and are anxious to fix on some safe retreat where their industry may once again restore them to affluence. Navarino has been spoken of, should it be again recovered from the Turks,* and Delos was suggested, but opposed by the Myconiots, who feared that the superior enterprise of the Ipsariots might be ruinous to them. Their favourite speculation, however, is to rebuild the Piræus, but want of funds has hitherto prevented their taking any steps for its accomplishment.

On the evening of our return from Delos, we saw a funeral, which passed by the coffee-house where we were seated. The corpse, enveloped in a capote and placed on a rude bier, was supported on the shoulders of four men, who proceeded at a quick pace, while a priest walked before, chanting and swinging a censer of myrrh ; and a crowd of women followed, singing in alternate verses a monologue, or improvised dirge for the deceased. The women of Mycone are celebrated throughout the Levant for their talent in this kind of extemporaneous composition, which, however, is usual in every district of Greece. These improvisations are not the result of previous study, they are the genuine effusions of the heart during a moment of sorrow, or as a French writer has denominated them, "*le délire de la douleur*." Since they are seldom

* The reader will remember, that this passage, like many similar ones throughout the volume, were written three years back, in 1825.

committed to writing, but few specimens have reached us, but one, of which M. Fauriel has given a version in prose, is distinguished by great pathos and simplicity. A woman of Mezovo, a district of Mount Pindus, lost her husband at the age of twenty-five, and was left in early widowhood with two helpless infants. She was a peasant of the most simple character, and who had never evinced any striking traits of genius, but on this occasion her sorrow seemed sublimed to poetry. Leading her children by the hand, she approached the body of their father and commenced her dirge, by the recital of a dream which she had had some days before.

"I saw a young stranger, who stood by our door,
 But he look'd as I ne'er beheld mortal before;
 His figure was tall, and my eye could not brook
 To meet the strange glance of his menacing look.
 From his ivory shoulders, he spread to the light,
 Two wings of transparent and heavenly white;
 And I mark'd, as he stood by our vine-cover'd door,
 That a bright flashing falchion he haughtily bore.
 "He asked me if thou, my loved husband, wert there,
 And I scarce could reply, for I trembled with fear—
 I told him thou wast, and I pointed where thou
 Wert smoothing the curls upon Nicolo's brow.
 'But thou canst not come in, No! thou must not indeed,
 For thy image will strike our dear infant with dread.'
 "But his ears to the voice of my terror were closed;
 He struggled to enter; in vain I opposed;
 He pass'd me, nor heeded my suppliant word,
 But plunged in the heart of my husband his sword;
 He slew thee, my love, and now, wretched and wild,
 We are bending above thee, thy widow and child."*

* Fauriel, vol. i. p. cxxxvii.

LETTER XIII.

—cretosaque rura Cymoli.
Ovidii, Metam. lib. vii.

MILO AND ARGENTIERA.

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CYCLADES.—Eastern tenacity of ancient Customs.—**MILO.**—Splendid Harbour.—Hot Springs.—Effects of eating Honey.—Caves.—Turkish mode of shoeing Horses.—Route to the Town of Milo.—American Aloe.—Hedges of, illustrative of Passage in Micah and Proverbs.—Milo.—British Consul and his family.—**SINGULAR COSTUME OF THE WOMEN OF MILO.**—Illustrative of 1 Peter c. iii. v. 8.—View from the Town.—**ARGENTIERA.**—Derivation of its Name.—Cymolian Earth.—Town.—Inhabitants.—Unhealthy Climate of Milo.—Destruction of a Greek Convent.—**ANTIQUITIES.**—Amphitheatre.—Massacre of the Milots by the Athenians in the Peloponnesian War.—Catacombs.—Cyclopean Walls.—A Temple discovered.—Baron Haller.—Marble Foot-Bath.—The Venus of Milo in the Louvre.—Ancient Cake referred to by Ezekiel.—Government of Milo.—**STORY OF JOANNES CAPSI, KING OF THE ISLAND.**—State of Milo before his usurpation.—Crowned.—His Administration.—Betrayed.—Executed at Constantinople.

THE appearance of almost all the Cyclades, on first approaching them, is exceedingly similar; they all present the same rude porous rocks, brown cliffs, and verdureless acclivities, whose uniformity is scarcely broken by a single tree, and whose loneliness is seldom enlivened by a village or a human habitation. The currents of the tideless sea glide wavelessly around their shores, and the rays of the unclouded sun beam fiercely down on their unsheltered hills,

“Dimmed with a haze of light.”

On landing, however, every islet presents a different aspect, and every secluded hamlet a new picture of life, of manners, of costume, and, not unfrequently, of language. The soil of one is rich, and luxurious, and verdant; that of a second, only a few miles distant, is dry, scorched, and volcanic; the harbour of another is filled

with the little trading craft of all the surrounding ports; its quays rife with the hum and hurry of commerce, and its coffee-houses crowded with the varied inhabitants of a hundred trading marts; while a fourth, of equal capabilities, and barely an hour's sail beyond it, will be as quiet and noiseless as a city of the plague; its shores unvisited, its streets untrodden, and its fields untilled.

But such is the result of that tenacity to ancient usages, and that predilection for the pursuits, the habits, and the tastes of their forefathers, which vindicates for the countries of Asia the title of the "*unchanging East*." From age to age the natives of these secluded spots have continued to preserve those customs and those manners whose antiquity is now their greatest charm, and which long association has rendered it almost sacrilegious to alter or abandon; while far removed from any later models with which to contrast them, contentment and custom have long since neutralized both their awkwardness and inconvenience.

In this respect, Milo, where we arrived in a Greek ship of war, presented quite a new scene of Levantine society: the dress, the manners, the means of support, the character, the pursuits, and the habitations of its islanders, were all dissimilar to those of the numerous little communities which so closely surround it: but of these anon.—It was after sunset when we entered its harbour, and on waking in the morning I was totally surprised to find that we were at anchor in a bay of considerable dimensions and completely land-locked. The port of Milo is, in fact, one of the very finest in the Mediterranean: of those immediately in the Levant, Mytilene alone is superior in point of size, while that of Milo surpasses it in the circumstance of affording a perfectly safe anchorage throughout.

We landed at the shore near some old stores which had been formerly used for the exportation of wheat, a small portion of which is annually shipped from the island, and having engaged horses to convey us to the town of Milo, about three miles up the hill, we walked on to view the tepid springs, which are situated on the beach a short distance to the right of the landing-place. They arise very near the edge of the sea, and are strongly impregnated with sulphur, which, owing to the volcanic origin of Milo,

is to be found in considerable quantities in all quarters of the island. These baths are much frequented by the neighbouring islanders, who are in many instances afflicted with scrofulous diseases,—a fact which may be attributed to their too liberal use of honey, which, owing to its abundance in almost all the Cyclades, affords a frequent substitute for sugar.*

To the north of the stores I have mentioned, are a number of caves perforated in the rocky beach, and said to be of some extent, but it is now impossible to enter them, owing to their being almost totally filled with stagnant water. Throughout the entire island, however, these excavations are frequent, and were probably adapted to the reception of rain-water for the summer season, as in the other Cyclades, wells being extremely rare in Milo. In many instances they have been found dry and passable, and in such cases their roofs have often been covered with a deposit of plumose alum, whose beautiful radiations had ornamented the entire cavern.

On our return we found our horses awaiting us, a few miserable, stunted ponies, almost buried beneath the weight of their Turkish saddles and shovel stirrups. One singularity we had here an opportunity of remarking, namely, that like all the steeds of the Levant, their shoes consisted of one continuous plate of iron covering the entire under-surface of the foot: a peculiarity in farriery, which may be accounted for by the roughness of the rude and flinty paths over which they have to travel, and which would otherwise soon wear away the unprotected portions of the hoof.

Our route to the town was steep, narrow, and circuitous, winding along the acclivity of the hills which sloped down to the harbour, and, occasionally, passing through fields from which the crops of barley and wheat had been but lately removed. The only shrubs which diversified the monotony of the scene, were a few sickly and drooping fig-trees, and sometimes a cluster of prickly pears or American aloes; of which, in many instances, the inhabit-

* May not this be the evil referred to in Proverbs, "*It is not good to eat much honey: so for men to search their own glory is not glory.*"—c. xxiv. v. 27.

ants had formed fences for their corn-fields. This practice I had before observed at Alicata, in the south of Sicily, where the aloe is known by the name of *Zabari*, and where the plant, besides affording, from the strong fibres of its leaves, a capital substitute for hemp, is frequently cut up into slices as fodder for the cattle. As a hedge, its hardy and lance-like thorns render it totally impassable, and (if we may suppose it to be the plant referred to) a perfect illustration of the text in which Micah, complaining of the general corruption of the church, exclaims, "The best of them is a brier : the most upright is *sharper than a thorn hedge*."*

The town of Milo, at which we arrived in about an hour's ride, is situated like almost all those of the Levant, on a conical acclivity, towards the summit of which its narrow streets stretch up with a precipitancy more conducive to cleanliness than convenience.

We were met near the town by Signior Micheli, (or as he calls himself, Mitchell,) the English consul, and conducted by him to his own dwelling, near the summit of the hill. His house was strikingly clean and comfortable, and furnished in a style that marked at once the taste and opulence of its owner. His family consisted of one son, a young man about thirty years of age, or upwards,† and two daughters, whose charms were of no ordinary cast ; but perhaps their personal graces were heightened by the lonely situation in which we found them, and their beauty, like the virtue of a magnet, would have lost its powers of attraction when brought in contact with its compeers.

Their dress was Smyrniot, or almost European, and contrasted most favourably with that of the other ladies of the island, whose costume is much the same to-day with what it was some centuries ago. Their head is enveloped in a handkerchief folded somewhat fantastically, so as to form a turban with a kind of elevated cone at the top ; and a shawl of no ordinary dimensions being flung around their shoulders, is braced by a girdle at the waist, while its superfluous folds are fashioned into a capacious bag behind. The petticoats descend no farther than the

* Micah, c. vii. v. 4. See also Proverbs, c. xv. v. 19.

† Afterward killed at the battle of Navarino.

knee, which is concealed by a pair of drawers, reaching as low as the ball of the leg, and the foot being first swathed in three or four successive pairs of stockings, is thrust into the toe of a fancifully ornamented shoe with an unusually high heel. Four or five gowns and other garments, heaped on with less taste than profusion, complete this singular masquerade, and all are secured at the waist by a velvet stomacher, richly embroidered, and glittering with gilded spangles. The hair of the younger females is first plaited into long triple bands, and then twisted around the head, interlaced with strings of zechins, mahmoudis, and other golden coins, or left to flow gracefully behind them.

I have been induced to look on this costume as peculiarly ancient, at least, in fact, if not in fashion, from a verse which occurs in the first Epistle of Peter, in which, addressing himself to the female members of the church, he admonishes them to let their adorning be of the heart, and not to consist in "*the plaiting of the hair and the wearing of gold, or the putting on of apparel.*"* Here the allusion is evidently pointed at this unmeaning custom, which, though remarkable, is by no means unusual in the islands; and the latter clause is distinctly designed to suppress this absurd and irrational taste, for heaping on one superfluous garment above another.

The dress of the men is principally that of European seamen, which they have adopted in consequence of being, almost without exception, pilots by profession; but occasionally, among the lower orders, we observed the jacket

*1 Peter iii. 3.—The peculiarity of this passage is very striking. It runs thus in the original: *Ὡν ἔστω σὺν, ὃ ἔκωθεν ἐμπλοκῆς τριχῶν καὶ περιθερίας χρυσίων, ἢ ἐνδόσεως ματίων, κόσμος.* In the ordinary translations, these prohibitions have been divided into *three* heads, the plaiting of the hair, the wearing of golden ornaments, and the putting on of apparel; while by looking at the text it will be found to consist of but *two*, viz. the plaiting *and* (καὶ) entwining (περιθερίας) of gold in the hair, or (ἢ) the putting on of apparel. To the latter, the Scholiast has added as an explanation, *πολυτέλων*, i. e. *rich* garments. But as it is not likely that the Apostle would discountenance altogether the use of dress, it is to be supposed that he would himself have defined his meaning, (had it been that conjectured by the Scholiast) by appending this necessary limitation. As it stands, the sacred text is amply elucidated by the fact I have mentioned above, which vindicates, I think, the interpretation I would put upon it,

and cotton trousers of the Hydriots ; and a few individuals in the picturesque fermeli and fustanella of Albania, were evidently strangers to the island.

After a short visit to the consulate, Micheli and his son accompanied us to the top of the little conical mount, round which the town is built, and which commands a perfect view of every portion of the island, and the seas for miles surrounding it. Milo with its peerless harbour lay spread beneath us, and we could distinctly trace every bending of its shores, and every sloping acclivity of its fertile but uninteresting hills. A number of the inhabitants were seated on the flat roof of a house near the top of the town, to keep a look-out for the approach of vessels arriving from Europe or the Levant, and a finer watchtower could scarcely be conceived ; the Archipelago stretched like a panorama around them, beginning with Crete and Cythera, the Morea, and the hills of Sparta, Falconéra, Spezzia, and Hydra, Cape Colonna, Eubœa, Zea, Andros, Tinos, Thermia, Serpho, and Syra ; Paros, Nios, Polycandro, Santorin, and a thousand others, for which we have now no names, but with which the sailors of the *Ægean* are perfectly familiar. Immediately beneath us was the miserable rock of Argentiera. This wretched spot was colonized but a few centuries back by fugitives from Siphanto, and obtained from the French its present designation, in consequence of having possessed some silver mines, no traces of which are now to be found, though anxiously sought for by the Russians in 1770. Its ancient denomination was Cymolus, which is still retained in its modern Greek name of Kimoli, and its shores were celebrated for the production of the Cimo-lian earth, still used in fulling by the natives.*

During the early part of the last century it was noted as a resort of the pirates who haunted the *Archæes*, and the gaudy ornaments still borne on the dresses of its females they are said to have been enabled to procure by the munificence of the corsairs. Its town, consisting of a cluster of abominable huts, is built on an acclivity above its harbour, and its inhabitants pursue the same occupa-

* This clay was likewise made use of for sealing letters, a substitute by no means unusual in the East. "Is it turned as clay to the seal?" Job xxxviii. 14.

tion as those of their neighbours in Milo. They have no agriculture among them, since scarcely a dust of soil is found upon their sterile rocks, nor have they any available produce, or means of subsistence, beyond their precarious gains as pilots through the Cyclades.

They are in general much more healthy than the Milots, whose climate is unfortunately one of the most noxious in the Levant, and whose soil being volcanic, is still boiling and fermenting with intestine fires, and constantly emitting the most unwholesome vapours and deadly miasmata. On this account, they have by degrees deserted their former town, which stands near the shores of the harbour, and retired to the more lofty situations of Sifours, and the mount I have mentioned, and even this latter is in turn becoming gradually unhealthy and deserted.

Towards its summit they still point out the site of a monastery of Capuchins, which was blown up by the Turks about a century back. Like those of Patino and some of the other islands, it bore somewhat of a castellated appearance, and under pretence of its affording shelter to the corsairs, and concealment for their booty, the Porte despatched an officer with orders to have it destroyed.

On his arrival in the harbour, he gave the monks due notice of his intentions, and the only time allowed them to pack up and depart, was a delay of three hours; during which the Turks were engaged in undermining the four corners of their dwelling. A quantity of gunpowder was then fired in each, and the convent was blown to ruins before the eyes of the inmates, who were strictly enjoined against ever attempting its restoration.

On descending from the town, we proceeded to view the antiquities of Milo, which are chiefly situated at the eastern side of the island. They consist principally of the remains of an amphitheatre, commenced, but never completed, as the inhabitants were all either massacred or carried away into captivity by the Athenians, during the period of its construction.* Near these, the porous rocks

* Athenienses Meliorum quoscunque nacti sunt puberes interemerunt, pueros ac feminas in servitutem acceperunt, domumque asportarunt. Locum ipsi incoluerunt missis eo propemodum quingentis colonis, —*Thucydides*, lib. v.

of the hill have been hollowed out into numerous catacombs, similar to those of Antiphellus, but now occupied chiefly as folds for the sheep of the peasantry.

Above them are some massy cyclopean walls which are quickly hastening to decay, and at a short distance farther down the hill, a temple has been just discovered, but is not as yet satisfactorily explored, owing to a prohibition from the Provisional Government, who have announced their intention of appropriating all the antiquities discovered in Greece and the islands to the formation of a national museum at Athens. The amphitheatre was purchased from its proprietor by the late Baron Haller, but owing to his premature death, its excavations were never thoroughly prosecuted.

It was in the vicinity of these ruins that the celebrated statue, the Venus of Milo, now deposited in the Louvre, was discovered, and purchased for the French Government by their Consul, M. Brest. This gentleman had likewise a few days before our arrival opened the remains of a beautiful little building near the town, which has proved to be the ruins of a marble foot-bath of very elegant construction. In every direction the island is excavated into cisterns and reservoirs for the reception of rain-water, the greater portion of which are now destroyed, or partially filled up by the falling in of the surrounding rocks, but all attest the former dense population of the island, so sadly contrasted with its present desertion and decay.

It was evening when we returned to the town, and on going on board, the hospitable Consul had prepared a repast for us at his house, consisting of dried fruit, wine freshly drawn from a skin-bottle, (the *σάκερ* *αἶνος* of Homer*) and warm cakes baked with honey, flour, and oil, a species of pastry with which we had before been presented at Hydra, and which strongly reminded us of the fare by which Ezekiel typifies the kindness of God to Jerusalem,† “thy raiment was of fine linen, and silk, and brodered work, and thou shalt eat *fine flour, and honey, and oil.*”

The political situation of Milo under the Porte has always been rather enviable than otherwise; their tribute

* Iliad, ii. 247.

† Ezek. xvi. 18.

and capitation tax have never been exorbitant, nor have they been subject to the residence of any Turks among them. About the close of the seventeenth century, however, a singular individual, a native of the island, contrived to raise himself to absolute power in Milo, and actually reigned, for three years, unmolested and independently.

The name of this second Massaniello was Joannes Capsi. He was by profession a sailor, and had, like many of his countrymen, amassed a considerable sum by employing himself as a pilot, as well as by several commercial speculations through the Archipelago. By nature, he was bold, hardy, and enterprising, while an easy good humour and a commanding, yet winning affability, had rendered him excessively popular among his countrymen. There were no Turks resident in the island, and it was but seldom that they were troubled even with their occasional visits, since the vigilance of the Knights of Malta rendered the periodical expeditions of the Capitan Pacha, to collect the tribute, rather hazardous excursions.

Thus left almost totally to themselves, and with the choice of their own governors, Capsi first conceived the idea of rendering his country independent of the Sultan. He gradually broke his design to one after another of his friends, till having secured the assistance of some, and the approbation of all classes of his fellow islanders, he at last threw off the mask, was proclaimed king of Milo by his followers, and crowned by the Latin Bishop, Don Antonio Camillio, who hung round his neck a massive golden chain, while the populace applauded the ceremony with loud acclamations and shouts of "Long live Capsi! long live King John of Milo!"

Nothing embarrassed by his new dignity, Capsi set about the performance of its duties with all the moderation of a philosopher. He had secured the friendship of the principal and leading men of the island, and by their influence he was presented with the finest house in Milo, had a revenue assigned him from the public taxes, and a guard of fifty men appointed to wait on him abroad, while five and twenty were constantly in attendance before his gate. He set apart stated days for the dispensation of public justice, and became at once the Lawgiver, the Judge, and the Monarch of Milo.

This state of affairs continued, with uninterrupted tranquillity, for upwards of three years, till the Porte, becoming alarmed rather at the prudence than the power of Joannes, and dreading lest his example should be more extensively imitated, resolved to make him a public example for the inculcation of passive obedience.

It was a matter of no small difficulty, however, to gain possession of the person of a man beloved by all around him, and with eight hundred armed followers under his command. The Capitan Pacha, aware of all these circumstances, forbore to visit Milo in person, through a fear of exciting suspicion, and merely sent round three galleys for the purpose of receiving the annual tribute. The Turkish commander landed without a guard, and proceeding unattended to the Palace of Capsi, addressed him as the sovereign of the island, paid him a thousand compliments, and expressed the readiness of the Porte to recognise his authority in Milo, provided he should hold himself a vassal of the Sultan, and continue to pay the annual tribute as heretofore.

Joannes, betrayed by his vanity, closed at once with his proposal, and the Turk withdrew to his vessel, while Capsi, forgetful of his usual prudence, prepared to return his visit. In order not to yield in politeness to the envoy of the Porte, he descended to the beach, accompanied only by twelve individuals of his guard, and incautiously ventured on board the caravella of the treacherous Ottoman, who instantly threw him into irons, and setting sail, carried him, without delay, to Constantinople, where the unfortunate King was hung on a tree before the gate of the Bag-nio in 1680.

On coming down to the beach, after bidding adieu to the Consul, we found the sailors, who had been waiting with the barge to take us on board, collected round an itinerant musician, who was seated on a rock near the store-houses at the landing-place, and accompanied himself on a kind of guitar, while the seamen danced their romaica, to his monotonous chant. Their motions were rapid, violent, and intricate, but totally divested of grace or elegance; they swung round, stooped towards the earth, and sprang aloft till they touched the soles of their feet with their fingers, and then joining hands, they again

threaded the mazes of the dance, all the time wearing as much solemnity in their countenances as if engaged in some mysterious ceremony of their church.

The romaica being concluded, the boat was again detained while the musician, who seemed to be a well-known and popular performer, was solicited to sing the favourite ballads of each of the audience who could advance him a para. Among his ditties was one which has been preserved by M. Fauriel, but of the sweetness of which any translation can give but a faint idea.

Its hero was the Protopalikar of Androuzos the Kleft, father to that Ulysses who acted so prominent a part in the early scenes of the present revolution. After taking a leading share in the unfortunate insurrection in the Morea, in 1770, when the Greeks were so basely betrayed by their Muscovite allies, Androuzos had again engaged in the revolt in Epirus, in 1786, and being a second time deserted by Russia, was seized, while attempting his escape, by the Venetians, who then held possession of the Ionian Islands, and finally despatched by them to Constantinople, where he expired of the plague, about the year 1800. The song expresses the grief of the wife of Kilia-Koudas, who, after the betrayal of his chieftain, had placed her for protection in Ithaca, and betaken himself to the hills for refuge and revenge.

Oh, could I mount like yonder bird,
How swift I'd seek the plains,
Where captive Ithaca is held,
Beneath the winged-lion's* chains;

And there to Kilia-Koudas' spouse
I'd lend my listening ear,
And every sorrowing word she spoke
With stifled breath I'd strive to hear,

Her grief is as the bird whose young
Are in the fowler's snare,
And as the sea-bird plucks his plumes,
She heedless tears her braided hair.

She deems that of the raven hue
Her mournful dress should be;
And all day long her straining eyes
Are bent upon the dark blue sea.

* The standard of Venier.

And when along the silent shore
There comes a snowy sail,
To barque, caique, and brigantine,
She tells with tearful voice her tale—

“ Say, have ye passed by Valtos’ bay,
Ye boats with gilded prows ;
Have ye of Killa-Koudas heard,
Ah, tell me, have ye seen my spouse?”

“ Oh, yes, we’ve Kilia-Koudas seen,”
They answer to his bride—
“ We saw him, ’twas but yestere’en,
Adown by Gavrolimi’s side.

“ His Klefts and he, on mountain lambs,
Were feasting all the day,
And sheep were roasting, and each spit
Was turning by a captive Bey.”*

The Greeks were so enchanted by his performance, that even the approach of night could not induce them to break up. With some difficulty, we prevailed on two of them to row us on board, and, as we glided slowly over the unrippled water, we could still hear the alternate plaudits of the sailors, and the clear tones of the minstrel, as he sang by the shore of the moonlit bay.

* Εἶχαν ἄρτι καὶ ἐφαίγαν, κριάρια σουβλισμένα·
Εἶχαν καὶ πέντε κλέφτας, ταῖς σουβλαῖς νὰ γυρίζουν.

The allusion in the concluding lines of the ballad is peculiarly characteristic of the manners of its heroes.

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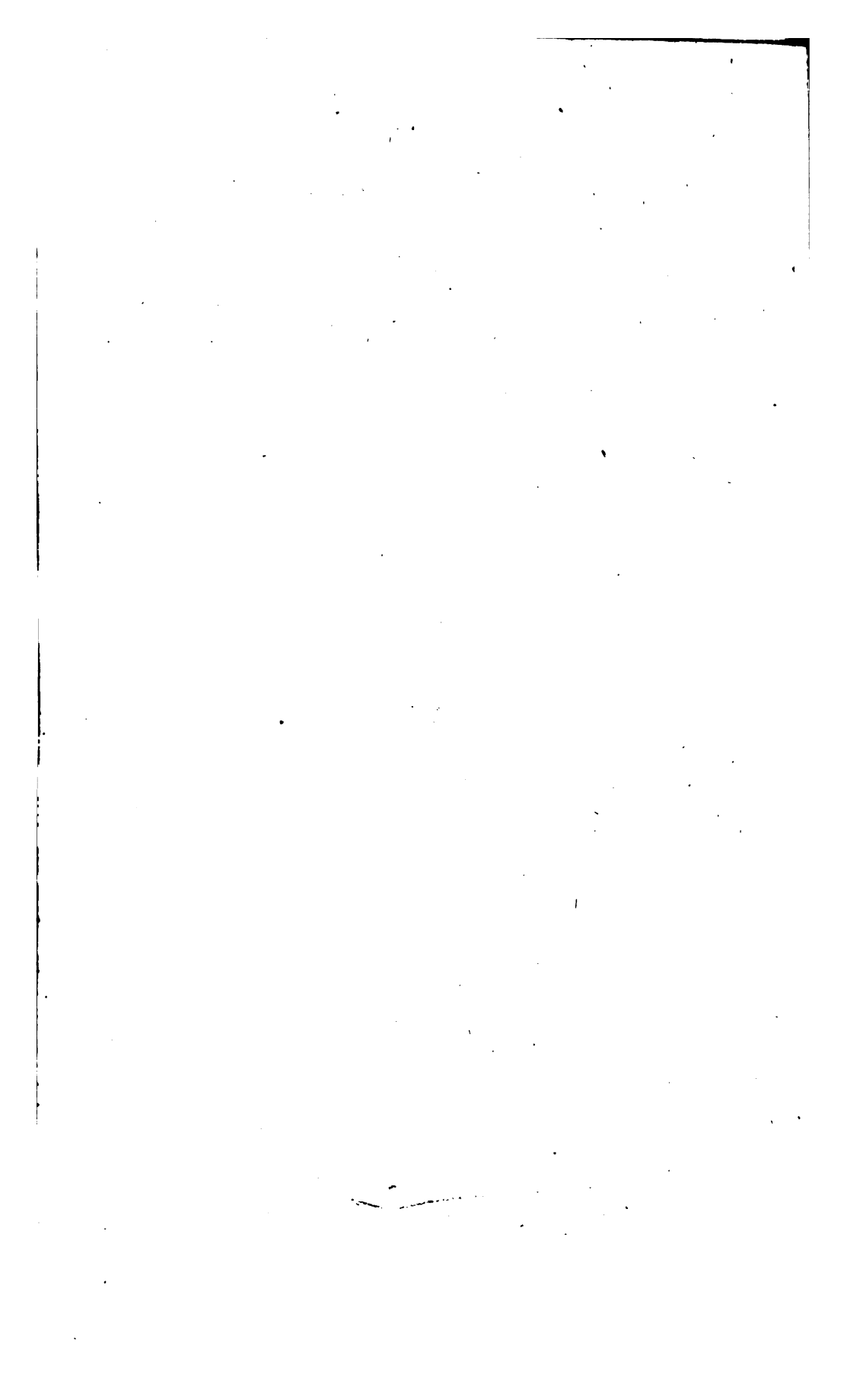
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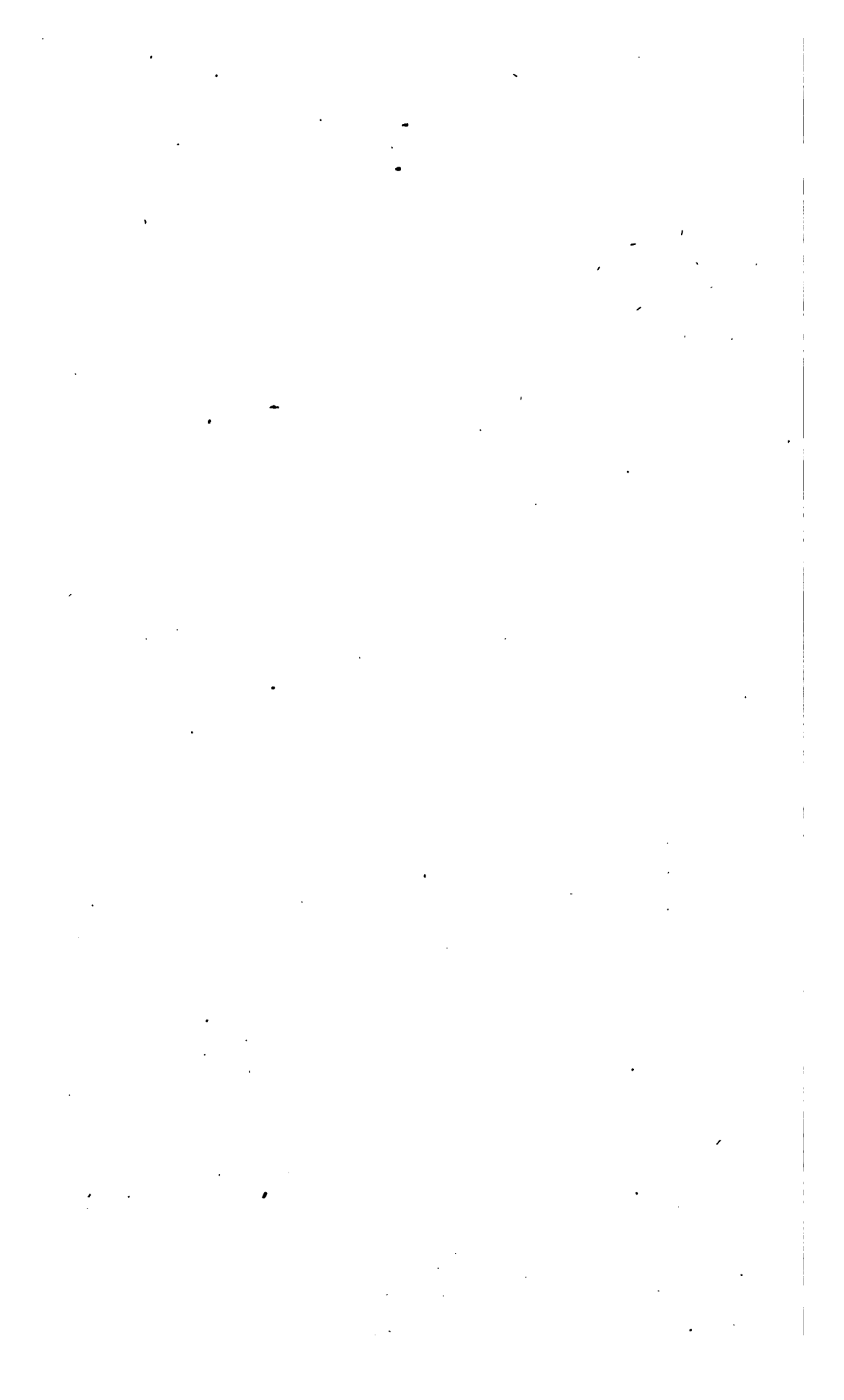
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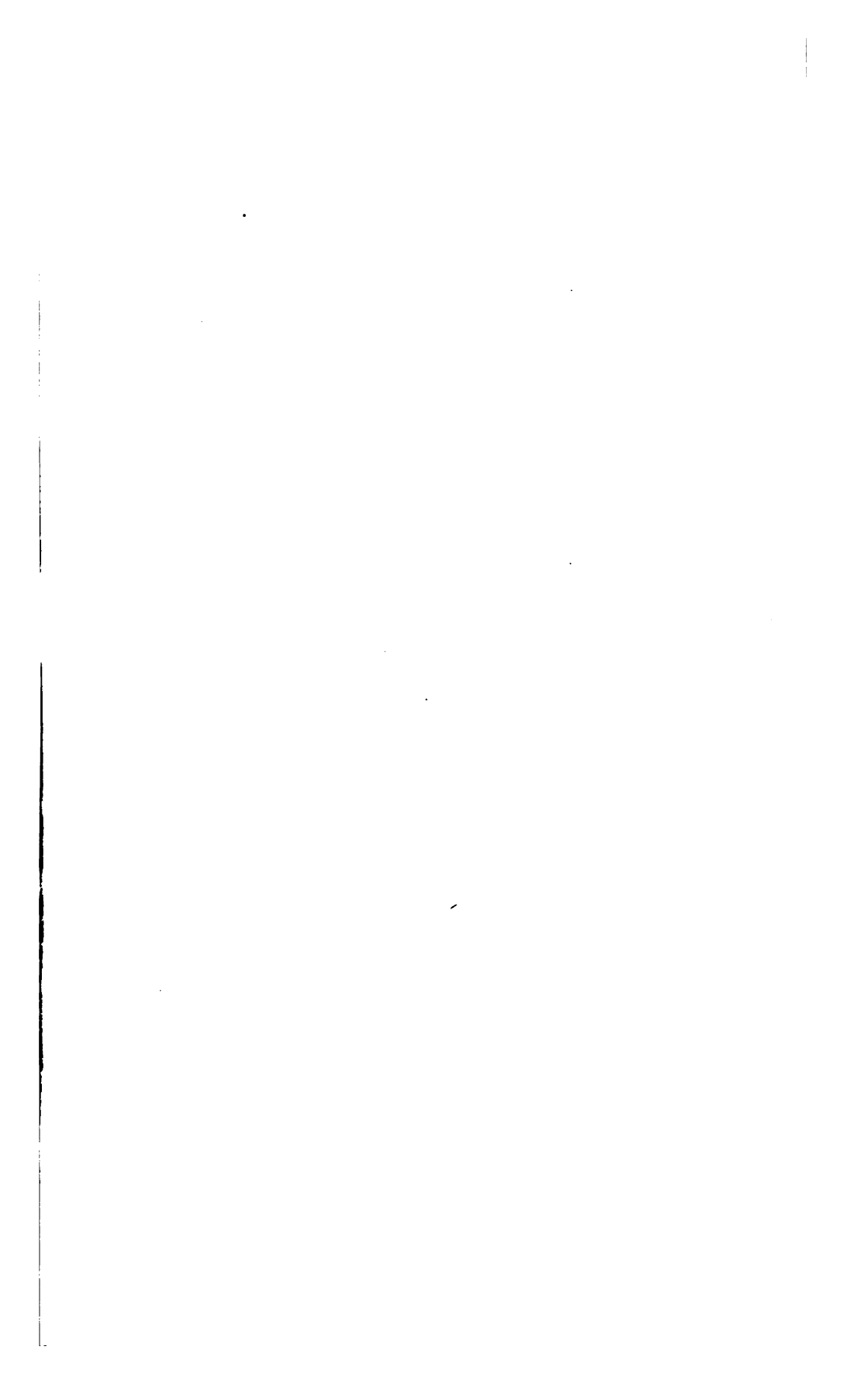
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